PENTHOUSE

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THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR

SEPTEMBER 1982 $3.50

SPECIAL ANNIVERSARY ISSUE

MALE PROSTITUTION PART III:
THE STREET HUSTLER

THE $100 MILLION COCAINE SCAM:
GREATEST STING OPERATION IN NARCOTICS HISTORY

HITLER'S SECRET TREASURE:
AN EXCLUSIVE PENTHOUSE PICTORIAL

SHOOTING CELEBRITIES:
6 FAMOUS PAPARAZZI TELL THEIR SECRETS

WHAT WOMEN REALLY WANT SEXUALLY:
THE SHERE HITE SPECIAL REPORT

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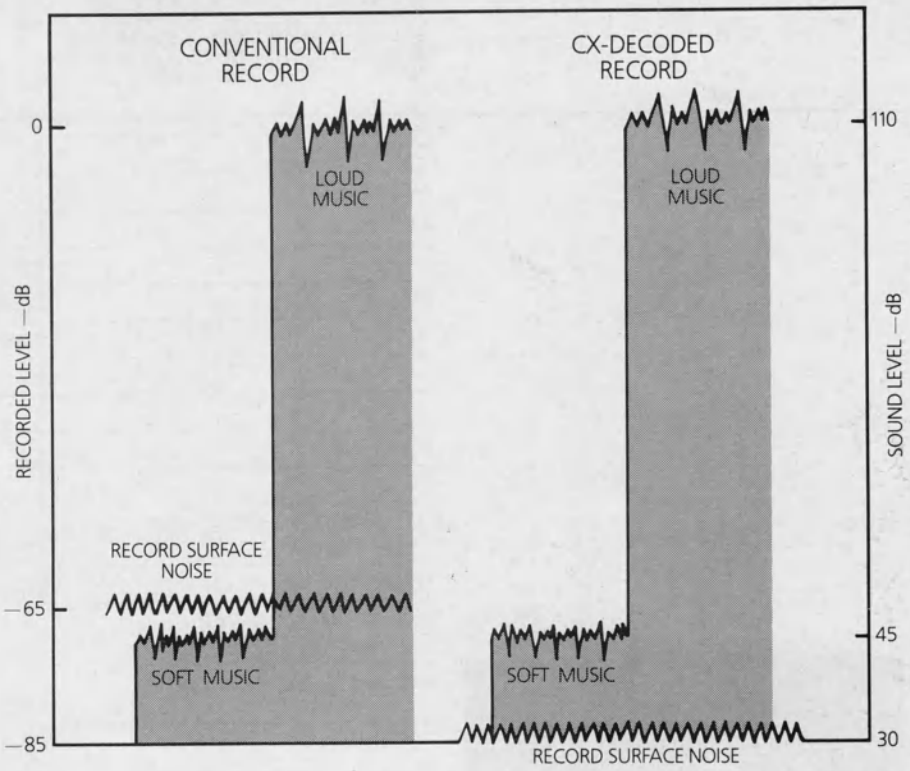

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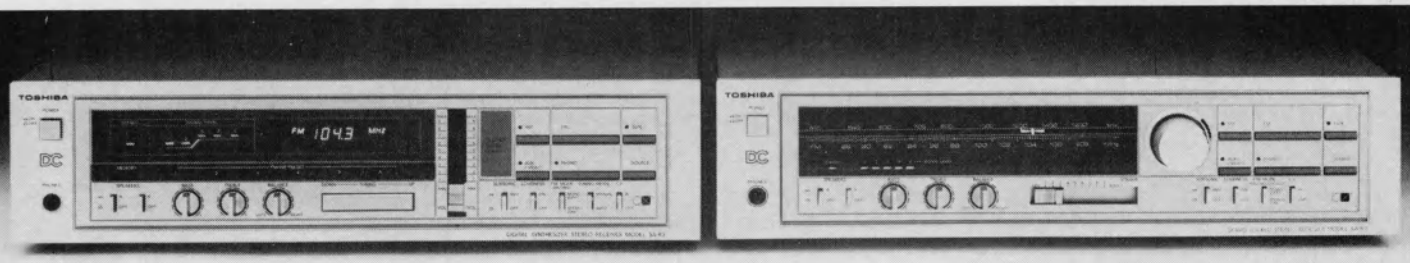

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This month's cover, featuring Pet of the Month Lee Ann Lee, was photographed by Bob Guccione with a Minolta camera in conjunction with the Cokin Filter System. For more information on equipment used to produce the pictorials in this issue, turn to page 194.

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HOUSECALL

There are thirteen candles burning brightly on our birthday cake this month–and a very lucky thirteen they are, because it has been thirteen spectacular years since Bob Guccione published the very first American issue of *Penthouse* magazine in September 1969. And, as always, you are especially invited to share in our festivities and help celebrate our success by imbibing the heady literary and pictorial delights of this Special Anniversary issue.

It is no coincidence that our lead article this month is a result of the unique relationship that exists between *Penthouse*, its readers, and its writers. Some five years ago, **Shere Hite,** whose *Hite Report on Female Sexuality* had become one of America's top all-time best-sellers, published her questionnaire directed at men in these pages. Many of the answers she garnered from *Penthouse* readers were documented in last year's *Hite Report on Male Sexuality*. The new version repeated its predecessor's success with the public but caused consternation in some critics. More important than any controversy, however, Hite found that the thousands of responses she received revealed a deep misunderstanding about what men and women need and expect from each other sexually–a misunderstanding she hopes to rectify in "What Women Really Want From a Lover" (page 56). "Men have everything to gain," she writes, "from developing a more realistic understanding of women's orgasms." And, because "the overwhelming majority of women reported that they needed more direct clitoral stimulation," Hite provides information on how best to achieve mutual sexual satisfaction.

But until we all achieve sexual nirvana, there will always be a demand for the type of special services provided by the likes of twenty-four-year-old Nicky Arno, "The Times Square Hustler" profiled by **Ellen Sherman** on page 76 as part of our exclusive series on male prostitution (Sherman's article "Men Who Buy Women," in our July issue, was the first in the series). Nicky makes a good living because, as he says proudly, "I sell a good product. I got a rod that gives a hot and heavy good time. . . . And I can get it up anytime, anywhere. Sometimes ten times a night." Nicky's life isn't all big money and good times, however. He's gotten beaten up twice, had his throat cut by a psycho pickup in a Porsche, and been held prisoner by an S & M madam in the Poconos. But as he glides from adventure to adventure, Nicky remains ever optimistic, always hoping to find a Fairy Godmother "to take care of me" while waiting for his big break as a rock-'n'-roll star.

There are no big breaks necessary for Roberto Suarez–as the all-pervasive cocaine king of the world, he grosses over $400 million a year and virtually owns his native Bolivia (from which he exports over twenty-five tons of the drug annually). In "The Great Bolivian Cocaine Scam" (page 72), **Jonathan Kandell,** former chief correspondent of the *International Herald Tribune,* tells the dramatic story of the greatest sting operation in narcotics history–a $100-million score pulled off by U.S. Drug Enforcement Administration agents against Suarez two years ago. But despite their success, which put several of Suarez's top lieutenants behind bars, Suarez himself remains more powerful than ever. Not even the concerted power of the U.S. government, which has isolated Bolivia in an attempt to get the country to reform itself, has yet had any real impact on the entrenched might of the Suarez empire.

One would have imagined a more exotic final repository for the lost personal treasure of Adolf Hitler, whilst in reality it lay hidden under a bed in Pennsylvania for more than thirty years, the illicit possession of an army sergeant who had smuggled it out of Germany in 1945. It was recently rediscovered and authenticated by experts, and the first pictures of "Hitler's Secret Treasure" are herewith presented exclusively to a U.S. audience by author-photographer **Ron Laytner** (page 129).

Our interview this month is a candid, outspoken, and forthright conversation with **John Anderson,** a man who achieved a wide and almost rabid political following in 1980 because many people thought of him as the only presidential candidate capable of telling the truth. Now, two years later, as things seem to be going from bad to worse, bumper stickers reading "Don't blame me, I voted for Anderson" are springing up around the country. And–you guessed it–Anderson is gearing up for another presidential race in 1984. *Penthouse* interviewers **Rinker Buck** and **Philip Nobile** spent many hours with Anderson in his Washington, D.C., home, discussing everything from a nuclear freeze to the condition of Ronald Reagan's brain. Their exclusive interview begins on page 122.

To many of today's jet-setters, there are some men who are more controversial than Shere Hite or John Anderson and considerably lower than the Adolf Hitlers and the Bolivian cocaine dealers of the world. Spurned as the lowliest vermin, attacked and beaten up on the streets and in nightclubs, hauled into court constantly, a band of intrepid photographers known as paparazzi lead a continuously perilous existence, trying to get the kind of candid pictures that uncover the celebrities' manufactured glamour. Now, in "Shooting Stars" (page 139), six of the world's most famous paparazzi tell their stories and secrets to **Steve Fenichell**–letting you know how they operate and what equipment they use, just in case *you* happen to stumble across Princess Caroline on the Côte d'Azur and want to grab that one-time, special shot.

This issue also includes "The Victorian," a wonderful new short story by **Stephen Wolf** (page 104), in which our hero discovers that achieving perfection is sometimes easier than displaying it . . . *Omni* editorial director **Ben Bova**'s warning about Russian threats on earth and in space ("Advise & Dissent," page 102) . . . movie star **Elliott Gould** displaying the best in fall fashions (page 154) . . . and insights into your decisions and desires, both conscious ("Psychograph," page 149) and unconscious ("Dreamwatch," page 145).

And, to aid you in expanding your consciousness on *any* level whatsoever, we've gathered a rare bounty of birthday beauties–a treasure that we, as always, delight in sharing with you.

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SEPTEMBER

PENTHOUSE FORUM

In which editors and readers discuss topics arising out of *Penthouse*, its contents, its aspirations, and its areas of interest. **Letters should carry name and address** (in capitals, please), though these will be withheld by the Editor on request. Letters become the property of Penthouse. Send to Penthouse Forum, Penthouse International, Ltd., 909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

AMERICAN INGENUITY

I am a twenty-three-year-old guy who loves motorcycles, but the thing I really dig is what me and my chick can do on one. In the privacy of my garage, my girl, Elly, and I strip. She's a tall blonde, with very long legs and a tight ass. I place her on the bike cover on the floor and begin to lubricate her pussy with baby oil, which I keep in a scrupulously clean oil can. I insert the long, pointed tip, carefully, far into her sweet cunt, while pouring in as much as she can take without it running down her legs. Then I place her ass on the bike seat and insert the pointed portion of the seat inside her pussy and warm up the bike. I can tell by her expression it's the best vibrator she has ever had between her legs. Sometimes I enter her rear end with my oiled prick and we both sit on the seat with my balls vibrating and sliding around on the oiled seat.

She also likes me to put objects I use on my bike into her vagina. First I position her legs on the handlebars like a gynecologist does with stirrups. Then, tenderly, I insert plastic handlebar grips. I make her sit on the seat while I run the motor again. She likes me to put the fancy ones far inside with only the long tassels hanging out of her hole. I also lubricate her ass hole and insert the blunt end of a screwdriver, and while I move it in and out, she stands over the seat and positions her clit on the front of the cushion, and we both come from the sensation of the vibrating bike.

She's a horny girl and always comes up with something delicious for our come-filled sessions. Next week she wants us to give each other enemas and stick our asses on the handlebars, plugging our holes till we can't stand any more. Your readers may want to try our bike acrobatics.—*Name and address withheld*

PICK YOUR POISON

I've been sitting on top of a most gratifying sexual practice for almost four years and I've never seen or heard any mention of it anywhere, so I thought I'd pass it on here.

I'm twenty-eight, six feet two, and 165 pounds. I have been running seriously for the past six years. I train seventy-plus miles weekly and can cover ten kilometers in a little over thirty-two minutes.

Anyway, I want to tell you about cramps, and I don't mean menstrual. I am speaking of those cramps common to distance runners, where at the limits of exertion, muscles in the leg tighten up uncontrollably. It is generally not a joyous experience, but in my case it is.

When my girl friend and I are getting it on and I am approaching the "finish line," I intentionally curl my toes downward and the ole gastrocnemius just knots up like a rock. So momentarily I don't know whether to scream in pain or come. But I always come. The sensation in my groin finally overcomes the agony in my legs. I had a fifteen-second orgasm the other night!

I have told my girl about this phenomenon, and she remains miffed that my best orgasms are not the result of anything she's doing but rather due to the back of my leg knotting up. Sure, there is some soreness afterward, but I always manage to get my toes uncurled and relax the ravaged tissues. This never happened before I started running, so I don't know if nonrunners can benefit from this practice. But for some real tear-rending orgasms, I suggest they try!—*Name and address withheld*

EQUAL TIME

I've been reading "Penthouse Forum" for years, and I'm compelled to write to you and give you my observations. In the last year I've balled some twenty women, ranging in age from mid-twenties to early- and mid-thirties and -forties. Of this total age group I find no real difference in technique. Specifically, they are not screamers, moaners, humpers, suckers, or actively involved. Particularly on the first sack night. The second or third night is normally better but not by more than 50 percent.

Therefore, the "Forum" letters that describe a woman who rips off your pants and immediately gets all eight inches in her mouth and proceeds to turn your cock blue and swollen are bullshit. Furthermore, the idea that she can throat you deep and take the first load and swallow it all and then get you hard so that her pussy or ass can take it is more bullshit.

My experience goes like this: play footsie at dinner, get her tits/nipples hard in the car, and maybe also get her to feel my cock. Then she knows it's time for bed. At the edge of the bed, with her blouse and bra off, the nipples are up, and so is my cock. Getting a tit in my mouth and sucking the nipple may get a moan. When I get my hands around her ass and push her pussy against my cock, she knows it's time to get the panties off. Most women continue to have their arms around me or by their sides. They are not tearing at my fly or eating a hole in my ear.

With the panties off and some rubbing of the cunt, the wetness is obvious. If I trav-

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el down her tits to her stomach I would assume she would know that her pussy is going to get eaten. Normally, I have to get on my knees, and maybe she gets the hint to sit or lie on the edge of the bed. Normally, by licking around her pussy and stroking her legs and ass, I can get her to sit or lie on the bed and get her clit and legs up in the air. With my hands on her tits and my tongue on her clit, she lies there and takes it all in. Seldom does a woman get her hands on my head or raise her legs over my shoulders or hump onto my tongue with her hips. The best you get is some heavy breathing, stomach-muscle movement, a gush of juices, and maybe a squeeze of the legs around your neck and ears. There has never been any shaking or yelling like, "Eat me, suck it harder, faster, please now, I'm coming!"

During this session of eating the pussy and squeezing the nipples, I've undone my pants and all eight inches is up front. When I back off the pussy, I normally have to help her up as I stand in front. It would appear that she wouldn't need a lot of help to take me in her mouth, as she has just gotten a clit explosion. The woman pulls my cock out, but it's certainly not "She ripped open my fly and immediately engulfed the head, swirling her tongue on the glans." It's more like a popsicle approach: Hold the shaft and take just a little of the head. Maybe she starts to pump a little, two to three inches at most. If I place a hand on her head and push a little, more of it is taken. If I pick up her hands, I can get her to take in my balls and get me bigger. I can get her to use her other hand to play with my ass, and I give some encouragement as I pump into her mouth. She doesn't object and I talk to her: "Take a little more . . . squeeze my balls . . . deeper, babe." She responds.

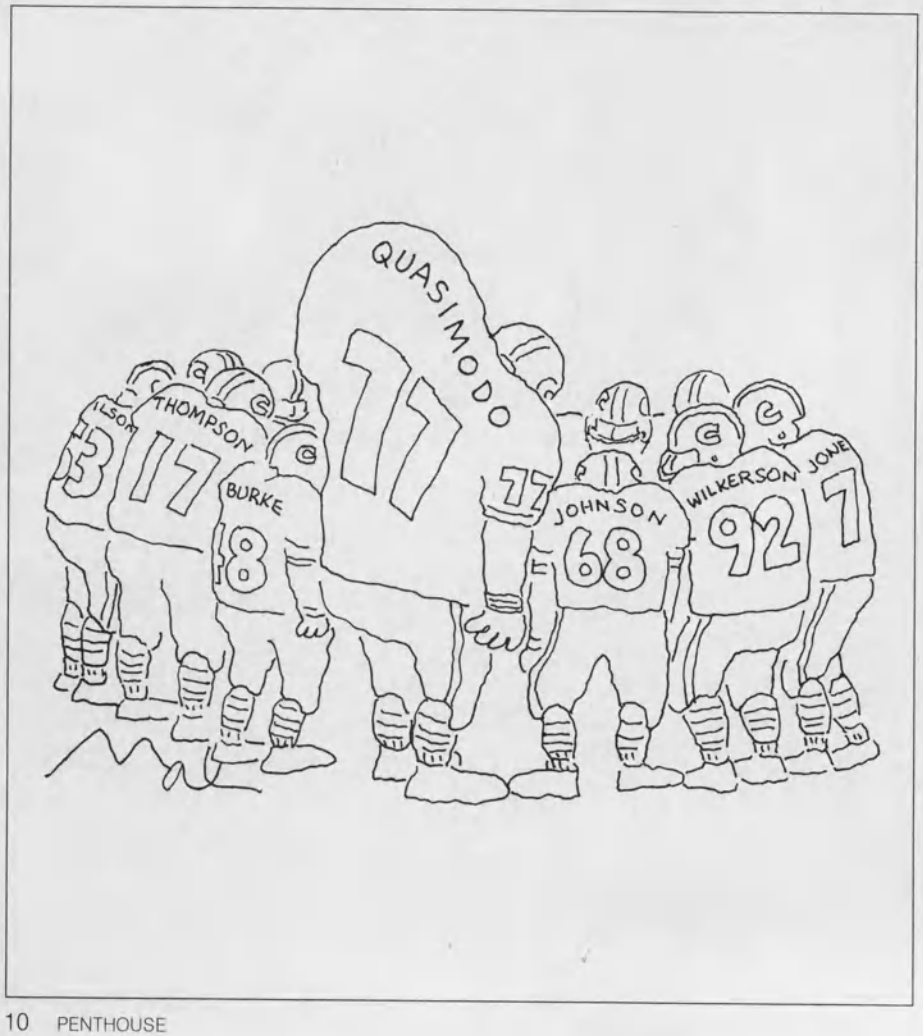
Now, I may ask that she go down the outside of the shaft, flicking the glans under the head and licking the shaft. This also gives her jaw muscles a chance to relax. As I move her head down towards my balls, I usually have to remove her hand from my balls and place it on my cock's head. Now my balls are just below her mouth. Although I have been giving her encouragement with my moaning, yelling, and pumping motions, I still have to push her head down, open my legs wide, and say, "Take me or take my balls." She may take one or two but doesn't know what to do. I yell, "God, that's good!" when it really isn't, as all they are is in her mouth. I have to say, "Use your tongue and suck again . . . that's beautiful." Then she either starts to come up or, if I push forward and say, "Please" again, takes my balls and this time sucks and uses her tongue. Now, I move her hand holding my cock's head up and down, and you can bet I'm getting bigger. I then say, "Come up the shaft," and as she releases my balls, she comes up the shaft and removes her hand, takes the head, and, usually, grabs my balls. As she gets to the head, she sucks the glans underneath, and with me shaking and yelling she takes the head in her mouth. With me pushing a little, I can get into the throat, and now she starts pumping me deeper. All I have to say is "Go down the shaft, please." This time the sucking, biting, licking is more intense. She moves her hands from my balls and pumps the head as she—now—sucks my balls. I am now yelling in enjoyment, as I can't stand much more. I yell, "Take me," and she now moves directly to the head and switches hands. She starts to take it deeper. I think she is excited because I'm excited, but she doesn't pick up the pace of deep-throating me. I start to move my hips faster, and sometimes we get out of sync and it goes in too deep. I've given up on this and prefer to hold her head and stand still so that she can pick up the motion faster. Sometimes I can let go and enjoy what's going to happen. This is the best.

As I come close to coming, I say, "Deeper, babe . . . pump me . . . squeeze me" and am trying to time the first spurt. I yell, "*Now*!" With that I push and into her throat my cock goes. She does one of two things: she stops pumping, and since the cock is in deep, the come goes down her throat or gags her and she withdraws the cock and swallows; or she may take the first load and withdraw quickly, swallow, and then take the second, then the third, until she has pumped me dry. Obviously, the second way is what I prefer. Can you believe how my purple, swollen cock hurts when she stops pumping it as I shoot the first load?

I've had them gag, cough, swallow, and bite, but, always, they stop pumping me. I've had to jerk myself out to take care of the pain. They just don't know that to pump something up this big and stop abruptly hurts, nor do they recognize that when I'm in their pussy I pump after I come and only then do I stop. Lastly, they don't seem to be able to handle the come in their mouths and either try and swallow or spit it out. Why can't they just let it drip out if it's too much? But don't stop sucking it!

After this blowjob, I usually give them more tongue and hope I'll get hard again. Once again you have to show them how to stroke it. When it gets hard, I can give it to them on their backs, on their knees, or let them sit on it. When on top, they seldom get their hands on my ass to push deeper, nor do they hump on a downstroke unless told to push. When they sit on it, they like their tits fondled but seldom squirm on the shaft. On their knees they can't do much, so I reach around and play with the pussy as I thrust into it. I've only had one say she wanted it in her ass.

After two or three deep penetrations, we sleep, and I'll be damned if I have ever been woken up with lips around the head (after I've showered) or two hands on my cock. They will take it in the pussy in the morning, though, and say it's a wonderful



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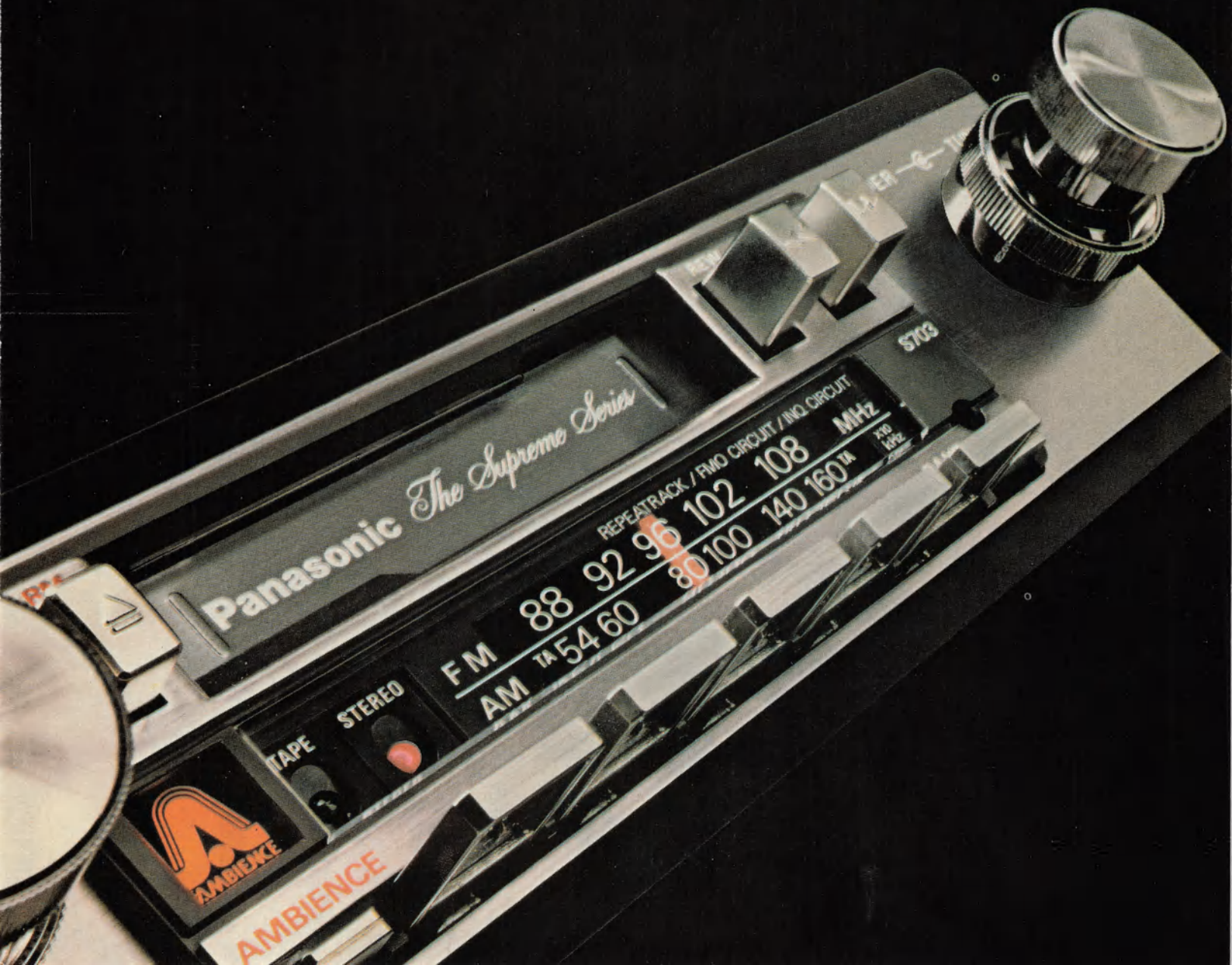

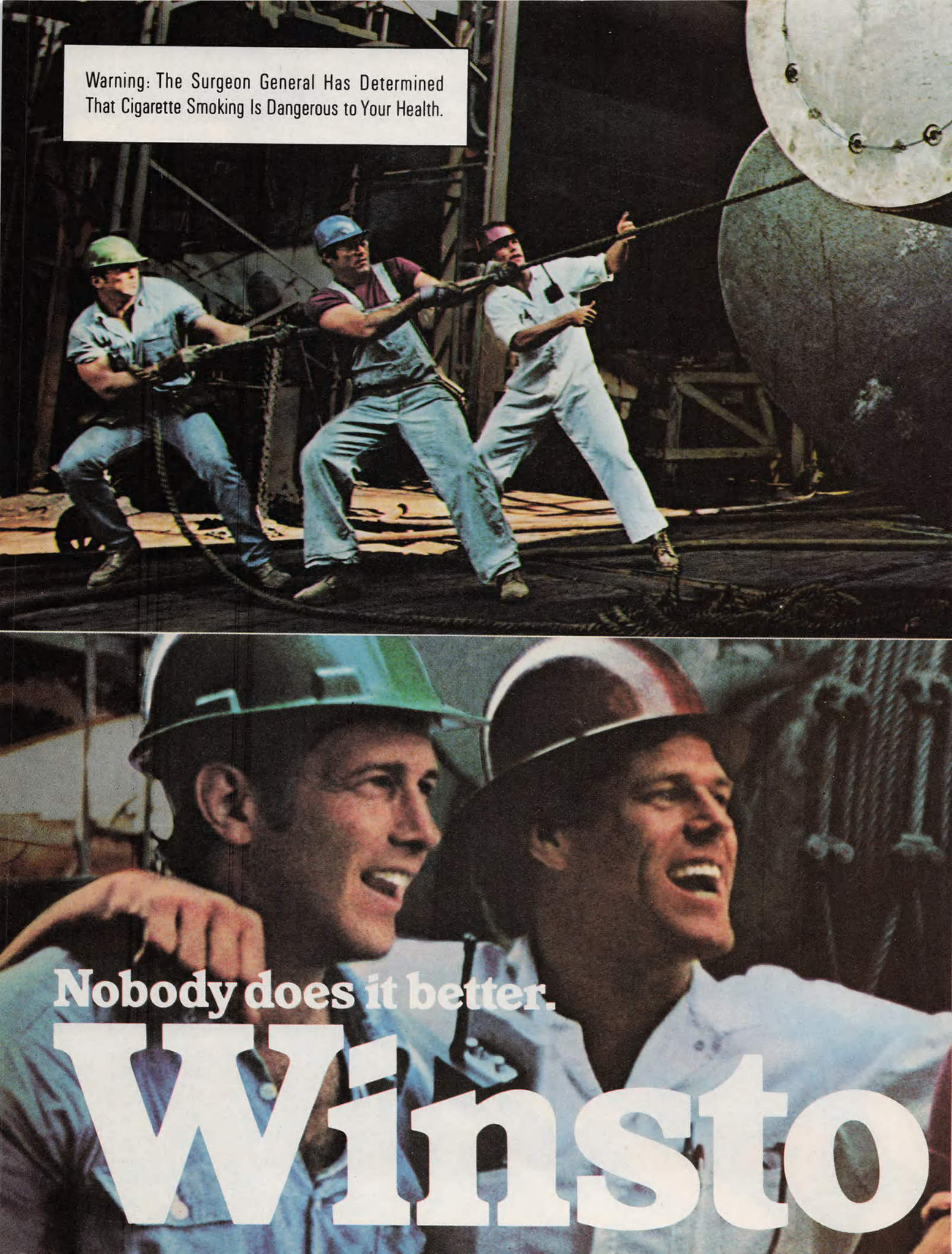
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way for someone to start a day.

I find the articles about how women took every drop or sucked balls or ate ass and yelled, screamed . . . all bullshit. Admittedly, the next nights are better, but why do they have to be shown? If they have had cocks in their mouths, they know or should know how to handle come. Some of these women have been married for years or are frisky twenty-year-olds. They must know that when you come, you don't stop until every drop is out and you can get it hard if you try.

They also ought to recognize that the second hard-on is good for an hour before it will come . . . and an hour of solid cock could do a lot to a pussy or ass.

I suggest that they need to be led before these first encounters occur.—*Name and address withheld*

WHAT A JOLT

Recently I met an old high-school friend of mine who looks as terrific now as she did then. She had been the quiet type when she was younger, and I wasn't too interested in her at the time. She had married her first love at the age of eighteen, but it turned out to be a mistake. Her sex life had become an ordinary, two-minute routine, with her husband satisfying himself but not her. Not to mention that he had let himself get very obese.

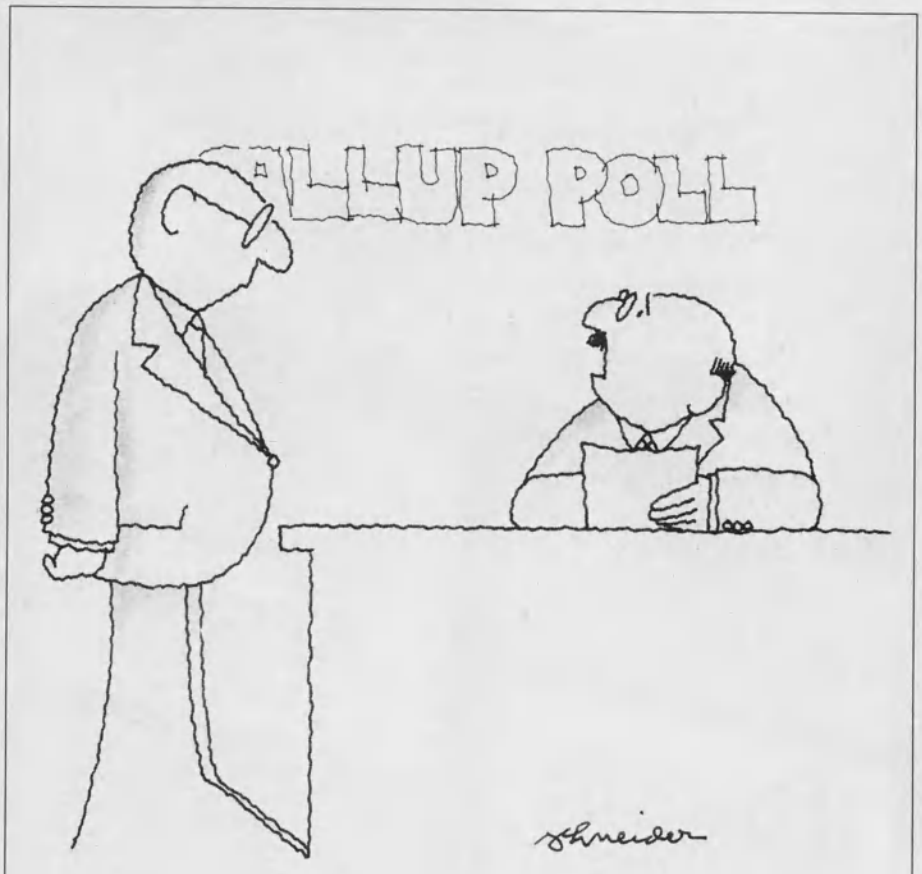
We went to my place and had coffee with rum and a few joints. I began rubbing and tracing the line of her body from her ears to her ankles. While I was passionately but softly kissing her all over, she began stroking my penis until there was no more room in my pants for the bulge. Carefully, I lifted up her skirt to unbutton it, and at the same time I worked my way down her chest. I traveled along her breasts and nipples with my tongue and began to fondle her clit. Her vagina responded by getting wetter by the minute as she dug her nails into my back.

When we were both completely out of our clothes, we were both raving on and on about how good it felt, and moaning and sighing. I could tell that she hadn't experienced a real good fuck all during the time she was married. I felt it was about time for her to have some special treatment.

I made my way down to her goods and probed her pussy with my tongue and chewed her clit. She began to rave more and more. She begged me to enter her, and the movement of her body and facial expressions were turning me on to no end. I gave her some of what she begged for by inserting just the tip of my throbbing head inside her, moving from side to side and in and out. I rolled her over and she kneeled over me, kissing me passionately as I grabbed her hips and, with added circular motions, inserted my prick in her deeper and deeper. I also started finger-fucking her rectum. I told her to relax and let me do the work. I slowly dog-fucked her and told her, when we were done, to lie still while I went to the kitchen to bring back items for the finishing touch.

When I got back I could see that she was still in ecstasy and ready for more. I began massaging her shoulders and gently worked my way down to her thighs. I again entered her, as she lay on her stomach, with irregular thrusts of my penis. Now I started to use my equipment. I rolled her onto her back, took a mouthful of some hot tea I had made, and slowly traced my warm tongue along the back portion of her thighs and legs. I lifted them up. My tongue held the heat from the tea. I blew across her sopping-wet pussy, back and forth, and occasionally thrust my tongue deep into her. She responded by swirling her hips, moaning how much she loved what I was doing. I then let the remaining hot tea in my mouth shoot up in her and all around her pussy as she climaxed frantically. To keep her going, I took a mouthful of crushed ice and repeated the same technique with the hot tea. I took her through extremes of pleasure. She finally lay still from exhaustion, and a warm-handed body rub further relaxed her and brought her back down to earth for the finishing touch. I had her taking off again from the stinging charges of a small calculator battery I happened to have nearby. She kneeled over me and mounted my shaft, taking slow strokes. We both began to erupt simultaneously and I reached down and placed the nine-volt battery by her clit. She screamed from the intense pleasure over and over again.

The next day she told me that she had never experienced such enjoyment. She has left her husband, and we now have our own cozy, little home.—*Name and address withheld*



"This is amazing, Gormley. According to our recent poll, not one adult male in the U.S. has less than a nine-inch penis!"

LIVE-IN LOVER

I am a nineteen-year-old woman and would like to relate my first sexual experience, which occurred last year. That summer my parents took a two-week jaunt to the islands and hired our twenty-one-year-old neighbor as a live-in companion since there had been a number of robberies in our area. Lisa was home on college break and eagerly took the job. She was an athlete at the university and had a figure that all my friends envied. Her cute looks and long blond hair made her the most sought-after girl in town. I was looking forward to those two weeks, thinking that I'd get a good chance to learn some tips from Lisa and maybe get to meet some of the cute guys who always hung around her.

That first night I told Lisa that I was going to go out with my friends and that I'd be back around eleven. As I came up the walk, a little before ten, I heard the stereo on in the den. Once I got inside, I saw through a crack in the door that the light was on. I stopped and peeked through the crack. What I saw startled me. Lisa was sitting back on the sofa with her eyes closed and seemed to be enjoying herself. She had her blouse opened in front and

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Well, we've played them for dozens of people and we always get the same reaction. First they smile. They shake their heads in disbelief and then they grin! We want you to try our MFS-6300 speakers. They're not available in stores, but we can send them to you for $85 a pair plus $5 shipping. And, if you don't start grinning once you hear them just send them back to us within 30 days *and we'll refund your purchase price, in full!*

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was massaging her tits through her bra, with her legs spread wide and skirt hoisted up. Her friend, Ellen, who was also a knockout, was busy running her tongue over Lisa's panty-clad pussy. Also softly moaning, Ellen had her hand down at her crotch, rubbing her own pussy through her jeans. I decided it best to be quiet and sat down on the floor to watch. After about fifteen minutes of this, Ellen started to undo Lisa's skirt but Lisa stopped her, saying that I'd be home soon. I snuck back outside and reentered the house, making a lot of noise, and proceeded to the kitchen for something to drink. In a few minutes Lisa and Ellen entered, and after a few minutes of talk Ellen left and Lisa went off to bed.

The next day Lisa challenged me to a game of tennis. As Lisa drove to the local park, I couldn't help looking at her body and thinking of what it would be like to have sex with another girl. We played hard for over two hours and Lisa defeated me soundly. So afterwards we decided to go back to my house and relax with a few drinks. Once home, Lisa changed into one of her sexy bikinis and we lounged around the patio most of the afternoon. She had eventually stopped addressing me as a child and began talking to me as another woman. We drank gin-and-tonics, and I was feeling high. I was enjoying looking at her body, which was barely contained in her bikini. I again started to fantasize about what it would be like making it with another girl. At one point in our conversation I told Lisa that I thought of myself as sexually uninhibited and would be willing to try most anything. This seemed to surprise her, and looking deep into my eyes, she asked, "Anything?" "Anything," I said. As I got up to refill our glasses, I groaned as my leg muscles tightened. I told Lisa that after our hard game of tennis I could hardly walk. Lisa suggested what I needed was a good rubdown. After mixing the drinks, I left the kitchen and found Lisa in the hallway. She took her drink in one hand and my hand in the other and led me to my bedroom. She had me lie on my stomach on the bed while she rubbed and kneaded my sore leg muscles. It felt so good! After a short while I could feel her hands running more and more up under my tennis skirt. The alcohol was relaxing me and I decided to let Lisa have her way with me. I closed my eyes and spread my legs slightly as she continued to rub. I innocently raised my hips to allow her roaming hands access to the front of my thighs. Under my skirt she "accidentally" brushed her hand over my panties in front and back again and again, getting bolder as she met no resistance. Her hands left my legs completely and focused on my derriere, squeezing my cheeks, her fingers running slowly along my crack. I began to moan with pleasure, much to Lisa's delight. She then rolled me over and straddled me, sitting on my stomach and looking down at me.

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Lisa began telling me what a beautiful woman I was becoming. As she told me how slender my waist was, she ran her fingertips along my sides. She remarked on how sensuous my mouth was and then lowered her face to mine. She licked her lips and we locked in the most passionate French kiss of my life. After several minutes she lifted her head to tell me how shapely my breasts were, and her hands gently engulfed my tits. She then began kneading my nipples through my blouse. I reached down and pulled it up to feel her warm hands against my bare breasts. She continued massaging my tits with one hand as she reached behind her and ran the other hand up my thigh and brushed it lightly over my cunt. Lisa continued this until my pussy was soaking with desire. Then she pulled down my skirt and panties, and I kicked them completely off. By this time I was begging her to finger me, and after a few teasing minutes she plunged her finger way up my pussy. She moaned, whispering how beautiful my cunt felt. She was doing things to me with her hands that I had never dreamed of. She then lowered her head to my breasts and asked me if they tasted as good as they looked. She then began flicking her tongue over my nipples while her hand continued stroking my pussy. Lisa told me she was going to make her "baby" come. I soon felt a rush like I had never felt before and had the most fantastic climax of my life. My orgasm began to subside, and to my disbelief I found myself telling Lisa that I wanted to eat her. She said that's what she likes to hear from her baby and asked if I had ever tasted a pussy before. I told her I hadn't wanted to until now. She then withdrew her fingers from my cunt and brought them to my mouth, running them along my lips. She then instructed me to suck them, and I had my first taste of pussy—my own! After sucking them dry, I told Lisa I'd like to taste her. Her hand now quickly disappeared beneath her bikini bottoms for a few minutes; then she brought three dripping-wet fingers to my lips. I hungrily sucked them dry, savoring the erotic taste. She then moved up on the bed, bringing her cunt to my face. Still clad in her bikini, she pushed her pussy against my mouth and I sucked through the material. She then removed her top, grabbed my hands, and placed them on her tits. They were so big and firm! Lisa then asked me teasingly if I was ready for it and I nodded. She unsnapped the sides of her bikini bottom and pulled it off, and I found myself looking directly at her beautiful, blond pussy. I was so excited, I thrust my tongue into her, drinking up her juices as she cradled my head against her cunt. She gave me precise instructions on how best to please her and cooed when I hit the right places.

I was loving this new experience and with my loud slurping noises didn't hear

anyone enter the room. I soon felt a hand on each of my knees and then my legs being drawn apart. Being smothered in Lisa's cunt, I couldn't see who it was. Suddenly I felt someone's tongue thrusting up into my already wet pussy, and as I reached down my hands grabbed a head of long hair and I knew it had to be Ellen. I boldly pulled her face into my pussy and heard her moan with approval. After a while she began running her tongue out of my pussy and flicking it over my anus. This really got me going and I squealed. As I felt her tongue glide over my anus for the fiftieth time or so, I pulled her head into me and her tongue sank deep into my rectum. I held her there as her fingers found my clit. Lisa, meanwhile, was dripping all over my face. She removed one of my hands from Ellen's head, and after inserting my finger deep into my own pussy she brought it up and inserted it into her rectum. As she continued to grind her pussy against my face, she told me to fuck her ass hole. She moaned and moaned and soon began bucking wildly on me. With a shudder she came, and I lapped up all of her juices. After a few minutes she rolled off me with a smile and pulled from Ellen's bag what I learned was a strap-on dildo. As Ellen continued eating my ass, Lisa strapped the dildo around Ellen's waist. Ellen then moved up on me and began licking all of Lisa's juices from my face and neck while rubbing the dildo against my clit. She whispered in my ear that she was going to fuck me until I came, and with that she inserted the dildo into my cunt.

Ellen is about eight inches taller than me, so as she fucked me she was able to bring her tits to my face. She rubbed them all over my face for a while and then offered them to my lips. This was my first taste of a women's breasts, and I sucked them, one at a time, into my mouth. Lisa fingered my clit as Ellen continued to fuck me and I soon exploded into another orgasm, with Lisa urging me on. Ellen then withdrew, straddled my face, and pushed the dripping dildo into my mouth, ordering me to suck her "cock." I sucked it as if it were a real cock, tasting my own juices again. The base of the dildo was rubbing against Ellen's clit as she pumped, and I decided to pleasure her more by inserting my finger into her anus. She loved this and remarked that Lisa had a great find in me. Lisa agreed and, moving between my legs, began eating me out. Ellen soon got goose bumps all over and climaxed as her cunt juices dripped down onto my face, neck, and breasts. She then took off the dildo and pushed her dripping pussy into my face.

Lisa grabbed the dildo and, after wetting it with her own cunt juices, eased it up my rectum. This hurt at first, but as Lisa continued to pump it, I soon couldn't get enough of it and I came again.

Ellen lifted her cunt off my mouth and moved up to position her ass hole directly over my mouth. She lowered her ass hole onto my waiting tongue and squealed as I thrust it into her. She fingered her clit, and after several minutes she exploded again, dripping all over my face. She then climbed off and licked her own nectar from my face. We Frenched for a little while and then all three of us fell off to sleep in each other's arms.

We continued our threesome as best we could for the rest of the summer, and it ended when Lisa and Ellen returned to college. I treasure this experience and the sensuousness that Lisa and Ellen showed me.—*Name and address withheld*

INSTANT REPLAY

A dear friend introduced me to the delights of "Forum." I am sure he would appreciate this account of one of our nights spent in paradise, written as a thank-you for that night and all the others that followed.

Remember the night we met at the party? I was just about ready to leave, when you came up the drive. You arrived with L. But that didn't stop my desire. Just watching you, admiring you from afar was getting me wet and sticky, as you found out later. I wore no panties, so I could feel myself getting wetter and hotter.

The night flew by. We talked, we drank, we danced. The dancing was a prelude to what was to come. I knew it was going to be good. While dancing, I could feel your

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prick through your pants and my dress. I could feel the pulsation, the movements as blood swelled your dick. You pressed it into my already soaking cunt, my breasts against your chest. My nipples were erect. Our hands were all over each other's bums, grabbing, feeling, enjoying.

We barely made it to my apartment, we wanted each other so. Once inside, we literally attacked one another. Lips against lips, ears, nipples. You tasted so good and you felt so hard.

I couldn't wait any longer—I had to taste your dick. My mouth hungered for you. I tore myself away from your nipples and moved to your navel and down further to your balls. I took them in my mouth one at a time. You tasted so good. Meanwhile, my fingers were exploring your ass hole. My mouth would soon follow. As I licked and sucked your hole, my mind was racing to what your rod would taste like. My mouth parted from your bum regretfully and moved to your love stick, which felt so hard and thick. Thick, massive café au lait.

I taste you. My mouth circles your head. I can't hold back. I lick you, suck you, as hard as I can. My head is pumping up and down while you're lying there slowly moving your hips, moaning, letting out small gasps of ecstasy. I'm so sorry I can't wait. I need to have your prick inside me. I need to feel your hardness inside me. Pumping, I move up and position myself over you. I lower myself onto your sugar stick, but just as I feel your head against my pussy lips, you push me off and onto my back. "Open your legs, girl, and spread them wide—wide enough for me to get inside to fuck you—to fuck you hard." Only too willing to comply, I spread my legs wide and I watch while you ram your massive member in me. Painful, yes, for a moment. But then the pleasure takes over. It feels so good. Your thick prick belongs in my cunt. I meet each of your thrusts with my dripping love box. I want to feel every inch of you.

"Fuck me, fuck me harder, I want to feel your balls against my ass!" "Do you like it, babe? Do you like my cock in your hole? Answer me, cunt!"

I couldn't answer in words, only in moans, but you knew what I wanted. You pulled out of me. "Turn over, bitch . . . stick your ass up in the air and spread those legs so I can see that hot box." I wanted you so bad but I didn't think I could take your enormous rod in my ass. But you had my cunt in mind. You pulled me toward you. You were kneeling, facing my ass, your tool glistening in the light. Still so hard, so strong. Your jabbing at my pussy lips was just getting me hotter. You were so large. You were thrusting, hitting my clit, sending shivers all through my love box, all through my body. I couldn't wait any longer. My hands reached down to guide your prick into my waiting cunt.

I took your hands and placed one on my breast and the other on my mound. The two of us could feel our wetness. You pumped closer, deeper. I didn't think I had room for any more of you, but you thrust harder still, ramming your dick into my hole. Backing up right against you, I reached around and grabbed your balls. I held them against my cunt while you were in me. "Do you like the way I feel?" I said. "Tell me how you like your prick in my cunt. Tell me how much you enjoy fucking white pussy."

"Instead of telling you, I'll show you." You then quickened your pace. I could feel the tightness building in my stomach. I knew we were both going to come. You moved faster and harder. I was trying to meet your every move. I couldn't wait for you. It just felt too good to hold on any longer. The spasms went from my head to my toes, centering in my cunt. I was grabbing at your cock, squeezing it, and I felt you come. We both felt and heard our wetness. We came for what seemed like hours, never wanting it to end. Exhausted, we dropped off to a light sleep. But, as you remember, we didn't sleep for long.—*Name and address withheld*

BY THE BALLS

The reason I write is to relate an unbelievable experience that I have just been through. During my spring break I decided to visit and stay at my girl friend Debby's house. Debby is five foot eleven and slim, with blond hair. Her breasts are large, but don't sag, making her large nipples point to the moon. When her nipples are erect they're taut enough to use as clothes hangers.

Upon arrival at Debby's house, I was introduced to her mother (who had been divorced for a number of years). Her mother was like a photocopy of Debby, maybe even sexier. There seemed to be a magnetic attraction between them, as if one could read the other's mind. I should mention that Debby and I are into bondage and mildly into S & M.

On our first evening Debby told me she had a surprise planned for me that I would never forget. After our usual foreplay, Debby produced some new restraints she had purchased. She said I was to be her slave and obey her every command to the letter. Being very excited, I agreed, but mentioned to Debby that we must be careful, because her mother (Randy, as she had me call her) was in the next room.

The restraints consisted of a leather collar that was secured with a lock, and a leash. Next was a harness much like those used on dogs, also with a lock, so I was not able to loosen or remove it by myself. Next was a leather strap with a small collar on the rod. The collar was fitted onto my sac, separating my testicles from my body, also with a lock. Then she had me get on all fours and pulled the strap forward and attached it to the harness. This made it impossible for me to bend at the waist or stand up. So the only position possible for me was on all fours or to lie in the prenatal position.

By this time sweet juices were forming on the end of my nine-inch cock. Debby warned that if I came without her permission, it would mean ten lashes from her leather-braided riding crop. Debby then rolled me on my back and said she was going to show me what I was giving her every time I fucked her up the ass. She withdrew a large black dildo, greased it up, and worked it up my virgin ass hole. She swung around, sat on my face, and commanded me to eat her as she worked the dildo in and out of my ass faster and harder. At first it was very distasteful, but soon I knew I was approaching orgasm. Then it happened. My body became taut and I came, shooting all over my stomach and chest. Debby was very displeased and told me to get ready for my punishment. She threw me a towel, commanded me to clean up, and said that she would be back in a minute. She returned with riding crop in hand, with Randy following her. I quickly became embarrassed and started excusing myself, when Debby whipped me across my ass. "That was for talking. You are to speak only when asked." Then she explained that I was to be the house slave and was to do as told, or I would receive various forms of punishment. In my present predicament I didn't have much choice, so I went along with it. After my ten lashes, I was commanded to satisfy Randy by eating her while Debby was ramming me home with the dildo.

Afterward, they dressed and explained that I was going to be treated as a dog. I had to eat and drink out of bowls on the floor and scratch on the door to relieve myself, and never to speak or object.

Two days later, while I was eating cold cereal out of a bowl, Randy whipped me on the ass and said, "We're going outside to give you a bath." At the door she chained me up and started washing me with a garden hose and explained that she had a surprise planned that evening. At ten o'clock people started arriving at the house, and I was told there was going to be a party and that I was to be a slave to all. A hood was put on my head to cover my eyes and top of my head. I was led into the party by a leash. Soon people were getting drunk and stoned, and the orgy was about to begin. I was the center of attraction. The first was Randy. She pulled me by my collar to her lap and stuck my head under her skirt, ordering me to eat her to orgasm. As I proceeded to lick and nibble her clit, I could hear her moaning. That's when a male guest assaulted my ass hole. He pounded away while I continued to please Randy. Five minutes later both of them orgasmed at the same time. In the course of the night I sucked at least ten cocks and received as many up my ass. By the end of the night my ass was really buzzing from all the attention.

After the guests left I was allowed to lie down and sleep on a blanket on the floor.

At the end of the week I was rewarded for my obedience by being untied and having sex with mother and daughter for untold hours, including watching the greatest lesbian scene ever. Debby and I are still going together, and I can hardly wait for our reunion with Randy.—*Name and address withheld*

FLOODING HER SENSES

Like so many of our lesbian friends, my friend and I love your pictorials with women, and "Forum" letters. I would like to share one of our experiences with your readers . . .

My lady is 21, a gorgeous Irish hazel-eyed brunette; I am 23, a Dutch blue-eyed blond. Our night of pleasure began when she said she had a surprise for me and that I should take a shower and wait for her in bed. I did as she asked without hesitation, but not before opening a bottle of wine and sharing a joint. I took a quick shower and eagerly awaited her in bed. I was feeling very love-crazed by this time. The room was "lit" only by the stereo playing soft and slow. Then my heart skipped a beat as she appeared through the doorway, wearing a short black, lacy negligee. I must add that negligees are a super turn-on for me. I would have wet my pants if I had been wearing any! She lay down across me as our tongues touched, and we melted into each other's mouth. I explored every inch of lace with my hands,

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occasionally stopping to feel her hard nipples and firm breasts straining through the fabric. I was moaning with pleasure, and her breathing became heavy, both of us very excited as to what was taking place. She moved down my neck with her tongue and stopped at my tits to languish there for a time. I moved my hand from her ass to the crotch of her panties, which by this time were soaked with honey. I exclaimed my delight and rolled her over on her back.

We kissed for what seemed an eternity, slowly entwining our tongues, then more rapidly as our passion mounted. I lay on top of her, between her luscious legs, and let my tongue drift along her neck and Frenched her ears. I moved down to her breasts and sucked them through the lace, pulling at her engorged nipples with my teeth and lips. Our hips were moving in rhythm as we rubbed our soaking mounds together. I supported myself on my toes and elbows, moving back and forth matching her own thrusts as we engaged in a whirlpool kiss. It was her night, so I concentrated on her pleasure. In a short time she was writhing in delight, both of us moaning and whispering breathlessly in one another's ear. Her body tensed as she arched her back and thrust her hips in the air. I kept moving over her love button as she climaxed. Once was not enough, however, as soon she was holding my hips and guiding me faster, back and forth. We were drenched in sweat and love juices when she came again, only more powerful than the first time. I clung to her like I was riding a bucking bronco. We collapsed in each other's arms. We rested and had some more wine.

Our strength once again reclaimed, I said I wanted to get a closer look at her new panties. I moved down to her triangle and found it to be entirely drenched. I loved it! I began to eat her through the sheer fabric, pushing my tongue as far as I could into her steaming hole, my nose rubbing her clitoris. I hummed in happiness as she said how good it felt. No longer wanting the restriction, I pulled her panties off with my teeth. Returning with my tongue along her thighs, I played and nibbled at her box. After teasing her, I drove my tongue as far as I could deep inside her, and at the same time my upper lip massaged her clit. She reached down to my head, and I took her hand in mine and brought it to my lips. As I sucked on her finger, I did the same to her swollen knob. I knew she was near another orgasm by the way her body jerked and from the words she gasped. She felt and tasted so damn good I didn't want it to end, so I withdrew and gently blew my hot breath over her box. I slowly moved up her body until my tits were over her mouth. She raised her head and eagerly devoured one and massaged the other. While keeping a mouthful, she reached down to my own dripping box. She wanted to play "Circus"—sit on my face, and I'll tell you how much you weigh!—and I was so lustful I wasted no time in straddling her face. Her hot tongue darted in and out of my hole and dashed up to my clit. I was in heaven, it felt so good. I moved my hips over her face so her tongue could go deeper, and soon I was having one hell of a climax. We held each other tightly to regain our senses and land back on earth.

Now, I'm not one to leave a project incomplete, so I told her I wanted to finish what I had started, to which she agreed 100 percent. Since she had surprised me with her negligee, I thought it only right to do what turned her on. She loves to be tied up. I produced a pair of handcuffs (she likes the noise they make), locked her wrists, and secured them to the bed with a strap. I then spread her legs and tied them to the legs of the bed, all the time teasing her with kisses. To top that off, I put a pair of headphones on her and started to play the long version of "Love to Love You, Baby." She had such a grin on her face when the song began. I'll never forget it! I started to kiss her all over, sucking here and there until she could take it no more and begged for relief. Wanting some relief myself, I got out one of our "toys," a double dildo. I was well lubricated, and I easily slipped one end inside of me and then proceeded to enter my moaning lover. She gasped with the first couple of inches and then relaxed and took the rest with ease. We moved nice and slow at first, letting our senses run wild. My lover was totally absorbed by the very sensuous song playing for her. Our pace quickened, and I could hear the sound of our come as our toy moved in and out of our tunnels of love. With both of us on the verge of climaxing, we thrust deeper and ground our pelvises together. I held on to her ass as she sucked my tongue deep in her mouth, and we exploded together in ecstasy. I lay on top of her as we caught our breaths. I discarded our toy and removed her restraints and headphones. We held one another, still shaking, and fell asleep in each other's arms. Fantastic!—*Name and address withheld*

ORAL DEVOTEE

I have one real love in life, and that is eating pussy of beautiful women. Unfortunately, I can't remember all the women I've eaten over the years. I can't even remember how many—but I'd guess it's been at least 150 in about ten years since I've pursued my specialty.

When I go out with a woman who I fancy, or even if I've just met her at a party, or someplace, I usually say something like: "I'd love to make you feel real good." Mostly I get a quizzical look back, and I repeat this statement until she asks me what I mean. I then say something like: "I'll give you the best licking of your life." This plus a few more suggestions usually leads to an immediate and prolonged session of cunnilingus. Once I've pleasured a woman, she never fails to come back for more. This is true of women who are engaged or even married, as well. (I've been married,

but am now divorced. My wife and I split up because I couldn't contain my amorous tongue to just one nest, no matter how delicious hers was.)

In the last few years, I've noticed women, perhaps in general, have become more demanding and sure of themselves. For example, women who I've eaten once will call me up and ask to come over to my place, or to meet me somewhere, so I can pleasure them again. They will say bold things to me like: "Would you like to exercise your tongue tonight?", or "I feel like sitting down. Can I sit on your face?" I've even had some women approach me I hadn't eaten before, but they heard about my talents from a friend of theirs. So far this approach hasn't bothered me at all. I've never been approached by a woman who I found unappealing, although that prospect has concerned me. Instead of practicing my come-on lines, I've been rehearsing a few respectful declinations.

This new boldness among women has also manifested itself in another way. I find that more and more women that I eat out are into getting their asses licked, too. This also doesn't bother me one bit, as I've always felt that licking the ass of a beautiful woman was a real privilege and pleasure. And so far, any woman who's wanted to have her ass licked has kept hers very clean and tasteful. The funniest line a woman gave me recently was, as we were talking at a party where I had just met her and I was convincing her to sample my lingual technique: "Fine, but do you lick asses, too?" I told her that in her case it would be a pleasure. We quickly left for her place, and I spent the next three hours licking her front and aft.

This woman obviously had plenty of experience in this activity. She had some special procedures that she loved. She enjoyed using the corner of her bed for most of our activity. One position she had was that she sort of straddled the corner of her bed (she hiked her dress up around her hips) and had me kneel on the floor to lick her pussy. After several orgasms she turned around and straddled the corner of the bed (her feet were on the floor), facing away from me. But as she did this, she handed me a large vibrator, then leaned forward and had me insert it up her pussy and turn it on. She took a smaller vibrator and placed it under her so it rubbed her clit, and then commanded me to lick her ass hole. So with my tongue on her back door, a big vibrator up her pussy, and smaller one on her clit, she was brought to one orgasm after another, until I swear she orgasmed for about five minutes continuously. This woman also loves to jerk me off. Once she invited me over when her stunning girl friend was there. She invited me to strip my clothes off in her living room while they took turns jerking me off. Each time I came they squirted it on my chest, but wouldn't let me wipe it up. After the third climax I was a bit of a mess, and my prick was real worn out. Then they had me eat them for the rest of the evening, and a good time was had by all.—*Name and address withheld*

QUIET LITTLE CORNER

I'm a twenty-six-year-old male commercial artist. One of my corporate contacts is a marketing exec I'll call Denise. She is a few years older than me and has a chic cover girl's face and voluptuous centerfold's body but, wishing to be taken seriously as a businesswoman, always seemed to effectively hide the latter. We had always had a very good, but strictly professional, relationship.

On one occasion, a late afternoon meeting at her office took us to dinnertime before we knew it, and she offered me dinner to compensate for keeping me so long. I wasn't really hungry and suggested a drink instead. Friendly, but still professional, she agreed, and we adjourned to a jazz club at the top of a tall building. The place was dark and classy, with large overstuffed winged chairs and loveseats nestled against windows that offered a panoramic view of L.A. after dark. By habit, I took a loveseat in the farthest corner; she followed but elected to sit in her own chair. After several glasses of wine, Denise had opened up considerably.

My attention kept drifting to those big boobs hiding behind her blue blazer and silk blouse (buttoned nearly to her throat, of course). After I sympathized with her about the trials and tribulations of being an executive, she looked at me, somewhat tipsy, and almost innocently asked if I thought she was sexy. Cautiously, I asked why she was asking me. "Because you are very honest. I'm thirty-one, successful by anybody's standards, unmarried, and just wondering if I lost something along the way." "If you want the truth," I told her, "you are very *sexy*, but not very *sexual*, know what I mean?"

She shook her head no and stared out the window. I asked if she wore garters or pantyhose. "What do you think?" she countered. "Pantyhose." "Wrong," she said, somewhat proudly, "and a lacy bra, too. So there!" "Not for long," I told her; "it is time you made a discovery." She looked at me quizzically. "First, chug the rest of your wine," I ordered her. She obeyed and stared at me glassy-eyed. "Now," I continued, "you are going to go into the ladies' room, take off your bra and panties, and put them in your purse. Unbutton your blouse as far as you dare, and then unbutton one more button. Then stand in front of the mirror and tell yourself that you are the sexiest hunk of woman you know until you believe it."

She laughed, "You're crazy, but if you'll excuse me, I do have to go to the ladies' room." I turned my head away, ignoring her. After ten minutes had passed, I assumed she had been offended and left.

Suddenly, I saw her returning, and what a difference! The place was half-empty, but believe me, she was noticed. The silk blouse was now half-unbuttoned and her full breasts swayed and bobbed unre-

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strained beneath her blazer. Though a bit unsteady from all the wine, she held her head high and put some extra sway into those righteous hips.

Fortunately, we were hidden in our corner. I pointed for her to sit beside me, and she raised her skirt to mid-thigh as she squeezed in beside me on the loveseat. I looked down into an enticing amount of cleavage as I kissed her cheek. Her face was flushed and she continued staring straight ahead. Gently taking one lapel, I lifted the blazer from her chest for a moment and confirmed that her nipples were indeed hard as nails.

As she continued to stare out the window, I kept my hands to myself and began lightly licking the near side of her neck. She remained motionless, but her quickened breathing encouraged me, and I slipped my arm around her shoulder. As I continued on her sleek neck, I let my hand ever so slowly slide down inside her gaping blouse. I kept my touch light and little by little my fingers crept across the firm swell of her rising breast toward the nipple. I moved my lips up to her ear. Her bosom was rhythmically swelling in my hand from her breathing. Palm flat, I began gently squeezing the jutting nipple, and her flesh seemed to jump in my hand. She still had not uttered a word, but I could see her knees pressing hard together. With my free hand, I lightly stroked the bare flesh above her stocking tops. As I stroked the furrow between her clenched thighs, they gradually fell apart. I placed my hand firmly on her soft fur and left it there.

Her eyes closed as I pulled her head to my shoulder, allowing my hand to delve even further into her blouse. I cupped the underside of her swollen tit raised upwards and squeezed. For the first time, a weak moan escaped her lips. As I used my fingers, squeezing then releasing, I followed the same rhythm rubbing her moist vulva. Of their own accord, her legs parted some more and I rubbed her protruding clit. Her breathing became quicker and more shallow. I could feel her muscles tensing, but I did not speed up. I wanted to prolong her pleasure, and mine.

As I felt her about to come, I slid my hand to her other breast and, as I squeezed her other nipple hard, I slid three fingers as far as I could up into her soaking cunt. She clenched her thighs, imprisoning my hand there, bit my shoulder, and came with a guttural, barely audible moan and trembled from her toes up.

There has been more, of course, but that was another time and another story.—*Name and address withheld*

BIRD'S-EYE VIEW

I'm a student at a small California university. I never believed any of your fantastic stories until I experienced one of the most fantastic.

There are two beautiful girls at my school who are never apart. My friends and I are consistently pissed off at them because they seem so caught up in their own world. They share a dorm room together, and I had firsthand information that they had one double bed. It was a highly believable rumor that these two stuck-up darlings liked each other in more ways than one. Naturally I never believe rumors, so my friends and I snuck over one night after a bull session.

Their room is on the second floor, so that posed somewhat of a problem. Luckily there is a tree there, which proved to be a great vantage point to their room. I headed up the tree, and my buddies kept an eye out for campus security. When I got right next to their window, I was a little disappointed to see them reading: but my disappointment didn't last long, because I saw that they were reading *Penthouse*. They seemed to enjoy the pictures more than I ever had. I watched with anticipation, and the wait wasn't long. As if on the same wavelength, they looked into each other's eyes. They moved closer together and began to exchange tender kisses. Dory seemed to take charge and slowly unbutton Margo's nightgown, revealing the young, supple breasts I'd frequently fantasized about. Dory began to descend to her mate's body with her eager tongue and stopped to sample her mate's nipples. Margo seemed to melt in Dory's grasp and lay back as if to say "Take me." At that instant her gorgeous pussy was shown to me. Before Dory proceeded any further, she slipped off her own nightgown, revealing to me the long, slender body that had driven me and my friends wild with desire. Dory went straight back to work on Margo's furry muff. I was a bit upset, because all I could see was the back of Dory's head being caressed by Margo's hand; but Dory was kneeling on the bed, and her ass was more than enough to keep my attention.

My eight-inch cock was now hard as a rock, and I had to shift my position on the branch to allow more comfort. When I looked in the window again at the lusty nymphos, I was startled to see that they had switched to a 69 position—and I had a front-row seat! Margo's tongue darted in and out of Dory's moist snatch, causing Dory to furiously buck and moan. In fact, it was so loud my friends down below could hear; I'm sure that the entire dorm could as well. To further Dory's excitement Margo continued her lapping only to find herself at Dory's anus. Dory wasn't the only one showing visible signs of excitement. Dory had her head buried deep in Margo's crotch.

All this was driving me wild, and I had to relieve the mounting tension in my Levi's. Rather than ruin a good pair of shorts, I tore out my cock and stroked it wildly. Luckily my friends couldn't see what was going on, and I went off! White gold shot out of the head of my cock in massive amounts and spurted toward the ground. All of a sudden my buddies down below

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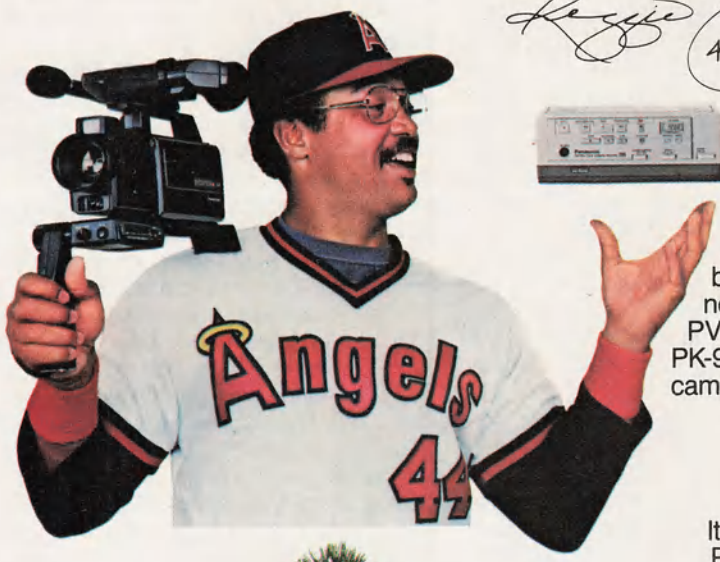

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began to yell, "What the fuck!" and "That son of a bitch is coming on us!" I looked through the window and noticed that Dory and Margo had collapsed in a heap of exhaustion.

I decided it was time to climb down and do a little explaining. After my friends calmed down about the white rain, I told them about what had provoked my behavior. They all laughed, and when we got back, we continued our bull session and planned on another tree-climbing expedition in the near future.—*Name and address withheld*

A LITTLE HELP

I've been reading "Penthouse Forum" for quite a while and intending to write this letter for several months.

Last winter the company I work for transferred me from one town to another. I figured it was going to be a cold, lonely three months before my wife would join me. One of the first things I did at work was look around for some pussy to keep me company. I asked several guys for a recommendation on an easy lay and got the same name from four different guys, along with a detailed description of some of her previous adventures. Her name is Jennie, and she's about twenty-four, five feet four inches tall, 120 pounds, with long blond hair. She dresses very sharp and has the sweetest little round ass. She's married, but that doesn't seem to be a problem.

I'm kind of shy, but I gradually got to know her and managed to talk to her several times at work. At the same time, I was buying a house, trying to get ready to move, and driving home every weekend to screw my wife silly. Finally one day Jennie came to work wearing an open-weave sweater and flesh-colored bra. That was it—I had to do something. I called and asked her if she would like to see my house. We drove over at lunch to take a look, and I spent most of the time with my eyeballs glued to her sweater. I still had in the back of my mind that the stories about her were probably just office gossip. I finally got around to giving her a casual kiss, and that went okay, so I pulled her up tight and gave her a real kiss. By this time I had a hard-on that wasn't going away, and I wondered how late from lunch we could be, without getting in trouble. I decided we'd better get back to work.

The next week I was scheduled to work Saturday, so I couldn't make a trip home, but I did make a date with Jennie for Friday night. On Wednesday afternoon Jennie called and said she had an exercise class scheduled after work but she would rather go to my house, and was it okay? I got an immediate hard-on, and I still had two hours to go until quitting time. I got off work a few mintues before her and rushed home to turn on the heat and try to warm up the house. There I was in a very cold house, no furniture, bed, or blankets, with a hard-on, wondering if she had in mind what I had in my mind. She finally got there, and we spent a few minutes playing kissy face and making small talk. I somehow managed to ask if she wanted to screw. She kind of smiled as if to say what took you so long and said, "As long as you're not the kind of guy who kisses and tells."

We headed for the bedroom. I very slowly planted kisses all over this sweet young thing as I stood her up and undressed her. She could pass for sixteen with no clothes, and I got trembling knees and sweaty palms. I took off my clothes and turned around to face her. There she was on her knees, staring at my prick and licking her lips. I moved a little closer, and she sucked my prick right into her mouth. She started sucking and licking my prick and rubbing my balls. I stood there running my hands through her hair, trying to think about how good she was making my dick feel. I figured I'd better put a stop to this or we were going to be done before we got started. I popped my dick out of her mouth and pushed her back on the floor. She very carefully spread her long legs and lay back with a smile. I started licking her face and worked my way down to her pussy. This one tasted good. Unbelievable! I found her very tiny clitoris and kept slurping away. I looked up and saw she had her eyes closed and was concentrating like hell. She got worked up good but couldn't seem to come. I finally quit eating and moved up for some good old missionary pussy pounding. She said, kind of shy, "I can come . . . it just takes a long time." I filed that statement for later because I had a pressing problem at that point. I slid my dick into her very snug, juicy pussy. I thought I was going to come on the first stroke. I pulled out and told her to turn over. She hesitated and looked worried. I assured her I wasn't going to spear her ass hole, and she quickly rolled over. Now this is really screwing. I love to give it from the rear. I pumped her across the carpeted floor, picking up plenty of rug burns as we went. Then I stiffened up and let it fly. What a relief!

I crawled off, and she went to clean up. Before she left, I asked if we had a date Friday night and if she had ever used a vibrator. Yes, we had a date, and no, she hadn't ever used one. I promised her Friday night would make up for a less than ideal situation today and would be something she could remember.

The next day I went shopping for a vibrator. I knew what I was looking for and found a model designed to give very intense vibrations, through a small rubber tip, right to the clitoris.

Friday night we went to a bar, had a few drinks, and listened to a local band. Around 9:00 P.M. we headed for my motel room. We both quickly shed our clothes and jumped into bed. After a few minutes of holding and caressing I got out the vibrator and explained how it worked.

I sat her on my prick facing my feet and

lay back to enjoy. She lay back on me and started to use the vibrator but stopped and said, "I feel strange using this." I assured her that in a few minutes she was going to feel strange all over. She turned it on and slid it down on her clit. I could feel the vibrations through her pussy. It felt like electrified pussy.

I've seen several girls use a vibrator, but I've never seen anything like this. In thirty seconds she was as stiff as a board, and panting. I tried to count the number of times she came, but I couldn't tell when one orgasm stopped and another one started. She must have come fifteen times in the next ten minutes. She finally turned off the vibrator and said, "That's the best thing that's happened to me in ten years." I think I gave her a Friday night to remember.—*Name and address withheld*

PROFESSIONAL ADVICE

I am a rather attractive female, with a 37C-23-38 figure, and am twenty-three years old. I've met this dentist and I've been going out with him for the last four months. He's very dominant in bed and makes me have several orgasms each time we go to bed, which is three or four times a week. One of his favorite ways to come is screwing me between my large and firm boobs while I'm on my back so he can watch his come shoot all over my face and open mouth.

For the last couple of months he has wanted to have anal sex with me. Every time we've gone to bed he's tried to sweet-talk me into it. But since I've never had it before, I've been afraid of the pain. I eventually gave in to his desire once, but it hurt a bit and I made him stop.

Last week, however, after he made me very excited in bed, he got up and went to his bathroom and came back with a bottle containing a red liquid. He put a little of that on my anus and then started to kiss and fondle me, especially massaging and squeezing my boobs very hard, which I love. The red liquid, which he says is used to numb gums, made my anal opening sort of numb. He started to fondle my ass and inserted his thumb into it. Then he positioned me on my hands and knees, got behind me, and fondled my boobs again. I got so hot that I didn't care what he did next. I reached between my legs and guided his cock to my anal opening.

He has a rather large and long cock. I felt its head penetrating me, and he stopped for a moment. I wanted more, but he said he was afraid of hurting me. He told me to push only as much as I desired. I couldn't believe myself, because I pushed so hard that the entire length of his prick went all the way inside me. I never knew it could feel so good. He started to pump me and I begged him not to come, because I wanted him to fuck my butt as long as he could.

I lay down on my stomach while his cock was still inside my ass, and he kept pumping me. It probably took him fifteen minutes but he came after I had had orgasm after orgasm.

I've told him he can have my ass any time he wants and he has assured me he'll fuck it as often as I desire.—*Name and address withheld*

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AN EQUITABLE ARRANGEMENT

This is a very bizarre but wonderful experience that I'll try to relate to you and your readers. It starts with my ants-in-the-pants wife, who just had to have a part-time job in order to keep herself busy. The trouble is that after her three-hour-per-day job she was behind in her schedule of jobs at home and also too tired after all of this to enjoy the finer things in life . . . (like sex).

After some serious talks about this new problem, she more or less said the job was very important to her sanity. She just needed the outside activity, and not the money (like working for slave wages), it kept her happy, etc.

Weekends came. Late Saturday mornings through early Saturday afternoons she was working. I was home messing around, really doing nothing. After weeks of this crap I told her straight out that should the situation arise while she's out keeping her sanity, I might just keep my sanity with some other gals. She said nothing.

The next Saturday, who do I see on the street in front of my home but a friend of 45 or so, getting up off the street and picking up her bike. Crash landing, I assumed. I went out to see if she was hurt, but fortunately she wasn't. I picked up her bike and carried it into my driveway. She came in for coffee, and I checked out the scrapes on her knees. To my surprise, she was scraped very little. Her culottes must have taken the brunt of her fall, and she didn't rip her panty hose a bit. Then and there I started dabbing peroxide on her scratched leg, and she said to wait until she took off her stocking. She did just that. She pulled up her culottes to the top of her stocking (which I thought were panty hose), detached the garter, rolled it down, and let me clean and bandage her scratch. Up went the nylon, snap went the garter, and she was done. Still more mind blowing was that it didn't take much probing to realize she had no bra on. I could see her taut nipples through her blouse and by looking through the side.

The heat that day (90 degrees with humidity to match) was unbelievable, and she said it sure felt good in my very cool, air-conditioned home. She sat in my living room, and off went her shoes, displaying a pair of very fine feet with exquisite toes all clad in some very fine charcoal nylons with darker toes and heels! Then she coolly went back to sipping the cold Cuba Libre that I made for her.

She then started talking about days gone by (she was an old family friend). She remembered me as a baby and she remembered bathing me! Then she asked

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if I have ever bathed another woman, other than my wife. Before I could answer her, she asked if she could be the first and said that my wife would be gone for hours yet. How did she know? Her blouse went off, and what a fine pair of tits stared at me! She opened her belt and the clasp on her culottes. Down they went. There she stood with only her nylons, a blue garter belt, and her bandage on. Then she led me to the bathroom. At the door we embraced. I grabbed her tit, and her hand opened my belt and zipper.

We then both showered, but she still had her nylons and garter belt on! We had the drain closed so that the tub filled. I got out and she stayed in the tub. As I dried off a bit, she sat up and pulled my cock to the tub. I had the most fantastic blowjob I could ever have conceived. As she worked her very wet lips back and forth on my hard cock, she fanatically played with my balls and ass. When I came, my load literally exploded into, then out of, her mouth. But this only made her try harder to keep my juice from escaping. I then gave her a super bath, made out with her constantly as I continuously fingered her pussy, and played with her fine legs (and garter belt and nylons . . . what a turn-on!). We then fucked right in the tub. It was a great feeling with all that water gushing around.

About a half hour before my wife would get off from work, she dried, dressed, and left. She pushed her bike home (two blocks away), but I never did find out what went wrong with it. Just then my wife called and asked if I would pick her up.

The next Friday after work I got a call. A friend of my wife's, a librarian out here, said she had a book my wife had asked her to hold. I gave the message to my wife, and that was that. But on Saturday, while my wife was at work, once again a car pulled up. A very nice-looking, middle-aged woman rang my doorbell while I was showering. I quickly put on my bathing trunks and slippers and answered the door. It turns out to be the library worker. I explained that my wife just left 15 minutes ago. She said all I had to do was sign for my wife's book and she'd leave it. So we went into the kitchen and I got a pen and signed the card. The library lady, sitting on the kitchen chair, seemed to act a bit funny, looking mysteriously at my trunks. As I looked toward her, I could definitely see her dress was up high, high enough in fact to reveal some skin above her stocking. I then asked if something was wrong. She remarked that I smelled good. Her legs opened, and with one motion she looked at me, moved her dress hem up, and showed me that all she had beneath her dress was a white garter belt and nylons.

What's going on? I thought, two Saturdays in a row a sex-starved lady enters my home while my wife is conveniently at work. These women are always wearing garter belts and nylons and even in the case of the librarian, no bra. The librarian got up, put her arms around me, and asked if she could offer any other free and beneficial services to me. We fucked once, and she sucked me off twice, then bathed in her nylons and garter belt. She left just before my wife called me to pick her up.

The next Saturday the bike-riding lady came over again, and a neighbor from down our street came on the Saturday after that. Same MO: no panties, no bra . . . only nylons and a garter belt. In fact, the nylons were always the type with darkened toes and heels. Finally my wife let it out of the bag. She slipped while talking, and I forced her to admit it. She was "setting me up" on Saturdays in an effort to make me happy while she was out working. She had a low-paying job in a discount store, but she enjoyed meeting people and also making a bit of spending money.

Well, now I even hint to her about women I wouldn't mind entertaining on Saturdays. She's even done the impossible by getting my friend's wife, a fine chick of 33, to come over. What a treat: sixty-nining with a fine redhead who reminisces with me over high-school days. The problem now is just who will be the next Saturday guest. My wife refuses to tell me in advance but promises there will always be someone here, and always in the proper attire. Do I have a thoughtful wife or what? I mean she and I still get it on great, but setting up one's husband just to keep him pacified while she is out working as a clerk just to get out of the house for a while? Oh, well . . . just keep those garter belts and nylons coming.—*Name and address withheld*

BODY LANGUAGE

I am a tall, blond coed, attending a small university in Wisconsin. My experience took place early on a Saturday morning. The night before I had been out late with a few of my girl friends, drinking and watching the men at a bar close to campus. Even though we stayed out until nearly 1:00 A.M. and were quite drunk and ready to be taken, that Friday evening, like most, did not produce any action. I went home to my off-campus apartment and soon fell asleep.

The next morning I was awakened by loud noises, which sounded like sawing and hammering. This pounding was like the pounding in my head—I guess I had a little too many the night before—except it stopped every minute or so. I was feeling so bad that I rolled a joint and smoked it, whilte watching some cartoons on television. I don't smoke pot much, but that morning it was either that or feel terrible the whole day.

About a half an hour later I was feeling better. In fact, the pot had made me quite horny, as it usually does, so I turned off the TV and was feeling my breasts under my nightie. I wanted to masturbate, but the

pounding downstairs continued, and it was bothering me. I put on my robe to see what was going on down there, planning to tell whoever was making the noise to quiet it down some. My pussy was aching for attention.

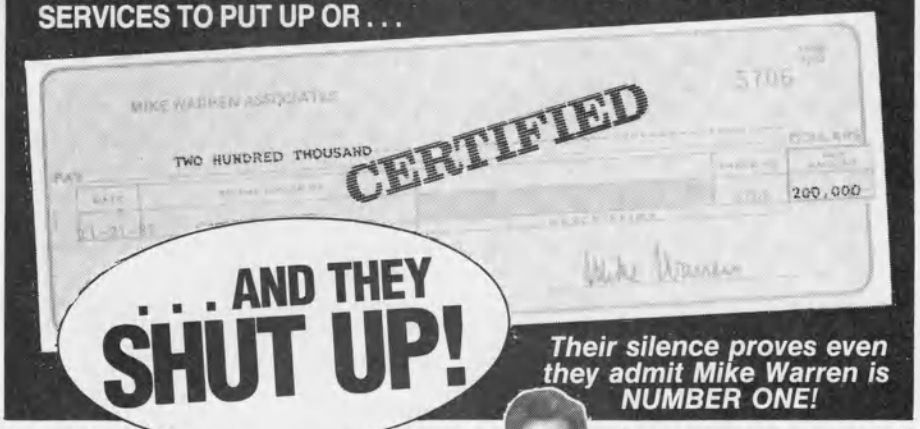
I went downstairs and opened the outside door of the apartment. The morning light rushed in, and I raised my hand to cover my eyes. The sun made me dizzy, so I sat down on the porch. By the time my eyes were accustomed to the light, the construction noises had stopped. There were three men standing at the edge of the yard, about twenty feet away. They seemed to be building a fence around the boundary of the property. They were all wearing blue overalls and staring at me. (I'll have to admit I'm not what you would call ugly.) I pulled myself together enough to stammer, "I, I just came down to see what all the racket was."

One of the men took a few steps forward and said, "Sorry, miss. I hope we didn't wake you up. Your landlord wants this fence in here, and this morning was the only free time we had." The other two had gone back to working on the fence, so it was just the two of us talking. We talked about the fence a little bit and about other repairs they were doing around the apartment building. I was still sitting on the porch, squinting my eyes and looking down on this sweaty but good-looking worker. He seemed about twenty-five years old, about six-foot-one, with dark, curly hair and a muscular body. He had a red cap on and no shirt under his overalls.

I was in a playfully horny mood, so while talking to him I slowly opened my legs so that he could see up under my robe. I must have opened them enough, because he was looking less at my eyes and more between my legs. I glanced at his crotch, and I could see he was getting hard, poking out. When I thought I had him baited enough, I asked the other two men if they were thirsty, and they nodded yes. I asked the man in front of me if he would help me make some Kool-Aid. He followed me up the stairs in silence, and I made sure to entice him all I could by swinging my ample ass. We did not say a word after that.

When we got into my apartment, I shut the door behind him and locked it. I stepped closer to him and took off his cap and tossed it on the couch. I unbuckled his overalls and pulled them down over his knees, exposing his now-hard penis. I then quickly slipped off my robe and nightie. He was trying to say something, but I put my finger to his lips, and he was silent. I got down on my knees and put his cock in my mouth. I wanted him to come first in my mouth so he could fuck me long and hard before he came the second time. While sucking him off, I gently rolled his balls between my hands and rubbed my index finger against his anus. His cock got superstiff inside my mouth, and then he made a low moan, and I knew he was about to come. I quickly but gently slid my index finger up his ass hole. Then he

"I LAID THE MONEY ON THE LINE AND DARED THE OTHER SPORTS SERVICES TO PUT UP OR . . .



. . . AND THEY SHUT UP!

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came. I had trouble keeping all of that hot, gushing semen in my mouth. I swallowed it bit by bit, enjoying the warm feeling it made on its way down my throat.

By the time I licked him clean, his knees were shaking, and I knew he had to sit down or collapse. I led him to the couch and took off his boots and removed the bunched-up overalls. I lay down on the floor, and he smiled as I looked up at him. I wanted his cock inside me so bad now I could feel it.

I just couldn't wait, so I started fingering my pussy and moaning. I took hold of his foot and rubbed his big toe over my clit, which made me have a small, gentle orgasm. He was hard again by now, watching me squirm in pleasure on the floor. He lowered himself on top of me, and I grabbed his prick and guided it to my steaming hole. We fucked in this position for about ten minutes. Then I turned over and got on all fours, and he entered me from behind. He pumped wildly this way for another ten minutes or so, and I had hundreds of orgasms, some small, some overwhelming. I was almost glad when he finally came, shooting what seemed like gallons of semen into my love canal, because I thought I would soon pass out.

We lay beside each other on the floor for a few mintues afterwards. Then I got up and went to the kitchen and made a pitcher of Kool-Aid and put it on a tray with three ice-filled glasses. When I came back with the tray, he was dressed. I gave him the tray, put on my robe, and opened the outside door for him. He stood there for a moment. We smiled at each other, and I put my finger to his lips. He nodded, understanding, and went out.

Later that day I went outside, feeling wonderful, despite how badly I felt when I first woke up. The fence was built, and my tray, with an empty pitcher and two glasses, was on the porch. He did not know my name, and I did not know his. I guess he needed the glass to remind him that it all was not a dream.—*Name and address withheld*

IMAGINE

I'm a thirty-four-year-old white male in good shape, with your average middle-class income, etc. But I'm also the luckiest man in the world!

Imagine a woman who is half black, half Japanese, five foot six, 123 pounds, and measures 38-25-36! She not only has the best tits and the largest, firmest nipples around but also struts the finest ass and legs in the world. Her eyes are deep and sparkly and green. Her lips are full. Her mouth is wide; with a small nose, high cheekbones, and long, flowing hair down to her waistline. Her skin is a light golden brown—very smooth, and very warm. She's twenty-seven years old.

Imagine that most of the time when you're around she wears miniskirts, cutoff jeans, see-through blouses and halters, skimpy bikinis, body suits, or nothing at all!

Imagine that she is a tremendous cook, but also has a fulfilling career as a beauty consultant and exercise instructor for a local private health club.

Imagine on top of all that that she is a wild animal when it comes to sex! She needs to be fucked about every two days or else she soaks her panties out. And when you do fuck her, it only takes her about ten to twelve minutes for her to hit an orgasm (whether it's your cock, tongue, or fist that's in her cunt)!

Imagine a woman who gets turned on by doing striptease dances for you at home!

Imagine a woman whose favorite turn-on is when you call her a "cocksuckin' slut" while you rub your hard-on up and down her thigh!

Imagine a woman who says that her favorite position is between your legs with all six and a half inches of your cock in her mouth! A woman that sucks and licks and bobs and moans in ecstasy as long and as hard as it takes to make you come tremendously! A woman who is more than willing to swallow *everything* that gushes out of your cock (sperm *or* piss), but who *actually prefers* it if you come all over face and tits. And she doesn't object to a "golden shower" occasionally!

Imagine, also, that this woman is totally in love, devoted, and giving to you only.

Imagine that she is a caring, sharing, self-sacrificing woman who will strip, fuck, and/or suck for you anytime, anywhere, any way possible as long as you or she has a desire to!

Gentlemen, *I* don't have to imagine. I've been talking about my wife.

This letter is a tribute to her and a fantasy fulfillment for me (just to tell you about her).

Not bad for six years of marriage!—*Name and address withheld*

SHOPPING SPREE

I am a very attractive girl of twenty and have been living by myself in New York City for about a year. I have read the letters in "Forum" with great interest for quite some time, and have been glad to read so many letters from other young females.

New York has a number of shops specializing in ladies' undergarments, and I have made a practice of seeking them out to add to my extensive collection. Recently I found myself passing a small shop late on a Saturday afternoon. I walked inside and noticed that the salesgirl seemed to be getting ready to close for the day. I asked her if this was so. She said yes but that I was free to look around. It was then that I noticed how attractive she was. She had on the cutest thin, cotton camisole, which accented the soft curves of her breasts, and a little miniskirt, one of the nicest I've seen recently. She also was wearing very sheer nylon stockings, not pantyhose, and a delicate pair of high

"You can't have any of your money, because you have what we call a 'you-can't-have-any-of-your-money' account."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 190

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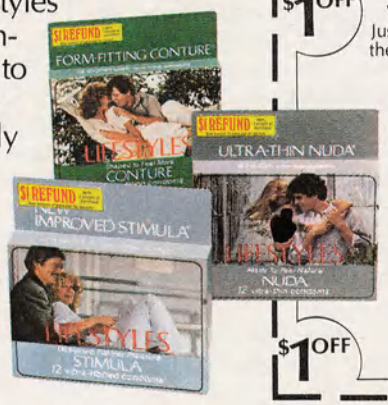

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PENTHOUSE FEEDBACK

is a serious dialogue between readers and editors concerning the editorial content of *Penthouse*—its aspirations and its areas of interest. **Letters for publication should carry name and address** (in capitals, please), although these will be withheld, on request, by the Editor. Send to Penthouse Feedback, Penthouse International, Ltd., 909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

WHAT MEN DON'T KNOW ABOUT WOMEN

I would like to comment on the article "What Men Don't Know About Women," written by Shere Hite, in your May 1982 issue. I want to congratulate her for the great service she is doing all of us—men and women. I totally support equality of the sexes and look forward to a time when it is no longer a debatable issue. As for those who criticize her work, I guess they can't accept the fact that a woman could be more knowledgeable about sex than they are. I must confess that until a short time ago, the idea wouldn't have been too pleasant for me either! In gathering information and publishing the facts, Miss Hite dispels the myths and frees us from the misconceptions that keep us from totally understanding one another.

I have always tried to be a good lover, not for the sake of my ego, but because the women I've had relationships with have given me great pleasure that I wanted to return. My own ignorance and some dubious ideas may have prevented me from being as successful as I would have liked to be. It saddens me to think that at times in the past women have probably faked orgasms, hoping to please me or protect my masculinity, when we could have been doing the things that would have really given us pleasure. Now I am more confident of my ability to be a good lover, not because I bought the latest "how to" book or a "penis enlarger," but because I have learned that you have to listen to your lover and be receptive to the things that really give her pleasure. Thank you!—*James Plavac, Sunnydale, Calif.*

ELECTROSHOCK

I applaud *Penthouse* for publishing "Electroshock: The Horror Continues" (June 1982), revealing the literally shocking news that 100,000 Americans will have their brains zapped in 1982.

However, a more insidious assault against freedom is posed by the "good" psychiatrists who neither shock nor overdrug but control behavior in purely psychological ways. The man in the street should ponder the word he uses to describe a psychiatrist—"shrink"—and ask himself whether he believes psychiatry is a mind-expanding or a mind-narrowing experience.

To me, a mind is a terrible thing to waste and a spirit is a terrible thing to kill; psychiatry, in all its sanctioned manifestations, attempts to do both.—*Morgan Richards, San Pedro, Calif.*

WHIPPING

I just read the article "Have You Whipped Your Child Today?" in the February 1982 issue. I can't believe how very narrow are the minds of the so-called preachers of the Gospel. No matter how good or bad or right or wrong their ideas are, they claim they act in the name of Jesus Christ and all of their acts are thus right! Who are the real wolves in sheep's clothing?

The Jesus Christ I have read about in the Bible was one who always showed deep love and warmth for "the little children." If I'm to assume that "Spare the rod and spoil the child" means I'm to beat my child until I leave marks to show love, hoping to teach obedience, then can I safely assume that if my right eye sins, I should literally "pluck it out" so the rest of my body does not sin? Tell me, who is really perverting the Scriptures?

I've never known anyone who has loved another human being for leaving bruises or marks on them. I suppose that when the Romans beat Jesus Christ so badly, they were thus proving that they loved him. Did they show they loved him when they hung him on the cross to die? The true show of love came when Jesus could still ask, while he was hanging on the cross, for them to be forgiven for all they had done to him.

The enemies of Jesus were the crooked high and mighty religious leaders. They needed him out of the way because he was exposing them. It wasn't the *people* who sent Jesus to the cross; it was the rich and greedy priests who incited the crowd to shout "Crucify!" It was the religious leaders who plotted against Jesus and had him arrested in the garden. They are the ones who falsely accused Jesus of sins. They are the ones who took money from people who thought they were buying prayers. *Who are our modern-day priests?*

Falwell and Dixon think we are headed for a Communist government. They're right! They are leading the way! When people use chairs with electric shock plates to discipline children; when they teach kids to say, "The more I submit to authority, the better I will be"; when they say they want to eliminate homosexuals and people who believe in abortion and people who think differently than they do—it sounds like Nazi Germany.

These people scare me! I hope others are able to see what is going on. Thank you, *Penthouse,* for showing us these people's true colors.—*James Eckmann, Kenosha, Wis.*

VIETNAM VETERANS' CONCERNS

As a Viet vet (1967–1968), I wish to express my appreciation for the continuing efforts of *Penthouse* on behalf of the fraternity of friends and buddies who served their country when called upon to do so.

I have become involved in the POW/MIA issue for the simple reason that the war and hostilities have not ended for my comrades still held captive, or for their families. If I were to suffer the misfortune of being a pawn in the politics of the current situation, my only hope and inspiration to survive would hinge on my belief and faith that friends and comrades would undertake all efforts to secure my release and deliver my freedom.

The impact of American public opinion is respected and observed by Hanoi and the rest of the world with a much greater degree of seriousness than is anything our government might say or do. We who work to secure the release of our fellow Americans salute *Penthouse* and enlist your continuing support.

The "Me Decade" is behind us. Can we unite as one nation, one voice, and yell at the top of our lungs, "Bring back our boys!" so that they may live—or rest—in peace?—*Bruce Berger, Troy, Mo.*

KILLING IN SPACE

A copy of a May 1982 issue of *Penthouse* was brought to my attention this week. The article "Space Wars," by Ernest Volkman, was very interesting. I thought I might add the following information about the practicality of killer satellites and death rays.

The concept of a war in space may be a greater fantasy than we suppose. A single two-megaton nuclear blast outside the sensible atmosphere of earth would set up a pulse in objects as far as 36,000 kilometers away, rendering most of the sophisticated weapons in your article useless.

Such a blast would send out in all directions high-energy radiation, such as gamma rays and X rays, which would induce extremely large currents and voltages in the electronics of these satellites, causing the burnout of the semiconductors and transistors. The effect is called a System Generated Electromagnetic Pulse, or SGEMP. Besides the SGEMP effect, there would also be TREE effects (Transient Radiation Effects on Electronics), which would damage crystalline lattices in semiconductors and set up currents in other solid-state devices.

A single nuclear device would damage hundreds of satellites and space stations. Which of the superpowers would break the present agreement to exclude nuclear weapons from space is a moot point, as its own weapons would also fall victim to the latent radiation over a period of time.

Although I am a physics teacher, I am no genius. A complete discussion of this topic appeared in the March 12, 1982, issue of *Science*.

I am glad to see your magazine taking an intelligent look at this crucial subject.—*Name withheld, Norwalk, Conn.*

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Conduct your own taste test, comparing Nikolai Vodka to Smirnoff–one of the highest priced national brands. Detect a difference? We couldn't. They're both excellent. So next time you buy vodka, remember there's one big difference between Nikolai and Smirnoff. The price.

NIKOLAI

TED TURNER

Hooray! The Ted Turner interview (June 1982) was worth my three-year subscription. Best damn interview *Penthouse* has published and that's a fact.

I, too, believe the networks should lose their licenses. They are accountable for most of what is wrong with this country. They are totally responsible for the attitudes of the American people: slothfulness, mediocrity, the "give me, give me" syndrome. They appeal to the lowest common denominator in the public and concentrate on the negative aspects of government. I really don't like the way they denigrate what the president is trying to do to get this country back on its feet again. The American people are going to have to wake up and realize that we cannot let the networks continue this way.—*Jim Halpin, King George, Va.*

FALWELL FALLACIES

If Dr. Falwell is so dead set against abortion, let him build a massive orphanage with his $250,000-a-day nationwide contributions. Then we could let all the unwanted babies grow up in a Christian institution. I know how badly orphanages need money; I grew up in one. At eight years old, I operated a lawnmower over five acres. I washed dishes for 200 people by hand every Tuesday and Thursday nights for five years. With just a little of what Billy Graham or Oral Roberts or Jerry Falwell or Rex Humbard take in, we could build the goddamnedest orphanage ever.—*Richard M. Lybrand, Clarkston, Ga.*

Thank you very much for printing the articles on Jerry Falwell and for printing the letters from the Moral Majority followers that resulted from your exposés.

I have never liked television preachers, especially the ones always asking for money, and after reading what you had to say about Jerry Falwell, my dislike seems well grounded. The Moral Majority is worried about the state of the country—well, so am I! When so many people can be suckered by one man (it reminds me of the Germany of thirty years ago), it's time to really start worrying.

I guess I would be considered one of the "immoral minority." I read *Penthouse* regularly, and before getting married I had what could be considered a well-rounded sex life. I don't consider myself "in league with Satan," though—just a healthy human being.

Please keep up the good work. It's nice to know that there are still people in this country who aren't afraid to tell the truth and who don't worry about controversy.

If you decide to print this letter, you have my permission to use my name and address. I'm not afraid of having my name seen in a publication as fine as yours. *Penthouse* is not "pornographic." It is art and information tastefully combined in one fine magazine.—*Mrs. Eileen L. Watson, Cincinnati, Ohio*

In view of their "born again" Christian status, I find it somewhat perplexing that so many of the Moral Majority read *Penthouse* magazine.

Having led what would undoubtedly be considered by these "good Christians" an unrepentful, sinful life, I can safely say that I would not be welcome in their heaven in the hereafter; and if those letters you published in the April issue are representative of a cross section of heavenly society, I'm sure I'll find preferable company in hell.—*Ed Cooper, Athens, Greece*

FAVORITE PETS

I thought I'd drop a line to compliment you for your fine pictorial on Rorie Fay in the May 1982 issue. What a sexy babe! It really gave me a lift. She's enough to help me through the nights here. Being in a Wisconsin prison, I haven't seen such beauty except in your magazine. It helps me to imagine how I'll spend my days and nights when I'm freed.

One more thing—I think Jerry Falwell ought to be in here, where he can be treated appropriately for his crimes—*James Sheppard, Green Bay, Wis.*

Editor's Note:
In the May 1982 Penthouse, *Rorie Fay, photographed by John Copeland, is wearing swimwear courtesy of Hermosa General Store, Hermosa Beach, Calif.*

I very much enjoyed viewing your February Pet, Miss DeVina Celeste, both in your magazine and in several of the promotional appearances she made with her family on Baltimore television programs. Ms. Celeste is one of the very prettiest models ever to occupy your center spread. I was also glad that Corinne Alphen was allowed to become a two-time Pet. I would love to see more of her!—*Name withheld*

We're happy to oblige!—Editor

AMERICA FOR SALE

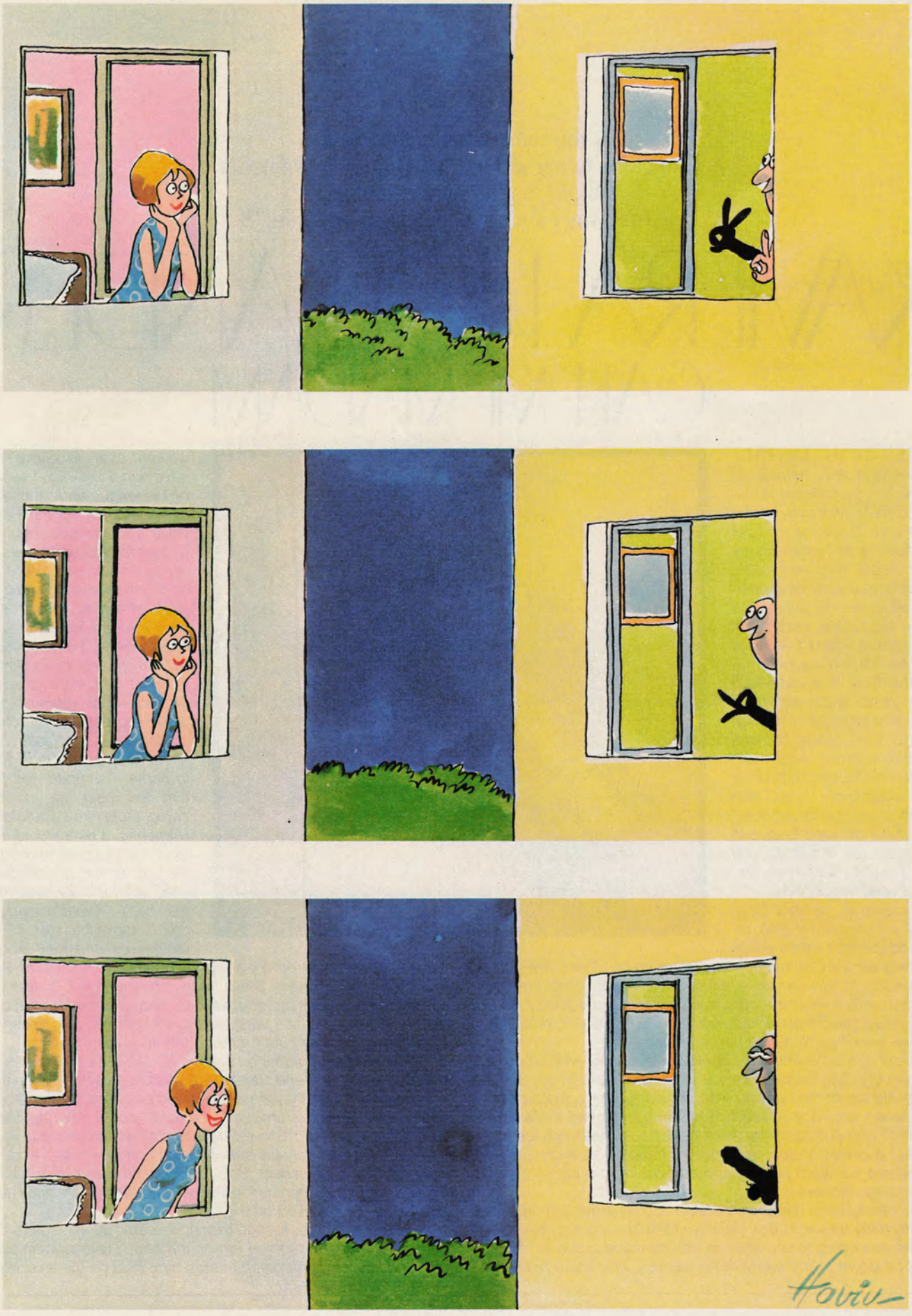
Ernest Volkman's article "The Selling of America" (April 1982) is the latest of a long line of sensational stories intended to whip up anti-Arab sentiment in the United States. Far from a serious study of the attendant consequences of foreign investment in America, it is an anti-Semitic attack on Arab people that is fraught with unsubstantiated allegations.

Volkman maintains that Arabs are the "main source of foreign investment" in America and "by far the most dangerous." Only on rare occasions is he able to cite specific sources, for he opts instead to retreat into innuendo and intimation. Such phrases as "by interesting coincidence" and "at the moment there are only indications—clues, really—of the extent of Arab investment in America" are indeed telling. Even the most uninformed reader is quick to realize that Volkman, in his own words, "hasn't the foggiest notion" of the effects of Arab investment. . . .

Volkman is apparently attempting to perpetuate the stereotypic notion of Arabs as "filthy rich" sheiks bent on buying up America. His exhortations focus on the "steadily growing piles of Arab-oil billions" that serve to enlarge the "slices of the American economy falling into Arab hands." This, he suggests in a way designed to instill a sense of xenophobia in even the most ardent advocates of cultural relativism, contributes to the foreign investors' "potential stranglehold" on America's destiny. He criticizes American businesspersons for bending over backward not to offend Middle Eastern investors. Arabs have shown themselves to be some of America's most reliable clients, and there is no reason why the American business community should slight good customers. At the same time, Arab countries should not be singled out and condemned for sometimes combining political and economic pressure in the same way that all other members of the international community do.

To understand the inanity and inherent racism of Volkman's accusations, one need only create a hypothetical example substituting another generic term for "Arabs." Imagine the outcry, for example, if he were to accuse *Asians* of being "by far the most dangerous" of America's foreign investors. Or would Volkman ever ask, "How does the United States government propose to ensure that *European* billions are not used to force changes in American foreign policy?" And what would be the public response if Volkman were to ask, "What controls was the American government instituting to make sure that more banks would not be taken over by *Jews*? None; as a matter of fact, the government behind the scenes has encouraged even greater *Jewish* investment, which is in turn aided by help from the American business establishment. . . ." Euphemisms aside, Volkman's bottom line is that Arab investors, unlike those of other peoples, are shifty and unctuous.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 171


Hovius

"You remind me of the man
who came to my whorehouse and only wanted a
blowjob. The hypocrite said,
"That way I am not cheating on my wife.""

XAVIERA HOLLANDER

CALL ME MADAM

LETTER OF THE MONTH

My husband, Bob, helped me to live out my wildest fantasy—to have two men at the same time. It was he who put the idea of a threesome in my mind. About three years ago, we were in a sixty-nine position when he surprised me with a big rubber cock. I get very excited when I give head, and he started fucking me with the dong. Bob seemed to enjoy it as much as I did. From that night on, I wanted to have a threesome but was afraid to admit it. After three years of hiding the truth, I now feel completely free. We talked about it in great detail and finally decided to give in to our desires. We finally had our threesome last week, and this is what happened.

We were in Virginia for a small vacation, and Bob reminded me that we could do anything we wanted, because we knew no one there. We agreed that we would find someone to join us for that evening. I am considered pretty by many people, and I do have a good body, 36-23-35. It was agreed that I would wear the most revealing outfit I had, and we would go to a nice bar together.

We sat at a table where we could see everyone who came in. It wasn't very long before I saw a man who was handsome and alone. He sat at the bar and was obviously looking to pick up a little action, too. Bob asked him to join us. We had a few drinks together, and Bob said if he wanted, he could meet us back at our motel. He looked at Bob, and I put my hand on his thigh. Bob told him where we were staying and asked him to meet us there in about thirty minutes.

The other man's name was Steve, and he arrived at our motel exactly thirty minutes later. I slowly started to undress, telling him that he was going to see what he was straining to see in the bar. I stripped down to my panty hose, panties, and spike heels, and walked over to Steve and gave him a big kiss. I sucked on his tongue and rubbed my pussy against his hard cock while I massaged his ass. Bob wanted to watch me suck Steve's cock, so I got down on my knees and pulled his pants down to his ankles. I slowly licked the head for a few seconds, and then took it all in my mouth. I was starting to come from the excitement of sucking a strange cock while Bob watched me. Steve started to pump faster, and when I was sure he was going to come, I stopped and held him so tight he couldn't come. I told him I would gladly eat him, but he would have to get undressed and lie on the bed. Bob was already naked, and his cock was more than hard—it was turning purple. I took the rest of my clothes off and took Bob all the way down my throat for a few seconds. Then I kneeled at the foot of the bed and took Steve in my mouth again. Bob lifted my ass so he could fuck me doggie-style, and slammed his hot cock deep into my hot cunt. I was coming and coming and coming. It took only about a minute for them both to unload in me.

We all cuddled together on the bed to rest, but after about a half hour I wanted more and started to suck Bob's cock while I played with Steve's. When they were both good and hard, I asked Bob if I could fuck Steve this time, and he said I could have anything I wanted. I got on top of Steve's cock and slowly let myself take him into me. This was only the second cock I had ever had, and I felt like a wanton bitch in heat. Bob got behind me and started to lick my ass. It sent me over the top like never before. Steve and I came together and collapsed on the bed.

When we woke up, I asked them if we could go at it again. They started to laugh and joined me on the bed. Steve wanted to eat me, and I sure wasn't going to stop him. I sat on his face while I

All inquiries are treated in confidence. Send to
Xaviera Hollander, Penthouse Magazine, 909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022.
Miss Hollander regrets that no private replies can be supplied.

sucked Bob's cock. I was coming again in seconds. Before Bob could come, I moved down on Steve's cock and told him to fuck me real good. I asked Bob to get the K-Y jelly and do the one thing he wanted that I never gave him before. He knew what I meant. I said I wanted it even if it hurt. I asked Steve to be still and leaned forward as far as I could. Bob greased my ass with his finger. It hurt something fierce as he started to enter my ass. I was about to scream with pain or pleasure, I'm not sure which, when I felt my muscles close behind the head of his cock. I knew the worst was over and told them both to fuck me. It was fantastic to be so completely filled with cock.

Steve left shortly after, and Bob and I took showers and went for breakfast. I felt so alive and so satisfied, even though my behind was killing me. It hurt, but it was a pleasant pain. It reminded me of what I had just experienced.

I love my husband more than ever, and I don't think I will ever want another man again. I am now looking for a pretty woman to help me give Bob the same thing he gave me. I want to let him see me eat pussy. Who knows? I might like it. I like the taste of my juices when I lick Bob clean after he screws me.

I think it is time to tell your readers that it is not twice as good to take two men at once. It's ten times better, and the best way is to take one in the mouth while you fuck the other—P.W.

I have several times carried out my exciting fantasy of having two men in bed with me at the same time. Once, while I was in Bali, I had two lovers, both of them very normal, friends for fifteen years. I managed to get both their cocks in my mouth at the same time, and when they came, which they did simultaneously, I rubbed those two cocks together. They loved it.

By all means arrange another threesome with a girl this time, but I would suggest that you get together a foursome, so that everyone is evenly matched.

THE FEMININE MYSTIQUE

I am a student at a major university in the West. I've just begun my college career, so I am only nineteen. However, I've been fortunate enough to have a few girl friends. I've had intercourse only twice. Anyway, this is my story.

I've recently been dating a very pretty blonde who is a couple of years older than I. After a few dates our relationship became really sex-oriented. One night we were sitting on her couch watching TV after a date. We started petting, and I soon found my hands roaming inside her pants. I wanted her to be really aroused before I fingered her. One hand was tracing circles around her nipple (through her clothes) while my other hand was dancing on her ass. Her pants were off now, so with the added space to move around I started tracing circles around her anus and every once in a while would enter her anus.

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When I began to finger her, she was wet with excitement, so I felt she was ready to be worked into an orgasm. After many ups and downs, arounds and arounds, ins and outs, and concentration on her clitoris, she was bucking my finger wildly and moaning quietly. Finally, she pressed hard against my fingers, and I could feel the walls of her vagina tighten and then loosen, tighten then loosen.

I thought she was done but wasn't sure, so I continued to finger her. This time we went through the whole ordeal again, but it lasted only ten to fifteen minutes, whereas the first time went on for almost a half hour.

She told me that she had orgasmed twice. My questions are these: I've read so much about women faking orgasms, and women who've had sex numerous times but have never had an orgasm, so how can one tell when a woman actually orgasms? I didn't know when to stop. Can you give me any helpful hints on how to please my sexual counterparts so they can enjoy a good orgasm? Also, what is a multiple orgasm? When I kept fingering her after I thought she had orgasmed, it was just like starting over.—W.S.

Every woman is different. Some women find it hard to come, while others have orgasms that seem to last a week and that happen with minimal stimulation, although this is rare.

When a woman achieves her orgasm, her thigh muscles usually tighten or twitch, the vaginal lips and clitoris swell. But this is detectable only if you are making love to her orally. When she comes, her muscles contract and her breathing becomes heavier. In most cases, immediately after she has reached orgasm, her nipples will be fully erect.

If her vagina stays dry and she's making histrionic sounds accompanied by elaborate gyrating hip movements, she is probably faking it. If you are doing your job properly, her juices should be flowing. There are quiet comers and loud, hysterical ones. There are scratchers and screamers, laughers and weepers. If she seems to be having a good time whether or not she has an orgasm, don't worry. She would not be there if she were not enjoying herself.

It's nice that you are concerned about your woman's orgasms. For centuries men did not give a damn.

ORAL AGREEMENT

My girl friend, Kim, and I have been going together for nearly two years, and until recently she had never reached climax. I don't know if it was my inexperience or not, but now that she has climaxed it seems that Kim can't get enough. Because she wants to stay a virgin until our wedding night, we spend our time satisfying each other orally. After two years of learning, Kim claims that I'm a real pro.

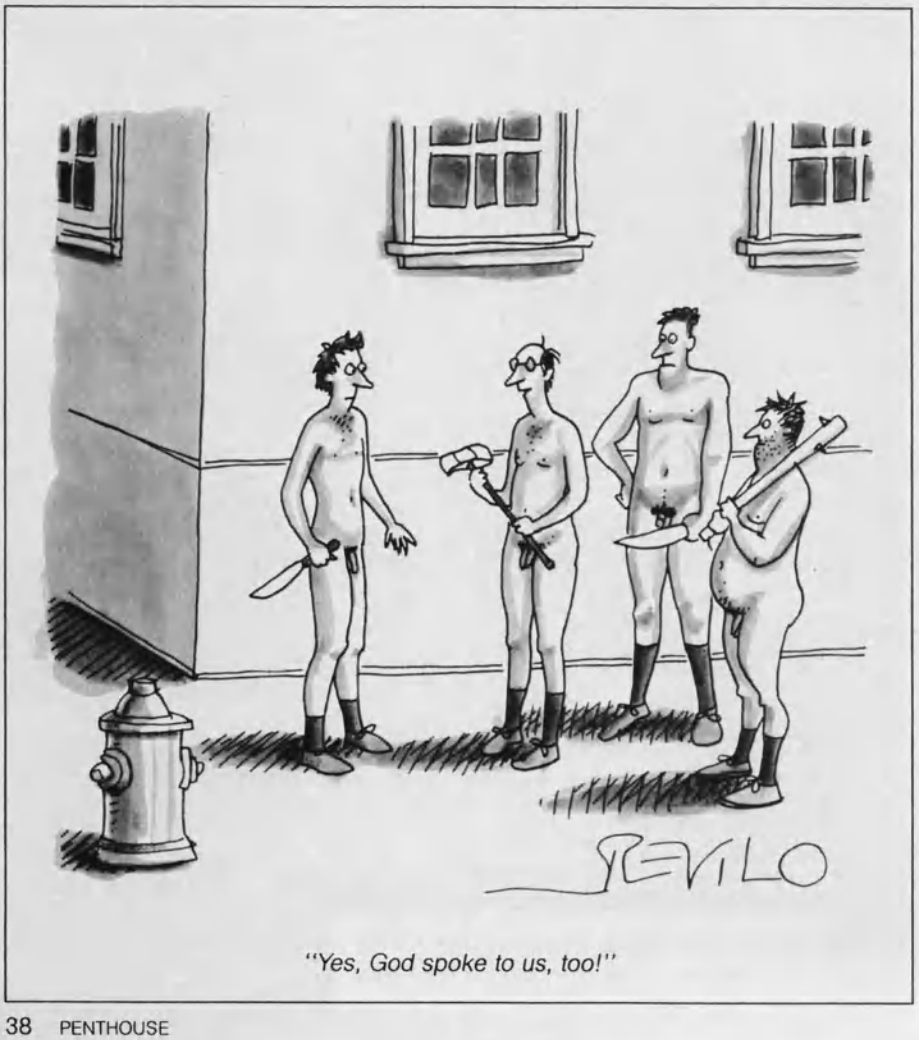
We attend colleges that are about six hours apart, so it's rather difficult to see each other. On term break, I went to spend the two weeks at Kim's apartment. When I arrived she dragged me into her bedroom, removed her pants, sat on the edge of the bed, and with her legs spread gave me a seductive smile. Well, only a fool would need further encouragement, so I went to work. I licked and sucked her pussy for endless hours. When she finally came, I drank up all she had. Then she returned the favor. Let me tell you, after two years, she's no novice at giving head. Each time she brings me off, I feel like I'm going to hit the ceiling.

The next day we went shopping at a nearby mall. We were on the elevator heading for the third floor when Kim pushed the "stop" button, which held us between floors. All curiosity was erased as Kim turned to face me and started to undo her pants. I immediately dropped to my knees and began licking her pussy again. I worked fast, knowing that the maintenance staff could detect the stall. I darted my tongue all around her wet pussy until she was ready to explode. Once she came we started the elevator again.

We walked to a women's clothing store, and I waited while Kim tried on several dresses that really showed off her beautiful size 37 tits. Kim held a dress up against her, then let it drop to the floor. As I bent in front of her to pick it up, she lifted her dress and pulled my face into her. Taking the hint, I followed her to the dressing room. Unfortunately, there was an attendant outside. Kim quickly dressed and we left to find another place.

We came to a large sporting-goods store, and I spotted just what I was looking for—a tent. We slipped inside and then slipped into a sixty-nine. Sucking her sweet pussy tenderly with Kim sucking me, the excitement was too much, and I came first. Kim drank up all I had as I kept going on her. She came soon after, shaking and spilling her juice all over me. Having had enough shopping for the day, we went back to the apartment.

Kim's roommates, Jan and Karen, were there. They explained that they hadn't known I was coming over and hadn't wanted to leave Kim all alone. We sat around for a while and talked about how classes had been going. Then the girls said they had to talk. The three of them left the room. They were gone only a few minutes when Kim came back in and said that she wanted to talk to me alone. I followed her into the kitchen, and Kim asked me if I would like to do her a favor. Not expecting anything unreasonable, I said sure. She explained that a while back, she and her roommates were playing poker and drinking. She ran out of money, so she signed me away, so to speak. I had to go down on both Jan and Karen. Never having eaten another woman's pussy before, I was a little scared at first. Kim said she was sure I could do it, and she had told both the girls how good I was. I finally agreed.



"Yes, God spoke to us, too!"

Jan and Karen had smiles on their faces, as Kim gave them a smile and let them know I had agreed. I took Jan into the bedroom first. She was really nice-looking, and had tits like Kim's. She slipped out of her pants and panties and lay on the bed. I propped her butt up with a pillow and started. I started at her feet and slowly worked my way up her calves, across her kneecaps, and lightly licked her inner thighs. I licked her pussy at the very base and continued the full length of her hairy, wet box. I thought she was going to lose it right there as she bucked her hips up to my face. I played around a little more, then set in on her clit. I tenderly licked it for some time, bringing her off twice. She finally pushed my face away and sat up in bed to catch her breath. Then Karen came in and Jan left. I proceeded to do the same to Karen and brought her off three times.

I followed Karen out to the other room, and the four of us sat around and talked. Both the girls thanked me for the great job, and thanked Kim for losing at cards. I asked the girls if I had done as well as their boyfriends. They said their boyfriends wouldn't go down on them; they didn't like the smell or the taste. A friend of mine once said that he didn't like the taste of his woman's pussy, either, but I never tried her, so I didn't know. Maybe she wasn't as clean as Kim was. I didn't find anything distasteful about Jan or Karen. I visit their apartment every break I get and go down on all of them. Why is it that I can be so in love with the taste and smell of pussy, yet many others aren't? Also, I have heard that women have stronger climaxes during oral stimulation of the clit than they do during intercourse. Is this true?—T.W.

I find it totally hypocritical that a woman could want to enjoy the delights of premarital sex and still go to the altar a virgin. You remind me of the man who came to my whorehouse and only wanted a blowjob. The hypocrite said, "I don't want to fuck, I don't want to suck or kiss. Just blow me. That way I am not cheating on my wife."

Making love should be a complete experience, and to exclude any part of the body for social or religious reasons is not only ridiculous but unhealthy. I have always been an advocate of oral sex, but not at the expense of penetration. Mother Nature designed the vagina to contain the penis, and although the intensity of a clitoral orgasm achieved by cunnilingus is something else, there is nothing like a good fuck to cement the love relationship.

LEARNING THE "HARD" WAY

I just finished reading the letter in your column called "Lover Boys." As a thirty-four-year-old divorcée, I agree that there is nothing more fantastic than an eighteen-year-old lover. It's true that a certain amount of caution must be exercised to avoid the youth's premature orgasm and thus my own frustration.

I have devised a routine I go through that always satisfies my young lover and

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myself. First, I give him some good cock-sucking, but only a little bit. I've learned the hard way that one extra tug of my mouth can bring on that flood of semen all too soon. True, it's a turn-on to have that warm, fresh boy-sperm shoot into my mouth, and most eighteen-year-olds can get another hard-on in a few moments, but that's not in the game plan. I like to work on that first load, prolonging it, and thus teaching the boy some measure of control.

After a few strokes of my talented tongue, he is hard and throbbing. Then, instead of taking his cock into my pussy right away, I have him give me some head. Here again, both my young partner and I benefit. I get a good first orgasm, and he learns the fine art of giving oral stimulation to a woman.

Then I mount him, slowly pushing his now jerking dick into my cunt. Since I'm on top, I can control the movements. This is necessary, because at this point, extreme care must be exercised to keep the boy's load in his balls. If I am careful enough, I can bring myself to a shattering climax, because there is nothing as exciting as feeling those deep-gut throbs in my pussy while thinking that the boy's hot jism is still in his prick. Often, this is too much for the boy's young balls, and he bursts through my throbs, spurting in me in mutual orgasm. But sometimes, if I've been extra careful, my young lover will throb a bit but hold his jism. If that's the case, then both he and I are really in for some fun. I hop off his prick and gently fondle his now aching balls. I cajole him, telling him that I know they ache but that now it's his turn. I talk to him, using sexy language that I know will make his jism boil for release. "Oh, darling, your balls are so full . . . I want to see you come. I want to feel your balls as you start to explode. I want to watch you spurt. Do it for me, darling, please? Come now. You've got so much in there and it wants out so badly, let it out. Go ahead, oh yes. I feel it boiling."

It takes only a few helpful strokes, and suddenly I am awash! Gung, gung, gung. He shoots it all over me . . . so warm and wonderful. I jerk him slowly, firmly giving him plenty of time to clip off each shot. Because I have brought him to such a high peak, I am covered from my face to my tits and my belly in warm streams of his liquid desire. Since he is so young, he is usually hard again in a few moments, and we can begin all over again. Nothing beats a young lover.—D.D.

I used to share your ideas on young, horny studs; however, I have got this older lover now, who fortunately has the body of a young god and the staying power that is usually present only in young men. If time permits us, we make love at least three times a day. He has the mature mind of an intellectual adult but also the boyishness of a teenager. It is the perfect combination. Don't let age fool you. It all depends on practice throughout the years.

I still eye a cute newspaper-delivery boy every once in a while when he goes by on his bicycle and stops to drop the paper in the mailbox. Obviously, I would like him to drop his load into my own box someday. However, being in love with a man who satisfies me both mentally and emotionally, as well as intellectually and physically, has made me kind of faithful, at least for the time being.

YOUR SWEET ASS

I am an eighteen-year-old girl with long blond hair and blue eyes. I have been told by a lot of guys that I have a great pair of legs and a cute ass, also. I'm pretty experienced about sex. Last week, however, I was introduced to something totally new, and I really liked it a lot.

I was playing tennis against a wall in my cutoffs when guy I'll call Bob, who's about twenty, started to talk to me. He was really good-looking, and I could tell he liked me. When he asked me up to his apartment about a block away, I accepted. When we got to his apartment we started kissing and we were both hot. He started to feel my ass and tell me how great my ass was. He told me to lie on my stomach on his bed. He then started to kiss my legs and ankles and slowly tugged down my cutoffs. He then massaged my ass through my panties. When I asked him what he was going to do, he said he wanted to lick my ass. I had never heard of doing that, so I told him no. He went back to my thighs but kept saying how much he wanted my ass. I kept resisting, because I had taken a crap a few hours ago and I thought it would be disgusting for him to lick me there. When I told him this he said he didn't care, so I gave in.

I took off my sneakers and cutoffs, then peeled off my panties. I then knelt down with my ass pointing in the air. I felt Bob spread my ass cheeks, and a second later I felt his tongue circling my ass hole. It felt so good. He then drove me wild when he started to tongue-fuck my hole. He then drove his tongue even deeper. I couldn't believe how deep his tongue was. For at least the next half hour he gave me orgasms by devouring my ass hole and fingering my pussy. As good as it felt, I couldn't help but wonder what it must have been like for him having his face full of my ass.

When he finally stopped I was exhausted, but I let him finish up with a good screwing. The last few days I have been trying to get up the courage to reciprocate. However, you can probably figure out what is holding me back. I would like to know what you think about eating out somebody's ass, and, if you don't mind, maybe you could describe the first time you ever did it and/or the first time someone did it to you.—C.D.

I am a crotch and ass watcher of both

males and females. The sight of some nice well-rounded, firm, and muscular buttocks gets me all wet. One day, while walking on the nude beach in Ibiza, I spotted the greatest suntanned rear view. I increased my pace to walk alongside him to see what the front looked like. After a brief conversation we ended up on the rocks, but we were far from being shipwrecked. I was obsessed with the desire to stick my tongue between his gorgeous buttocks. I begged him to lean forward over a rock with his ass in the air. I rubbed my tits against his body, which was slithery with suntan oil, and started fingering his ass hole. He began moaning with pleasure, and I knelt behind him on the hot sand to eat out his ass. I did not restrict myself to his anus, but went for his scrotum and the bridge between, which I was also massaging with my hands while he masturbated. His body had a salty flavor from the sea, sweat, and oil, but I was thankful that he was clean. I like any flavor but shit or piss. To some people the residual smell and flavor of excrement is a turn-on. I had a client who once asked me not to wash my private parts for a couple of days before his visit, a request I refused partly because of other business commitments, but mostly for convictions of personal hygiene.

To give a "trip around the world," as this is called, is an even more intimate sexual act than fucking or sucking; therefore, I rarely do it, and then only with someone I am in love with. To me, the most intimate sex act of all is the mouth-to-mouth kiss, whereby all five senses are stimulated. I am curious to have my readers' opinions on this subject: on good and bad kissers, and what importance the face has sexually. We're always hearing about tits, legs, cocks, and asses.

COME AS YOU ARE

I am a thirty-five-year-old divorced male. My sexual experience got off to a late and a shaky start. My ex-wife was not very sexually oriented and had only two orgasms during our eleven-year marriage.

Something happened to my body and/or mind three years ago when I started dating again. I now have perfect ejaculatory control. Sometimes I don't even come, which doesn't really matter to me if my partner and I had a good time.

I met this woman Tammi at a bar. She was good-looking and had very firm tits. Now, I'm not a tit man, but I will never complain of a bonus (or two) thrusted my way. Tammi wasn't able to come over that night, but while we were kissing and saying good-bye in the parking lot, I whispered that I would like to fuck her.

Coincidentally, my roommate and his girl friend were barbecuing dinner the same night I had Tammi over. My keen perception told me I just might get laid, as she kept running her hand up my leg as we ate. Afterward, the four of us jumped into the hot, foaming Jacuzzi.

This permitted me to discreetly bring Tammi off several times with my fingers under her black bikini. The billions of bubbles from the pumps hid her equally active hands working over my rod, which was straining to spring from its cloth cage. It was obvious we couldn't keep up this guise for long, so we excused ourselves and left for my waterbed.

The next several hours were a smorgasbord of sex. I put my cock in overdrive and brought Tammi to one orgasm after another.

She then got on top and started fucking me like she was out of control. Actually, it was great control. Her cunt was sliding up and down my stomach around my cock as her magnificent mammaries bounced as much as their firmness allowed. The pleasure I was feeling was much more than an ejaculation gives. My whole body was writhing. My delirious body started convulsing as wave after wave of unspeakable delight and relief swept through my very core. I had a multiple orgasm without ejaculation. Have you ever heard of a male orgasm like mine?

Lastly, about Tammi's tits. I honestly don't think that they are silicon. If she could sell her chromosomes she could retire tomorrow. Is that just one of the many variations found in humans, or is superfirmness a sign of silicon?—T.H.

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VIDEO STARFUCKER

I had seen inflated dolls for sale in the back of various magazines, but I couldn't buy one because I didn't want my parents to know. I decided to make one. I found some large, heavy-duty plastic bags in our house and filled four of them with hot water, twisted them into knots to seal them, then took two of them and placed them side by side in an empty plastic bag. I then made an opening in the outer bag right between the two inside. This was the artificial pussy. Next I took a pillow and strapped a bra, size 38, around it and filled the cups with the other two bags.

I needed a face to look at, something as real as possible. A picture would do, but somehow, my imagination required a woman's voice. Then it hit me! My eighteen-inch color TV. I took the TV and placed it at the end of my bed with its back resting on the floor and the screen facing up. I put the upper torso I had constructed on the bed below the screen, and the pussy below that. This idea excited me. I turned on the TV and searched for some beautiful women. I soon found some on soap operas and yoga programs. I inserted my cock in the vagina, which was warm and tight. I put some hand lotion on it, and lay on top of the warm, large, rubbery boobs and looked down into the screen. I found this experience absolute heaven. The women on TV were caught in many moods and expressions that intensified my orgasms. I dug this fantasy so much that I did it for several years. I feel I know exactly how it would be to fuck all the women I watched on TV—the Miss America contestants, all the famous actresses. I even did you once when you were on a late-night talk show. You were fantastic.

The hot water makes all the difference. There was well over 300 women I've had this fantasy with. Anyway, I love the feeling of looking at a beautiful face more than anything. What do you think I should do to find a woman like that?—M.L.M.

With your imagination and ingenuity, I am sure you could easily design and construct some mechanical or electrical device that would put out a call signal state- or worldwide that would attract the kind of women (real ones) that you're looking for. Or you might consider plugging yourself into cable and going nationwide.

FRIENDLY PERSUASION

For the last couple of years, my husband has had fantasies about having another woman in bed with us while we make love. The more he's talked about it, the better it has sounded to me. I could get off imagining another woman sucking him or fucking him while I played a more passive role.

About six months ago he started making advances toward our friend Sue when the three of us were together. At first she didn't know what to make of it, but when she saw I didn't mind, she went along. It was just little things, like a quick feel, at first. Then he started putting her hand on his cock and asking her to play with it. Or he would feel her pussy or tits.

One thing led to another, and one night when the three of us were together, he asked her to suck his cock. At first she said no, but when I told her I didn't mind, she went down on him. (They had been partners before this, except she didn't know that I knew about it.) The next few times we got together, we would take turns sucking cock while my husband kissed and finger-fucked the one not sucking him. It was a short step to him convincing her it was okay if he fucked her when the three of us were together.

I love watching him get sucked and fucked, but now he is wanting me to feel her pussy or tits. If she agrees to it, he also wants me to eat her pussy. We're all really close, and this latest idea is sounding better and better to me. However, I have led a sheltered sex life and have not had sex with any other man, let alone a woman.

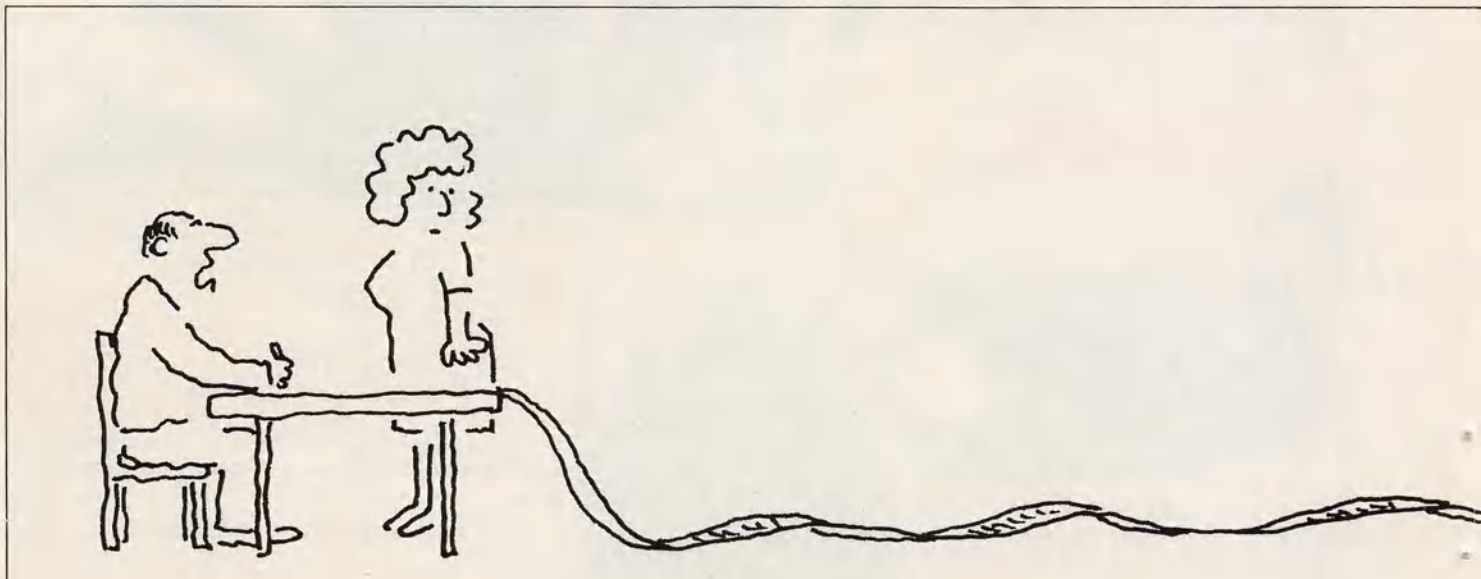
Can you give me some ideas about how to handle this situation? Also, do you think I am a latent lesbian, since the idea of making love to another woman appeals to me? I really enjoy straight sex with my husband and sometimes feel guilty about enjoying our present relationship with Sue. Should I go along with my husband's latest idea if Sue is willing?—B.J.

Yes, you should always try and do what your heart tells you to do, especially when your husband is encouraging you as well. It's too soon to tell if you're a latent lesbian; so don't get hung up on that. If you've been straight for this long a time, it's about time you strayed a bit. Also, Sue and your husband seem to be fairly patient people; so your handling of a real ménage à trois shouldn't be too difficult.

THE TENDER TOUCH

I am a thirty-two-year-old male and am a pretty fair amateur athlete. I enjoy a somewhat normal sex life, but I greatly enjoy a good tickle. The problem is trying to find someone to share this interlude with me. The ticklish woman has always had a very special sensuality as far as I am concerned.

My first tickle contact with girls was



"I'm making a list of all the things that piss me off!"

through different tickle games we invented as children. These games were a safe way to get each other's attention and perhaps sneak a free peek or feel. The foot was my best target. It was exciting to have an ankle in hand, stroking at the end, and watch the rest of the body wiggle.

In school I invented ways of hooking the ankle with my leg from under desks and tables. After securing the catch with my legs, I would carefully remove the shoe and begin stimulating the surprised and helpless victim. The school libraries were my special place to practice searching for soles. An unsuspecting girl, who was deep in study, would often find a tingling sensation at the end of her foot that would drive her to distraction.

Now ticklishness is a prerequisite for all the women I associate with socially. Still, I cannot seem to locate the Ms. Ticklish of my dreams. After reading a "Forum" letter in your issue of February 1978, I thought there was hope for me. The writer and I share the same fantasy. I would greatly appreciate any advice you could give me on finding ticklish lovers.—P.J.S.

My first thought is to put a very carefully worded personal ad in a local, liberal newspaper. This may turn out some "sensitive" individuals. In the meantime, when out with a new young lady, try some very gentle, subtle tickling to see how sensitive she is to touch. There's a difference between playfulness and sexual come-ons or passes. See how she responds and decide her tickle status from that. I think the key is being patient. A lot of people are afraid to giggle uncontrollably, just as they won't be able to orgasm early on in a relationship.

SQUIRE FOR HIRE

Three mornings ago I awoke from a sound sleep with a solution to my financial problems. My girl friend had risen about an hour before and had left for her job. I was alone with my thoughts and I realized what I wanted to do with my life. It can work, I thought. I sat bolt upright in bed as the thoughts raced through my mind. A gigolo, that's what I want to be.

Now, whether or not I have what it takes remains to be seen. I do have a deep, abiding respect for women and a sensitivity to their moods and needs. Even as a younger man (perhaps it was then that I should have had the idea), I found that middle-aged and older women seemed to have a particular affinity for me. This was somewhat disturbing to me, as I wished it had been women my own age instead.

I rose from bed and phoned my mate at work. Not wishing to discuss it through her switchboard, I simply told her that I was excited over an idea and would see her for lunch. Although we have always subscribed to liberal thinking, she was at a loss for words when I told her my plan. But when she arrived home from work, she was very enthusiastic about the idea and offered me her full support.

At present I don't entertain thoughts of world travel. That would be just too good to be true, and quite frankly, since I currently speak no foreign languages, this may be out of the question. I have taken some steps to prepare for my new venture. I'm attending more closely to grooming and sharpening my wardrobe. I need some advice now. It has been my observation that for a small community of about 40,000 there are quite a few well-to-do people. They, of course, will be my desired clients. If I can establish a few clients in the local area, what are my chances of my business extending to other areas, perhaps by word of mouth? What sort of rate should I expect as a beginner? Most important, how might I signal the fact that I am available but only for a price? It would be wonderful if someday I were as successful as you.—S.A.

I have given your situation thought and have come up with the following set of rules suitable for gigolos:

(1) Never eat raw onions before you go out on a date and never eat garlic at all. Should you be fond of gassy foods, they should always be mixed with the seeds and roots of the herb fennel, as this prevents flatulence.

(2) In addition to grooming and sharpening your wardrobe, you should wash your feet, fingernails, and foreskin.

(3) A strenuous regime of physical training is essential: jogging and jerking and at least twenty push-ups every morning.

(4) In case you meet a client under seventy, some condoms in your wallet are advisable. Also suggested is a breath freshener and a lighter.

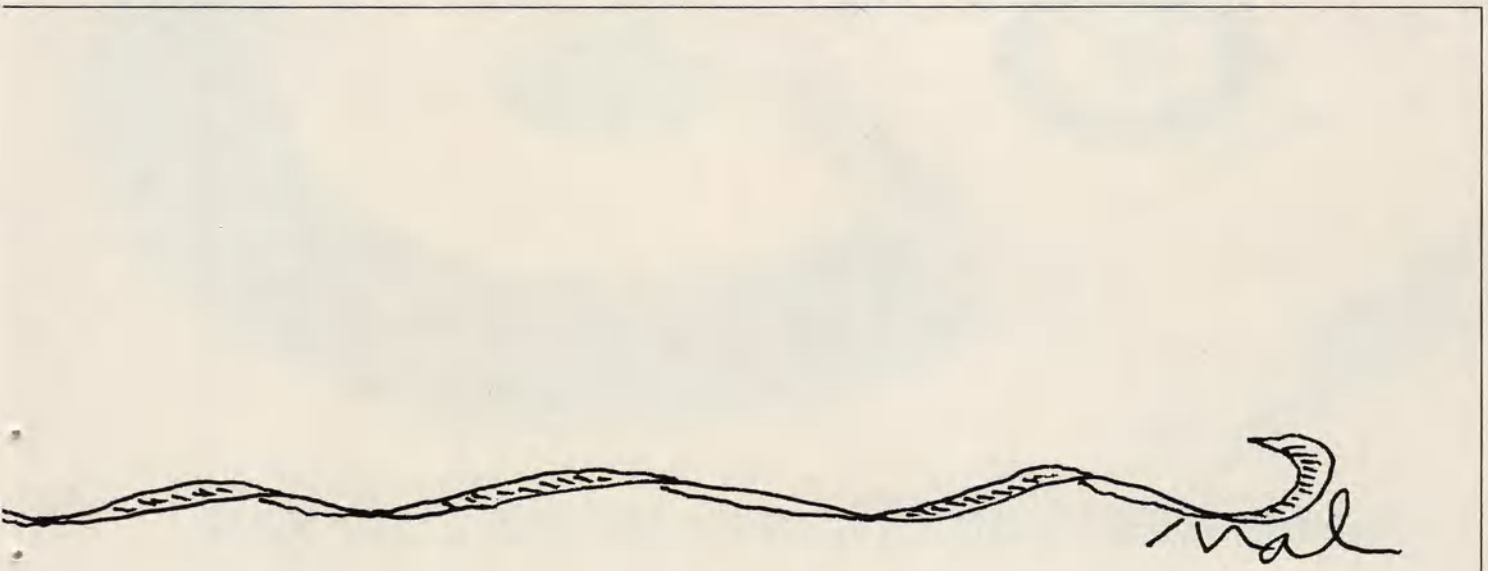
(5) A few dollar bills should be sewn into the lining of your jacket—mad money, as it is called in the U.S.A.—in case you have to take a taxi home.

(6) Have a large collection of colognes and after-shave lotions. Use them with care, since too much might trigger allergic reactions in your clients.

(7) The term *gigolo* originally meant a professional dancing partner or escort, hired by an older woman. Maybe you should take some dancing lessons.

(8) As far as finding clients is concerned, any discriminating lady will require her gigolo to have certain social graces: a knowledge of French wine and of the best restaurants in town, skill at bridge and tennis, and an interest in opera, ballet, the latest plays, art galleries, and concerts as well.

A certain financial investment will be required as an entrée into the various clubs where you need to be to locate your "victims." The rest is up to you.



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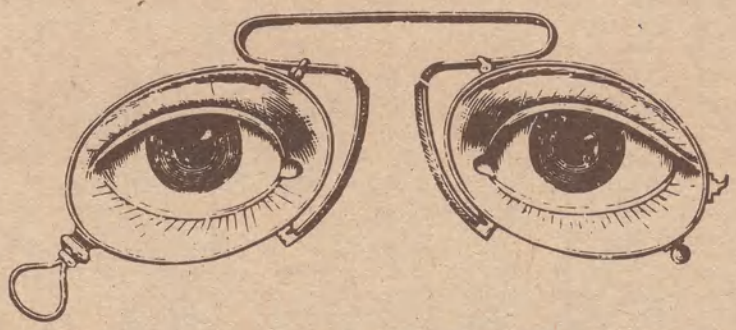


VIEW FROM THE TOP

HOW TO LIVE WITH A FAMOUS PERSON

SATIRE BY EMILY PRAGER

Andy Warhol has been widely quoted as saying that in the future everyone will be famous for fifteen minutes. If you take into account that nowadays people can achieve fame for everything from mugging and raping to being mugged and being raped, not to mention the traditional performing arts, then Warhol is undoubtedly correct, and pretty soon everyone will be living with a famous person for at least fifteen minutes.

Being a celebrity is one kettle of fish. Living with a celebrity is quite another. In light of the fact that this is something all Americans will soon be experiencing, we asked a foreign expert, Mr. Denis Thatcher, husband of Mrs. Margaret Thatcher, prime minister of England, to guest-edit this month's column and answer some of the thousands of queries readers have sent in on "how to cope with living with a famous person." Mr. Thatcher's *Tips on Coping* is a gigantic best-seller throughout the European Economic Community, and we are very honored to have him with us.

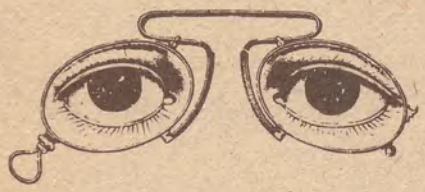
Dear Mr. Thatcher: Everything was okay around my house until my husband of twenty-three years became a court officer on the Claus von Bülow trial. Due to the laws in our state, the trial was televised, and so my husband appeared on TV every day for months. Needless to say, he's now famous in our community. Now, I can deal with people recognizing him at the supermarket and Carvel; I can even deal with his nightly roundtable discussions of white-collar crime and our society, and his weekly updates on Sunny von Bülow's condition. But how come, after twenty-three years of marriage, he refuses to take out the garbage? He won't mow the lawn. He won't change a tire. And I'm no longer allowed to see him nude, because he's afraid I'll take a picture and sell it to the *Enquirer*. How do I cope with this? Will this nightmare ever end?—A Housewife in the Crowd, Rhode Island

Mr. Thatcher replies: My goodness, how familiar it sounds! I remember that when Maggie first became prime minister, I was fit to be tied. She rushed off to 10 Downing Street without so much as a "by your leave," and with me there at Chequers (our country home), alone, bereft, and with quite a lot of tidying up to do. Smoke-filled rooms, old coffee cups, cigar butts, the mess of fat-cat politicos everywhere—the lot. At first I protested. As she wouldn't take my calls, I sent telegrams, I picketed—all to no avail. Finally, I came across a photo, an old cheesecake shot I had taken in our bathing cubicle at Brighton, the summer of 1951. I offered it at auction to the daily tabloids, but Maggie outbid them, the cunning fox. At any rate, on what she paid me for it, I hired a butler, and the rest is history. I suggest, dear lady, you do the same: take the picture, sell it to the *Enquirer*, and on the proceeds hire some help. You're the wife of a famous person now. Make book on it!

PERRY RIALO

Dear Mr. Thatcher: I am the girl friend of an Oakland Raider. I am writing to ask you how you stand the long hours alone, the constant traveling, and, well, to put it bluntly, the lack of sex. I mean, that's something no one prepared me for about living with a famous person: he's never home. Of course, I have the cats, and I watch TV, but hey, Richard Simmons and Tony Geary are saltpeter to a gal who's known a Raider in the biblical sense. You know the phrase "too much too soon"? Well, this is like "too much but rarely." How do you cope?—Football Widow, Los Angeles, Calif.

Mr. Thatcher replies: My sympa-



thies are with you. Imagine, if you will, being paired with a blond bombshell like Maggie and having her holed up in the War Cabinet twenty-four hours a day. We haven't had sex since the bloody Falkland Islands crisis began, pardon my French, and there's no climax in sight. But in spite of my personal tribulations, I must constantly remind myself that my Maggie belongs to the people right now. It is the British she is screwing with all the passion she can muster, and I must wait my turn.

How to cope? Well, affairs are of no use, as the press will find you out and make a circus of it. No. I recommend wearing a mackintosh while reading the "Forum" section of the English *Penthouse* for a good afternoon's romp. Or whatever else does the trick. I can't see your objections to Tony Geary and Richard Simmons, however, unless it's that they don't wear boxer shorts.

Dear Mr. Thatcher: Many summers ago, I buy a mackintosh on a trip to the Malvinas, as the weather is wet and disgusting. I have no choice to go, as my husband is famous and makes state visit. So I have this mackintosh, but here is problem: you can't buy this sexy magazine in Argentina. I try. No exist. Also, no tight-pants men on television here. Country is high inflation, junta not allow. So, how I cope? Your wife has taken my husband from home. Now all talk is war, war, no sex only war. I no Eva Peron, Mr. Thatcher, but I human. What I should do?—Mrs. Leopold Galtieri, Buenos Aires

Mr. Thatcher replies: Sometimes, Mrs. Galtieri, a pen pal is the only thing that can suffice. I am not a young man, but I can write and I can fantasize, and I'm yours if you'll have me. As I write, the odor of my wet rubber slicker permeates my nostrils and I picture you running nude across the pampas, the silhouette of your abandoned form mirrored in the great, dewy eyes of the llamas that stand by. I am in the background, a silver-haired, bespectacled gaucho, seemingly indifferent, but hungering secretly for your ample Third World hips and thighs. Like you, Mrs. Galtieri, I need love and attention and I'm not getting it. But perhaps together, two simple souls drowning in a sea of preblast celebrity, perhaps through the medium of pen and ink, we can recapture some of the serenity we knew when once we were anonymous. I await your letters. What color is your mackintosh?

Dear Mr. Thatcher: Are any of your letters recycled?—A. L. and A. V. B. (address withheld by request)

Mr. Thatcher replies: Certainly not!

PETER MARLOW/SYGMA

Denis with Maggie Thatcher: waiting his turn at home.

SCENES

GOOD BOOK MADE BETTER

Reader's Digest, the magazine for people who love to read if it doesn't take too long, has announced the forthcoming publication of a condensed version of the Bible.

According to executive editor Herbert Lieberman, "The essential fabric of the text, and its familiar sound, has not been altered in any way, and the full spiritual message has not been at all diminished. It is our hope that the many people who may have been hindered from reading the Bible because of its length and complexity will find the *Reader's Digest* condensation a warm invitation to become intimately acquainted with the greatest book mankind possesses." (He obviously has never read *I Married a Lesbian Slut*.) Getting down to brass tacks, Mr. Lieberman explains that "the overall percentage of reduction is about 40 percent."

I, for one, eagerly await the new, streamlined Bible. Granted, it's not all that bad a book as it stands; but I, like those many whom Mr. Lieberman refers to, have always been a bit repelled by its length, and have found it lacking that certain, shall I say, *pizzazz* that we have come to expect from our more modern sacred works, such as *Raiders of the Lost Ark* and the Revelations of Phil Donahue.

Don't get me wrong. Jehovah was one heck of a God. When it came to dividing light from darkness, splitting oceans down the middle, or wiping out the firstborn of an entire Middle Eastern nation, He was in a league by Himself. But, let's face it, He was no editor.

His writers were often given too

The New Testament could also use some tightening up.

MOVIE STAR NEWS

The Word of God made clearer.

free a rein, where they would have benefited inestimably from stricter editorial control. ("Two thousand words by Friday on the founding of the temple, Ezra"—that sort of thing.) Nor were the prophets themselves the sort of characters that the *Post* would try to lure away from the *News.* The plot of the Old Testament is rather simple: God meets chosen people, God loses chosen people, God gets chosen people. Yet we are asked to shuffle along, theeing and thouing, through more than half a million words before the story ends. (Bear in mind that the most complex "Love Boat" script rarely exceeds ten thousand words.)

MOVIE STAR NEWS

suitable for "That's Incredible!"

Though it is less lengthy and less overwritten, the New Testament could also use some tightening up. It is astounding that, given the quality and quantity of His miracles, Christ comes across in the Gospels as a very one-dimensional figure. The excision of the Gospels' slower passages would give us a Christ more suitable to modern times. I should not go so far as to say that we should outfit the Lord in jogging gear; but it is only right that we be given a Christ who would not seem so utterly out of place on "That's Incredible!" (And, oh, wouldn't it be a sight to see Him raise John Davidson from the dead!)

I admit that my advice has not been solicited by the esteemed and learned team in charge of shrinking the Bible down to nearly half its size. Nonetheless, I herewith offer gratis, but while remaining unopposed to appreciative tokens, some basic suggestions.

First, make the Word of God clearer and more accessible. Take, for an example, the First Commandment: "I am the Lord thy God, which have brought thee out of the land of Egypt, out of the house of bondage. Thou shalt have no other gods before me. Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image, or any likeness of any thing that is in heaven above, or that is in the earth beneath, or that is in the water under the earth: Thou shalt not bow down thyself to them, nor serve them: for I the Lord thy God am a jealous God, visiting the iniquity of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth generation of them that hate me." Wringing the purple from this tirade, we are left with a much more reasonable commandment, which today's readers would have less difficulty relating to: "After all I've done for you, if you so much as look at another god, you'll be sorry. I have a problem with jealousy that I've never been able to work out; but if you respect My space, we can make this relationship work."

Second, lighten up on the broads. Sure, Jezebel was a floozy. But is it really necessary to have her devoured by dogs, a scene that has doubtless cost the book countless female readers? Why not give her a nervous breakdown, or a career crisis, after which she is allowed to find herself? This has worked well in many recent books, and I see no reason why it wouldn't work here.

RANDY GAU

Third, tell us more about Jesus—hobbies, pet peeves, favorite color, that sort of thing. Finally, leave the Book of Revelation exactly as it is. This is a hot property, potentially another *Star Wars,* and there should be no trouble in getting a movie deal.

I am sure that there are those conservatives among us—those same who scoffed at new, improved Tide—who will frown upon the compact, streamlined Bible. Most of us, however, will likely tell our grandchildren with pride that we were around when the Good Book became the Better Book.

Once the Bible has been given its proper short shrift, I propose that attention be directed toward some other of our so-called classics—bloated offenders all.

Is there any reason why *The Iliad,* a tale whose action takes place in a mere four days' time, should ramble so interminably on? Once we begin to see Achilles as Henry Fonda, Agamemnon as George Brent, and Helen of Troy as Bette Davis, we begin to see just how much air might be let out of the Homeric windbag. The same goes for *The Odyssey,* which might be condensed and rewritten along the lines of the 1955 film *Ulysses,* a much livelier work, starring Kirk Douglas instead of a lot of dumb words. I mean, an epic is an epic, but do they have to be so *long*? Where is it written in stone that we have to hurt our eyes and get headaches and miss "Hart to Hart" just to get culture?

And, come to think of it, if this stuff is so great to begin with, how come kids go to college to become journalists and not epic poets? Answer me that, Mr. Dactylic Hexameter.

And what of *The Divine Comedy*? Sure, the part in Hell is all right, almost as good as Stephen King, but all that sappy, ethereal stuff that follows has simply got to go. Beatrice this, Beatrice that. You would think Dante was the only guy who had ever gotten laid. If he had had a regular job, he would have been far better off. More than anything else, his *Divine Comedy* stands as a monumental example of just what can happen when one has too much time on his hands.

I might here also discuss Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales*, Cervantes's *Don Quixote*, and Dickens's *Bleak House*. But since these works have been read by only eighteen living persons, all of them pale, nervous creatures who believe that the world is on the level, I shall not.

Ah, but *Moby Dick*! Now, there's a fat, old blowhard that could use a little cutting down to size. After being nearly forgotten, *Moby Dick* has, within the last fifty years, risen to the status of the Great American Novel. Yet has anyone considered the fact that Melville would have an extremely hard time finding a publisher today? Just envision it: "Mr. Lazar, there's a gentleman here with a book about a large white whale." Would Moby Dick have even a fighting chance in the literary-sales arena against Miss Piggy? I doubt it. But in a less obese state, perhaps the book would find new readers. There is in *Moby Dick*—pardon this next phrase, but I, too, am of human flesh—much blubber that might well be hacked away. I mean, a three-thousand-word chapter on "The Whiteness of the Whale" ("Bethink thee of an albatross . . .")—give us a break already, Herman! Call me insensitive, but if a big white shark can kill Robert Shaw in two hours, I don't see why it should take more than two hundred pages for a big white whale to kill Ahab.

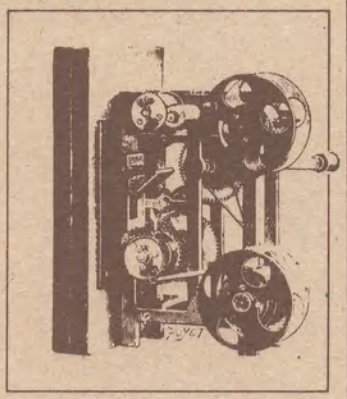
Let us hope we will eventually be able to reduce the *Encyclopaedia Britannica* to a single, pocket-sized volume, discarding all those pieces of reputed information that are not directly applicable to the completion of an average *TV Guide* crossword puzzle.

Maybe then those men of literary length who still walk archaically among us (hello there, Thomas Pynchon) shall get the message: the last thing that any nation that consumes vast quantities of diet cola wants or needs is a fat book. Bethink thee of *I Married a Lesbian Slut*. Bethink thee that, and learn.—*Nick Tosches*

MOVIE STAR NEWS

Jehovah was one heck of a God, but not much of an editor.

FILMS



VISITORS

He'll heal a wound by pointing his finger at it. When he's near, plants magically grow. He eats fruits and vegetables, drinks American beer, and watches old John Ford movies on TV. When he's yearning, his chest cavity lights up to bathe his heart in a soft red-orange, translucent glow. He makes a friendly truce with the family dog. The family dog is as big as he is. He stands perhaps three feet tall from the top of his knobby head to the bottoms of his flat, slothlike feet. He can fly—without wings—when he has to. But on earth, especially in the kitchen or the living room, he's more than a little accident-prone. Earth isn't his place anyway. He is the Extra Terrestrial, leading creature in Steven Spielberg's ***E.T.***, and for him, home is outer space.

When his spaceship, frightened away by inquisitive earthlings with flashlights, hurriedly leaves without him, he makes his way to the toolshed of the pleasant house where eleven-year-old Elliott (Henry Thomas) lives with his kid sister, his older brother, and his lonely, separated mom. Encouraged by a gift of M&M's, he becomes Elliott's friend, hidden from grown-ups but not from other kids. For E.T., Elliott, and Steven Spielberg's camera, grown-ups exist mainly from their belts on down. They carry lots of keys and wear heavy shoes, with which they crush fragile, growing things. E.T. watches them with his big eyes. The front of his bare, gray-green elongated head is half given over to his big eyes. Like a puppy dog. Who would not love an Extra Terrestrial with floppy feet, long fingers, and sad eyes? I would not, that's who. Although he may be the pure personal inspiration of Spielberg and special-effects man Carlo Rambaldi—this pair of schlock-art eyes set in an Edward Gorey cartoon body, animated by the spirit of Peter Pan—he looks to me like pure market research.

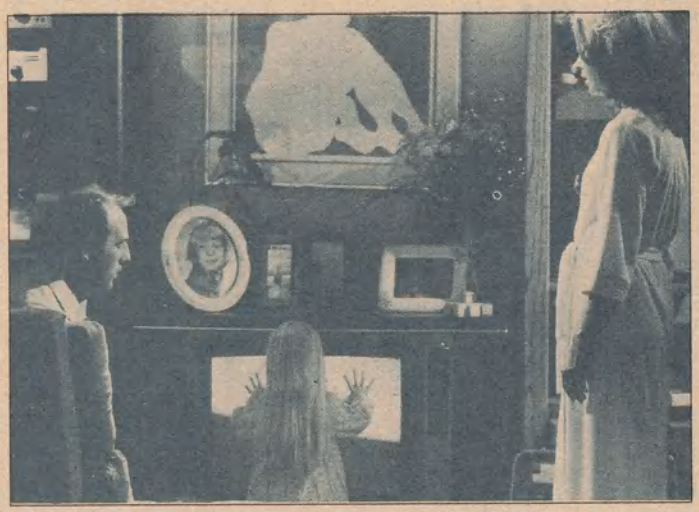
I'm tempted to say much the same about the rest of *E.T.*, which is not really a sequel to Spielberg's

Steven Spielberg on the set of E.T.: *pure market research.*

Close Encounters of the Third Kind, except that it means to trade on the same sense of awe, familiarized now that an Extra Terrestrial is among us, and at the end is sentimentalized literally to tears. The music sounds like a few more pages from the same John Williams all-purpose score. And the supernatural effects, very tasteful, consisting largely of intensifications of more or less logical sources of light, reenforce the splendor of each delicately solemn moment. There are, of course, less solemn moments in *E.T.* plus a whole adventure plot generated by those menacing, key-jangling adults. But I resent having to laugh alongside a mechanical dummy that is rigged, according to the press notes, with "65 points of movement" or having to care whether Elliott and friends can spirit him away alive from the grown-ups.

I'm annoyed as much as anything by the singleness of point of view in *E.T.*: the three-foot-tall point of view, whether Elliott's or his buddy's, as if a kid's version of life were so exclusively a matter of physical perspective. You might compare this with the range of points of view in Spielberg's other current essay in the supernatural, ***Poltergeist***, which he produced and Tobe Hooper directed. As a relatively conventional scare movie, *Poltergeist* may have more options open. Certainly more options are taken. You'll find yourself, at any time, sharing a boy's terror at the fantastic knots and twisted branches of the dead tree just outside his bedroom window, overseeing the implosion of a middle-class California suburb, staring out from inside a flickering television set together with the no longer pent-up spirits of the dread departed.

E.T. reveres its kids. But *Poltergeist* really moves in with its family, comfortably ensconced in the house with the "lived-in look," who one day find the kitchen chairs stacked spectacularly on top of the table. Then all hell breaks loose. Little Carol Anne (Heather O'Rourke), the Freelings' younger daughter, is sucked into a hole in the toy closet where the Unquiet settle. Nothing brings her back, not even a team of university parapsychologists, until Tangina (Zelda Rubinstein)—a real poltergeist professional, tiny, with a bouffant hairdo, rosebud lips, and a southern accent—clears a way in and out of the underworld for the girl—rescued by her mother—to travel.

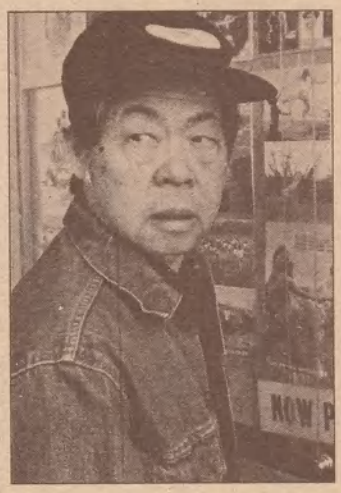


Poltergeist: *the no longer pent-up spirits of the dread departed.*

That doesn't end *Poltergeist*. I won't end it either, except to say that the climax is quite ingeniously terrifying, just as the opening is cleverly ominous. But what comes in between, perhaps a half hour of hard-core horror movie, seems too shrill, too predictably shocking, with too much babble about the "spectral light" and too much nasty goo oozing out around the edges of the toy-closet door.

The rather considerable inside word is that Spielberg actually directed *Poltergeist*. But there is enough weird humor (for example, Tangina) and enough hard-edged loveliness in the filmmaking for me to want to credit Hooper, who made a superb film, *The Texas Chainsaw Massacre*, almost ten years ago and has done nothing very interesting since. *Poltergeist*, on the other hand, *is* very interesting. Give yourself its first thirty minutes, watch the storm clouds gather in the distance, and you'll see.

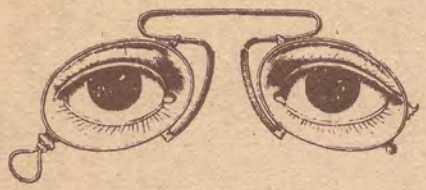
E.T. floats on silent wonder. *Poltergeist* mouths parapsychological gobbledygook. Wayne Wang's ***Chan Is Missing***, however, glories in splendid dialogue and monologue, and lots of it. But the more you listen, the less you'll know for sure about the utterly elusive subject of this San Francisco Chinatown mystery search. We do know that Chan Hung has disappeared with the $4,000 belonging to his friends Jo (Wood Moy) and Steve (Marc Hayashi), with which he was supposed to help buy them hack licenses. In a spirit of no great rancor, Jo and Steve set out to find him. Eventually the money comes back—delivered by Chan's daughter, Jenny, who may not be named Jenny—but no Chan. He has vanished. Where? Perhaps into the gap between Chinese and American in "Chinese-American," or into the gap between the former mainland Chinese and the Taiwanese, or into any of the inscrutabilities imported from the inscrutable East, which get such sympathetically ironic, good-humored treatment in this film.



Moy: looking for Chan.

If you've read any of the several rave reviews, you'll know that it is mandatory to praise *Chan Is Missing* for its unpaid actors (who are, in fact, fine), for its past-dated black-and-white film stock, for having cost less than $20,000 to make. Actually, I wish Wayne Wang had been able to spend real money, even $30,000, for better equipment, perhaps more time in

Hayashi: lost friend.



editing. The film's intelligence and sensibility are virtues that no amount of poverty could buy.

Chan Is Missing is full of casually introduced incongruities, things like the notion of Chinese apple pie (so subtly different from American apple pie), or the wonderful account a very earnest young lawyer (Judi Nihei) gives of how cross-cultural linguistic problems kept the Chinese Chan from being able to explain to some American cops why he drove past a stop sign. Jo and Steve didn't know about Chan's traffic violation. They do know that's not why he disappeared. They continue with their

Wang: genuine mystery.

interviews, with following leads in newspaper stories, with deepening the contacts in the community—the community that is probably the true subject, the "Chan" of the film.

This is a genuine mystery, unsolvable, perfectly adapted to the movies, where explanations often fail. But investigations sometimes succeed, as does this one, which is so tentative, so unassumingly directed, so sane, surprising, funny, and wise.—*Roger Greenspun*

WORDS

THE SHORT CIRCUIT

In a recent government study, scientists found that even a group as disparate as readers has its own general prejudices. Not kinky or weird, but, well—particular. Take, for instance, the general reading public's aversion to short stories.

To most readers, short stories, like short people, don't deserve to live. It's not that people find them low or vulgar. In fact, quite the contrary; short stories are considered the epitome of literary restraint (right up there with poetry and the *New York Review of Books*). It's just that nobody reads them. One disgruntled editor determined that each collection of short stories sold on the average three copies: one to the author, one to the author's hometown library, and one to the author's dog. (In a remote case, the dog returned its copy to the bookstore in exchange for *101 Uses for a Dead Cat*.)

Yet, miraculously, writers continue to have outstanding collections of short stories brought out each year. And a lucky thing, at that, because the ones that make the cut are usually of exceptional quality. In most cases their authors demonstrate the power of telling a story succinctly, slicing away pages of excess flab to get to the heart of matters.

Whatever you do, don't underestimate the brief encounters you'll experience in ***To See You Again*** (Knopf), by Alice Adams. It's almost inhuman not to catch a glimpse of yourself in one of her ordinary characters or seemingly mundane situations, even if it's only in the ellipse of a feeling. But that's enough to be taken in by somebody with her arresting ability to tell stories. The eighteen stories gathered here are seemingly casual explorations of the human condition. Apparently casual, but inwardly seething with rage and uncertainty. Disturbing images take over. Like the woman who flies over her hometown only to undergo a gut-wrenching catharsis concerning what lies miles below; or another who, in the wake of a robbery, decides that she cannot possibly marry her lover. Adams is sharp, poignant, imaginative, and sometimes—often—ventures too close to home. Her stories creep up on you and, as the title implies, linger long after you've put the book aside.

The same goes for Emily Prager, whose absurdly comic voice underlies four bittersweet tales of women under the influence (male, that is). In her auspicious debut, ***A Visit From the Footbinder*** (Wyndham), Prager parodies the delicate imbalance that has always characterized women in a man's world, from the ritual barbarism of ancient China to the no-holds-barred cat-and-mousing of New York's Russian Tea Room.

For sheer pleasure, the title story is the most intriguing of the four. However, "Foxy Fire," in which a women's combat platoon in Vietnam uses a lethal diaphragm to win the war, is hilarious and raises some rather, uh, penetrating questions: Could diaphragm jelly re-

FRANK MORRIS

A Visit From the Footbinder: *stories about women in a man's world.*

place napalm as an instrument of destruction? And, if so, can détente be far behind? There is a recurring strain of male-directed hostility here, but Prager uses humor and biting wit—to say nothing of manic absurdity—to temper the anger and allow us to realize that women have come far enough to poke real fun at themselves.

Different Seasons (Viking) is Stephen King's second foray through the short-story mill, and damned if some of his fans won't find it a welcome departure from the horrormeister's usual gruesome fare. That's not to say that King's any less frightening or relentless here, but these tales—novellas, actually—are more cerebral in their detail than bits of brains sprayed all over the pages.

JAMES LEONARD

JAMES COUTTS

Stephen King, Frederick Forsyth: quickie fiction.

For starters, there's "The Breathing Method," a deliciously grotesque piece that chronicles the plight of an unwed mother who is decapitated in a freak car accident; but get this: her doctor insists on a normal delivery when the headless body continues to do the breathing exercises he taught her. If that's not enough to wet your Pampers, try "The Body," about a group of boys who make a twenty-mile trek into the Maine forests to view the corpse of a friend who was hit by a train days before. All of which tells me that King's parked himself in front of one too many "Quincy" episodes.

If you prefer sleeping through the night, curl up with Frederick Forsyth's ***No Comebacks*** (Viking), which is quite possibly the most entertaining collection of short stories currently making the rounds. Forsyth travels familiar ground here, taking us into the darkest corners of Europe and dropping us into the hands of mercenaries and blackmailers. Each of these ten pared-down thrillers is sleek and spare. Yet each tale offers generous helpings of mystery and suspense mingled with a wry sense of humor, philosophy, and real style. Not to mention some lovely twists and double-crosses in the best O. Henry tradition. Or, for some nefarious laughs, try ***Heads You Lose: And Other Apocryphal Tales*** (Crown), by Francis Greig. Most of these heart-stoppers have already turned up around late-night campfires, but Greig manages to give them a horrific face-lift to keep us thoroughly engrossed.

And let's not forget the myriad anthologies published each year that immortalize the army of lesser-known writers, scribbling away in attics, in writers' colonies, and, mostly, in frustration. The most famous (and reliable) is ***The Pushcart Prize*** (Avon), the sixth annual installment of gems mined from the nation's small (that's literary-ese for "obscure") presses. And, while you're at it, don't miss David Hellerstein's "Death in the Glitter Palace." ***Winter's Tales 27*** (St. Martin's) takes no chances, relying on the work of old standbys like V. S. Pritchett and Fay Weldon for the long and short of it. And ***Last Night's Stranger*** (A&W), aptly subtitled *One Night Stands & Other Staples of Modern Life*, carries tidbits of humdrum erotica to its briefest extremes. Here some of our most imaginative novelists (Joyce Carol Oates, John Irving, Gail Godwin) tackle the question of blind infatuation and immortalize the "quickie" as a staple of modern fiction.—*Bob Spitz*

JUDGMENT DAY

Someone Else's Money (Wyndham Books), by Michael M. Thomas, is a spectacular, apocalyptic novel that exposes the festering rottenness beneath the glittering excitement of New York in the 1980s. Thomas's knowledge of just how today's paper worlds of high finance and instant celebrity are created and manipulated by public-relations wizards gives his book an authority that is missing from most popular fiction. But what makes it especially entertaining is his unerring instinct for uncovering bullshit. Although the book comes with the usual disclaimer that "any resemblance to actual persons, living or dead, is entirely coincidental," it can safely be assumed that there will be howls of rage rising from New York's poshest watering holes as selected passages from *Someone Else's Money* find their targets.

Beyond having fun and telling a great story, however, it is plain that Thomas's purpose is essentially moral. "We're living in the golden age of the middleman: brokers, agents, consultants, lawyers, nonrisk takers; guys who use words instead of money," explains one of his leading characters. Set against this corruption are the eternal truths of love, friendship, and great art, about which Thomas writes with beautifully controlled passion. Fellini's *La Dolce Vita* was the last word on the corrupt jet set of the 1960s. *Someone Else's Money* is destined to be the *Dolce Vita* of the eighties.—*Peter Bloch*

SOUNDS

THE HILLS ARE STILL ALIVE

Billy Lee Riley, whose 1950s recordings of "Red Hot" and "Flying Saucers Rock and Roll" are rockabilly classics, lives in a frame house a block off the highway in Newport, Ark. This is rockabilly country. Back in the fifties, when Sun Records in nearby Memphis, Tenn., was setting the world on fire with blazing discs by Elvis Presley and Jerry Lee Lewis, Newport's own Sonny Burgess prowled the countryside, his hair dyed bright red to match his red jackets and red Fender guitar, baying his wild rockabilly songs at the moon. Just to the north, in Pocahontas, Ark., Billy Lee Riley and his band, the Little Green Men, were making sparks fly. And this is *still* rockabilly country; you sense it the first time you see a greaser come thundering out of a country lane in his souped-up Thunderbird, gunning his engine, looking for one more wild fling, one more jumping juke joint somewhere out on the highway.

Rockabilly, that renegade fusion of white hillbilly boogie and black blues that exploded out of this part of the country twenty-five years ago, has become an international language. In England, groups with names like the Pole Cats and the Stray Cats, have pompadoured their hair, traded in their Fender

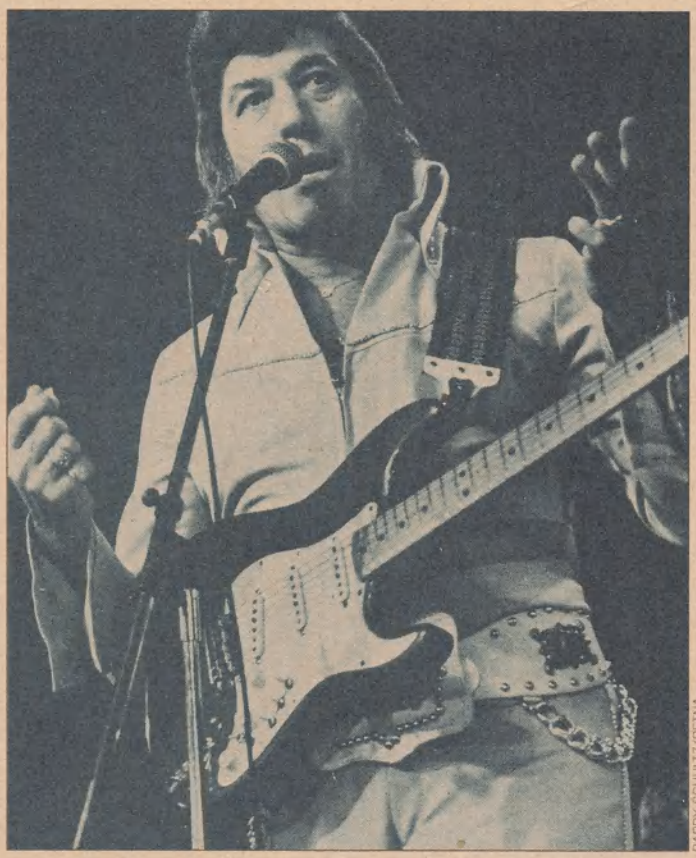
basses for stand-up acoustic models that they can slap like Elvis's bassman Bill Black, and stormed the country's best-seller charts. There are rockabilly bands in France and Sweden and Japan. There's even enough interest in the United States for Columbia's Epic Records subsidiary to have released three two-record sets called *Rockabilly Stars* that collect vintage and recent recordings by Riley, Carl Perkins, Charlie Rich, and other rockabillies. But Billy Lee Riley isn't out there rocking with the rockabilly revivalists. He's home in Newport singing the blues.

At the age of forty-nine, Riley, who claims to be half Irish and half Cherokee, is still solidly built and ruggedly handsome. And the recordings he has managed to make for small, southern record labels over the past several years demonstrate that his talent is undiminished. But Riley is a proud man. He doesn't want to be paraded on stage like a fossil from a bygone era, and he doesn't want to coast on past glories like "Red Hot" and "Flying Saucers," records for him that are far in the past. Riley has been stirring blues and country music together for several decades, and he wants to keep on doing new music for a new audience, and to be rewarded for his labors.

"But when it's time for those record companies to come up with some money for you to make your records, that's when they back down," Riley complains. He is sitting in his navy-blue bathing suit in the sultry heat of a southern evening, smiling at his young daughter as she toddles in and out of the living room, wearing a "Billy Lee Riley—Red Hot" T-shirt that is several sizes too big for her. "Back in the fifties, when you got a record cut, you could take it around to the radio stations yourself if you had to and talk to the disc jockeys, get them to give it a spin. And if they liked it, they'd play it. Now, even when you get a record out, it's hard to find a radio station that isn't programmed out of Los Angeles, or someplace else, a station with real-live disc jockeys who have some say in what they can play. The last time I cut a record in Memphis, I went around to some stations, and they were running entirely on automation. Not a soul in the whole place."

There are stacks of letters on top of Riley's television set, letters from rockabilly fans in England and all over Europe, many of them invitations for him to cross the water and perform. "But it's all small-time," Riley mutters. "Hardly enough money in it to come home with money in your pocket." So Riley sits in Newport, writing songs, some of them honky-tonk country tunes, some rockers, some more bluesy—he once made a blues record under the pseudonym Lightin' Leon, which convinced even veteran blues aficionados that he was black. And the letters stack up, and the greasers go tearing down Highway 67. And Riley waits.

Rockabilly Stars, the series Epic Records has assembled to cash in on the rockabilly fever, is a mixed blessing. For all its raw strength and rip-roaring power, rockabilly is fragile, too. If you don't have the right mix of ingredients—a singer who feels the music, simple instrumental backups, a sympathetic studio engineer—you end up with something that is country or country-rock or country-blues, but definitely not rockabilly. And too many of the performances on the three *Rockabilly Stars* albums fall into this not-rockabilly category. They are honest efforts, many of them recorded in Nashville after Elvis Presley hit the big time, by country singers who wanted that big rock-'n'-roll hit but just couldn't summon the wild midnight fever that powered the authentic rockabilly performances.



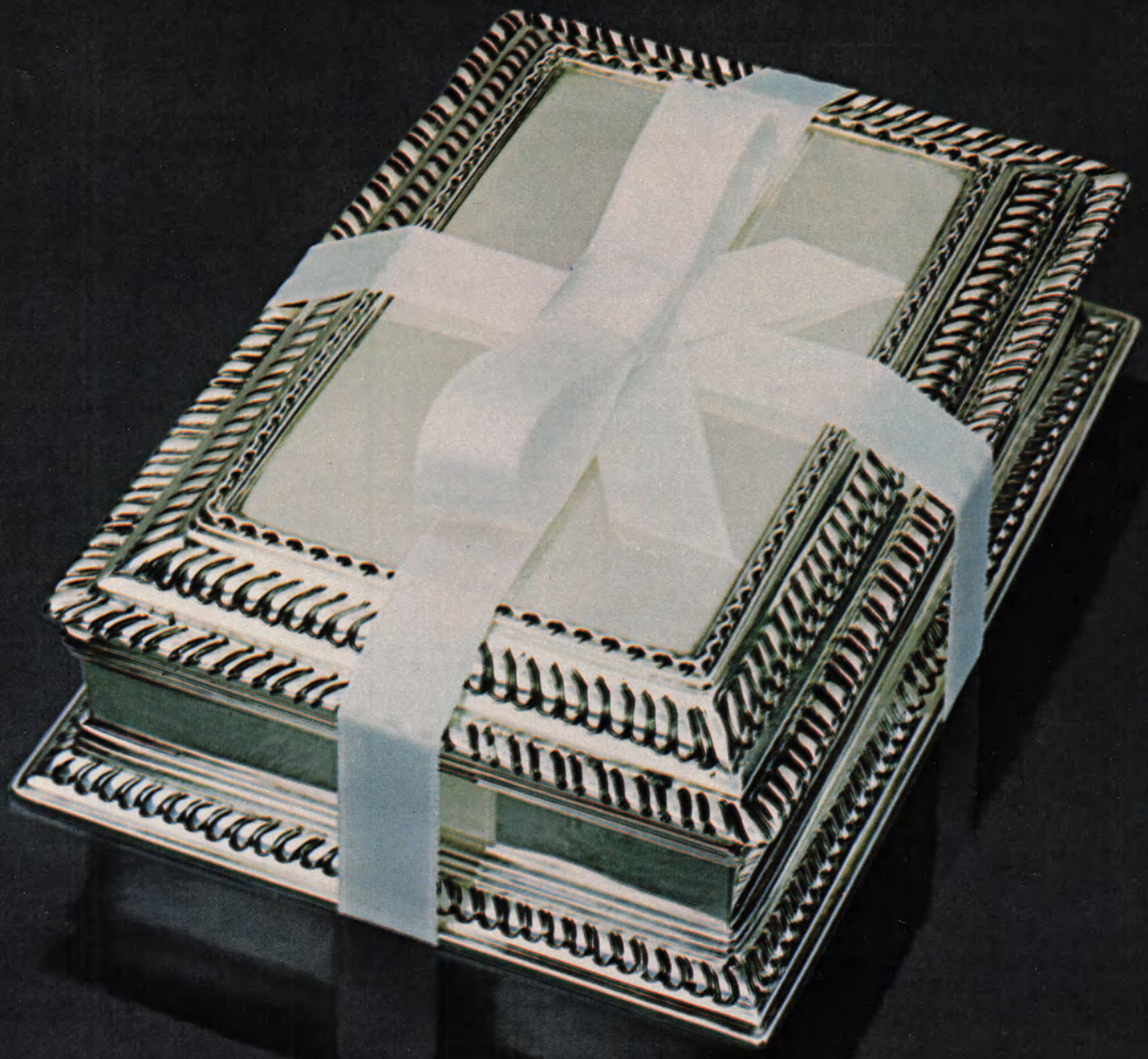
BARRY SCHULTZ/RETNA

Carl Perkins: rockabilly has become an international language.

Happily, there are exceptions. Sid King and the Five Strings, a country band from Texas that turned to rockabilly before Elvis became king, has seminal recordings like "Shake This Shack Tonight" scattered through all three volumes, and their picture, complete with matching cowboy hats and bandannas, is on the cover of Volume Three. Charlie Rich, whose fifties rockabilly recordings were always strongly tinged with black blues and jazz, has some unforgettable performances on Volume Two. Performances that are as deep as any white band's blues on record. There are jumping individual selections like Ronnie Self's "Bop-A-Lena" and Ersel Hickey's obscure but immortal "Bluebirds Over the Mountain," which curiously prefigured the rhythms of contemporary Jamaican reggae.

But if you want a full-strength dose of the real thing, search through your record store's import bins for copies of Billy Lee Riley's original Sun recordings, reissued in various anthology albums on England's Charly label. Fifties recordings like Riley's "Red Hot," Warren Smith's "Miss Froggie," and Carl Perkins's "Blue Suede Shoes" still define rockabilly more succinctly than any amount of verbiage. It's difficult to describe what makes these records different, but you can *feel* it. Billy Lee Riley has still got it. And he's sitting in Newport, Ark., waiting for the chance to unleash it on the world again.—*Robert Palmer*

OPEN A BOX OF DELUXE.



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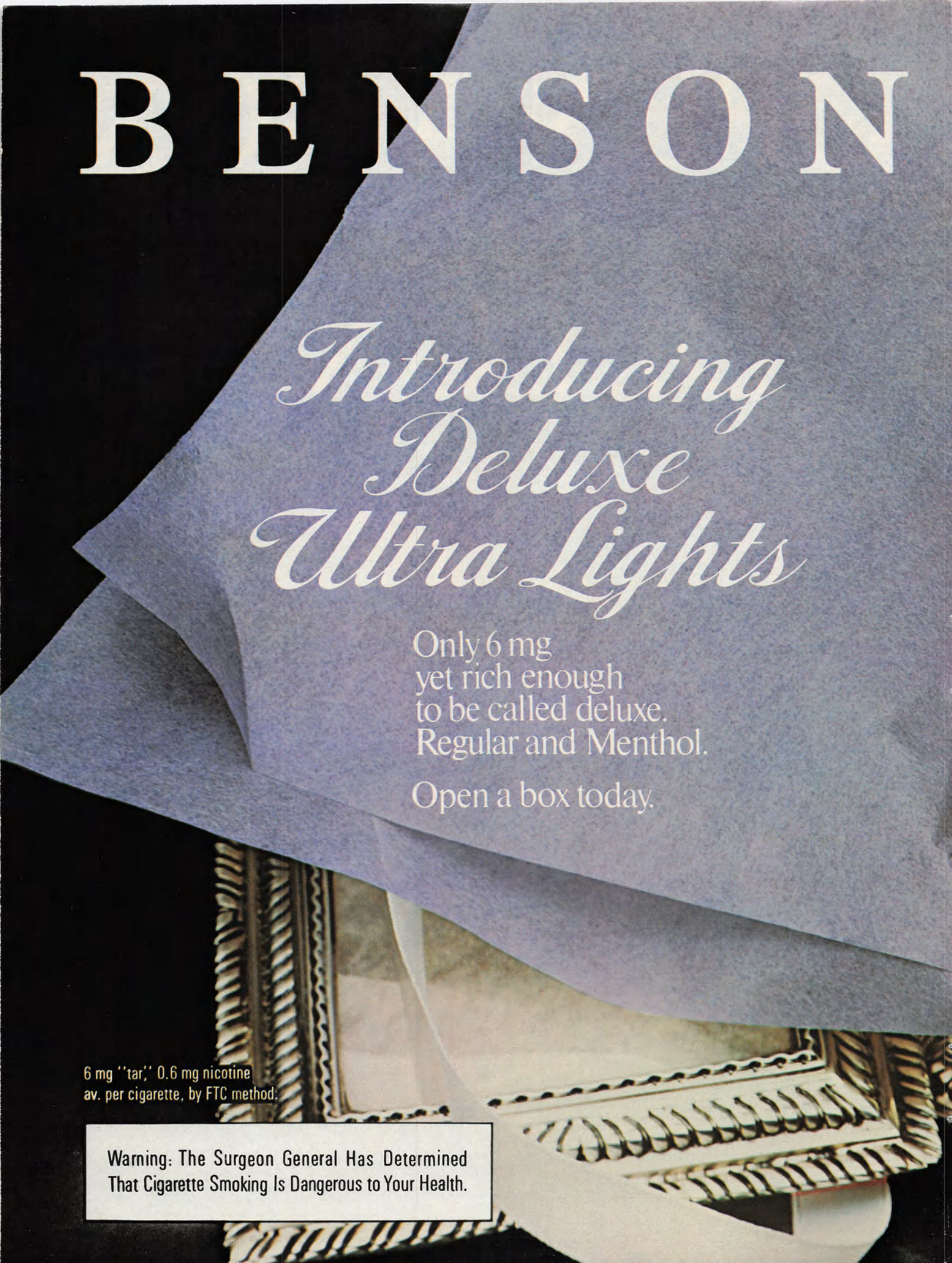

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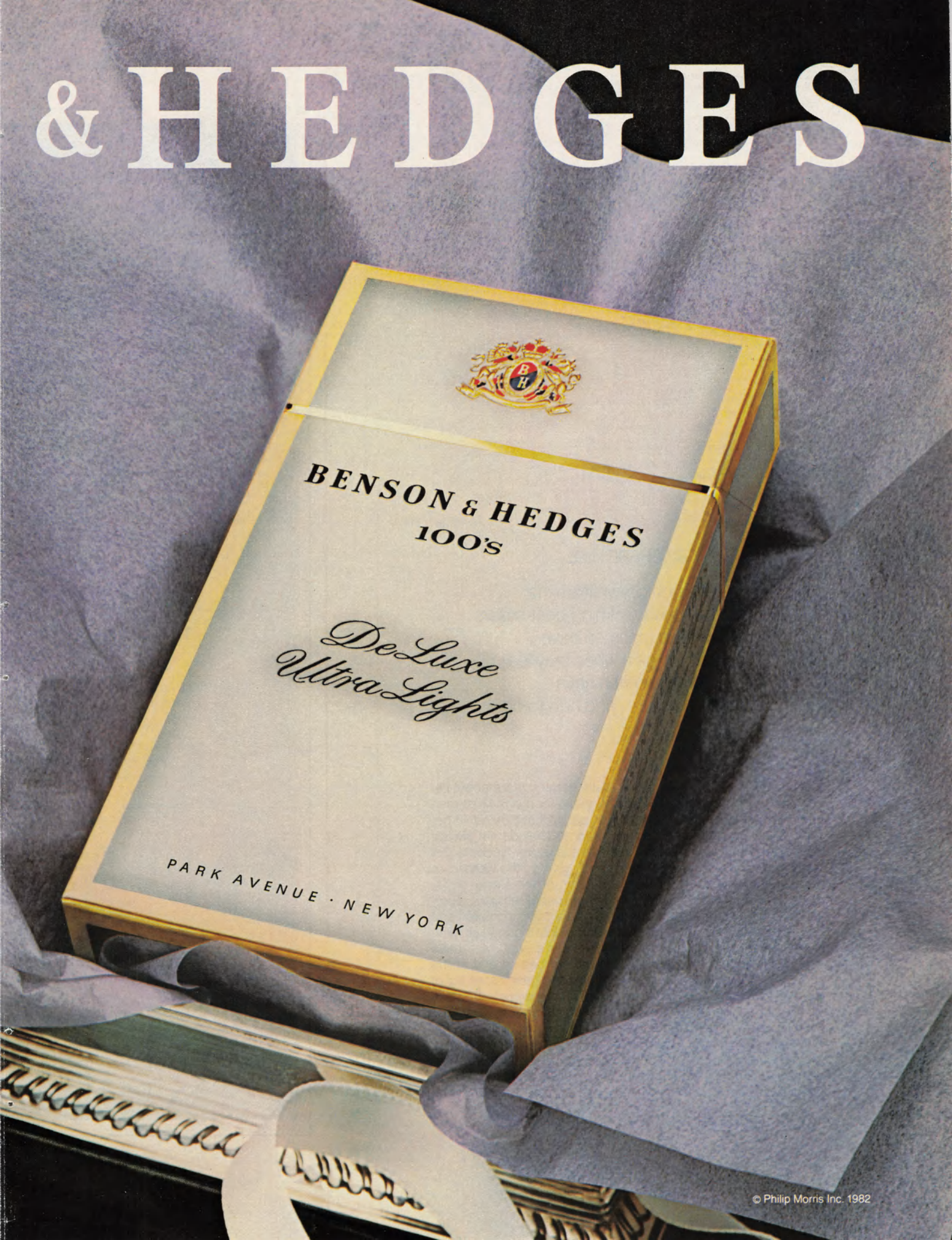
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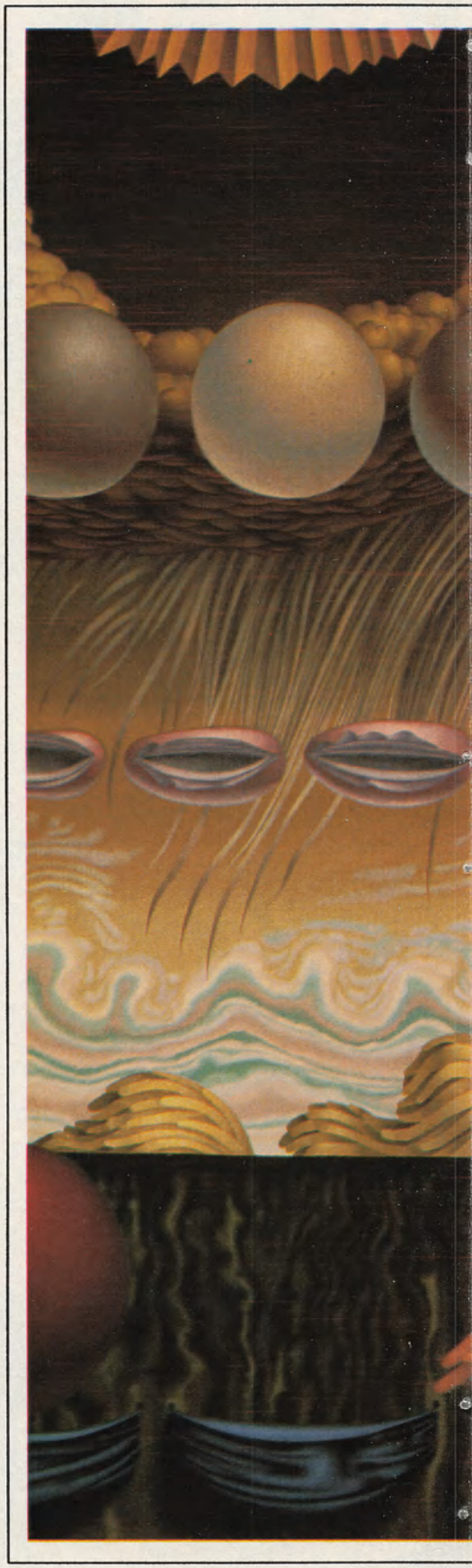
WHAT WOMEN REALLY WANT FROM A LOVER

BY SHERE HITE

Research drawn from the author's two overwhelming best-sellers reveals that men have everything to gain when they learn what women have always known . . . and how to do it.

Would learning more about clitoral stimulation make sex more enjoyable for men? Most men do not think their sexual relationships are all that they could be. They resent pressures on them to perform. They do not always want to take the lead, be responsible for the entire "success" or "failure" of the sexual relationship and "giving" the woman an orgasm. The old, mechanistic conception of male sexuality—basically a question of getting an erection, penetrating the woman, and reaching orgasm—is in large part a pattern created and perpetrated by our culture, not, as is commonly thought, an inevitable biological outgrowth of the "male sex drive." Men have everything to gain from leaving this pattern behind and at the same time from developing a more realistic understanding of women's orgasms, making their sexual relationships with women into something much more equal, something new.

Most men know that most women do not orgasm regularly with them. In my recent study of male sexuality, men were often unsure whether women were having orgasms with them—frequently saying they felt uncomfortable, guilty, "inadequate," or defensive about this. There was an undertone of anger and frus-



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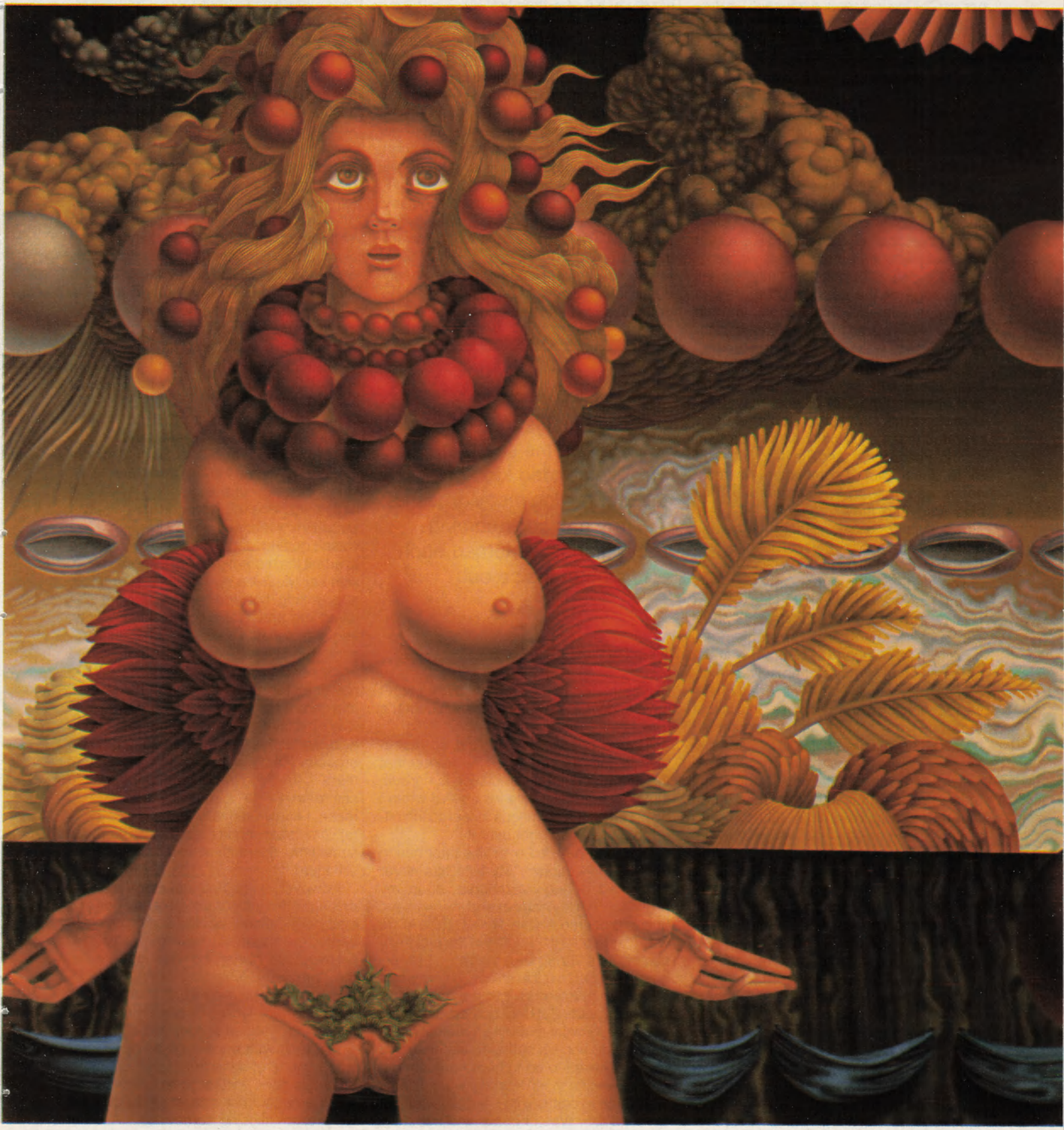

tration in many of the answers: "What's wrong with women that they have such difficulty having orgasm?" Or, "When she doesn't have orgasm during intercourse I feel sort of selfish, as if I got more out if it than she did." Or, "I feel like I've ripped her off." One married man said, "I frequently get a 'You go ahead, dear, I'm too tired' or an 'I can't,' etc.—which leaves me feeling as if I'm using her. It means: 'Do your thing alone and get it over with.' " A man in his twenties asks himself, "I wonder whether I should be sticking myself in her or not. What's in it for her? Is this some sort of martyr shtick?"

Although most men realize that women do not orgasm with them regularly during intercourse, most men still believe women should orgasm while the man is thrusting during intercourse. Men in general as yet have very little understanding of women's need for clitoral stimulation. Only a small percentage of the over 7,000 men who participated in *The Hite Report on Male Sexuality* answered the questions on clitoral stimulation with any real understanding of how to help women orgasm through clitoral stimulation. On the other hand, the overwhelming majority of women who responded to my study of women's sexuality reported that they usually did not orgasm during intercourse and, in fact, needed more direct clitoral stimulation—in most cases separate from intercourse. They also said that they frequently felt pressured to fake orgasm during intercourse and were afraid to tell the men in their lives how they could orgasm more easily.

The stereotype in our society that says women have a "problem" having orgasm is false. It is not women who have a "problem" but society that has a problem accepting how women do orgasm. Almost all women can stimulate themselves to orgasm easily, quickly, and with great physical pleasure. The implication of this is that the same type of clitoral stimulation should be included as a regular part of sex between a man and a woman.

It is very difficult, however, for many men to realize that what they have been taught for so long—that is, that thrusting during intercourse "should" make the woman orgasm—is inaccurate. It is even harder, in some cases, for men to learn, or admit they want to learn, new ways of stimulating women to orgasm.

The idea of giving a woman clitoral stimulation to orgasm makes most men nervous and uncomfortable, probably because most have not yet tried it, especially not to orgasm. They have been taught to focus sexual activity on the penis, ignoring many other important aspects of their sexuality even though, as *The Hite Report* shows, they are losing out on many other kinds of pleasure. If clitoral stimulation is practiced by men, there is a tendency to think of it as "foreplay." Clitoral stimulation to orgasm is not so difficult to learn, however, and men who have learned how to do it frequently find it to be a great experience, with many levels of feelings and benefits for both people.

How do men feel about giving a woman an orgasm by clitoral stimulation with the hand? Although most men do not know that orgasm via clitoral stimulation is the norm for most women, some of those in my study tell how they first felt when they realized that, contrary to cultural stereotypes, clitoral stimulation is more important for most women's orgasms than intercourse itself. "I always assumed there was something wrong with them if they couldn't orgasm with each intercourse with clitoral stimulation," says one man. "That prejudice dies hard. Although now I know what the truth is, doubts still remain, just below rational consciousness." Another man, who does regularly practice clitoral stimulation, says, "I always feel awkward about it when I'm doing it. I mean, I know this is what gives women orgasms, but do other men really do this? I have never seen a picture of one doing this, so it must not be too common. Maybe it's weird—a 'real man' shouldn't have to do it. I know it's not true, but that's how I feel. I wouldn't brag about it."

> "I just let myself drift on the sea of an extended kind of sex, her having many orgasms, my erections coming and going. We turned each other inside out."

As one college student put it, "I was glad to find out from *The Hite Report* that the need for clitoral stimulation is normal. It makes me feel a little less weird when I do it! I know it's ridiculous to feel so inhibited, but I just can't get over it."

One man puzzled over this information and its implications: "My wife has never orgasmed during intercourse, or in my presence, while nearly every time we have had intercourse, I have. Never! Here is the way I feel about it. I rejoice in the fact that I can orgasm during intercourse. . . . My orgasm is in part a gift from her. This is why it means so much more to me than masturbatory orgasm. But I feel bothered I cannot bring her to orgasm during a mutual experience. I do *not* feel bothered because 'it is my job.' I want to bring her to orgasm because I feel so much ecstasy when I come while having coitus with her that I want her to feel it too. When I come and she does not, I feel one-sided, lonely. Can you sympathize or empathize with me? But now, since we are both aware of *The Hite Report* on female sexuality, my wife no longer feels inferior about not being able to 'come' with me, and I feel more realistic about the reality of female orgasm. However, this does not change my desire to be a part of her orgasm, although we have not found a way to do this yet. As for helping my wife to come before or after I come, I feel all game and willing to participate in this, although we haven't done it yet. She feels a bit embarrassed to stimulate herself in front of me. This is okay. I feel this is only a stage, a learning period toward mutual liberation where our sexuality is concerned, and a period which our emotions for each other will enable us to work out."

One man who does practice manual clitoral stimulation with his wife relates his own mixed feelings: "I hate to admit it, but my wife's way of having orgasm used to really irritate me. She always clenches her legs together, sometimes even twists them together, while I am supposed to rub her clitoris. After all I had heard about a woman's spreading her legs meaning she wants you, I felt that this was a rejection, and that there was something weird about her. It took a couple of years before we could talk about this. In the beginning, I just did what I thought she wanted, but I really resented it, and gradually I began to do it less and less enthusiastically. Finally, we had a fight about it. She said she thought I resented her orgasms, and I said I thought she was being selfish when she had them. She didn't need me at all. I wasn't involved. I wasn't inside her, and I wasn't getting stimulated (although I have to admit that sometimes it was pretty sexy, with her moaning and groaning, writhing, and getting hot and sweaty, saying she loved me and grabbing me after—wow, very passionate kisses). Anyway, I still resented it. She was very hurt that I didn't enjoy her orgasms, and she didn't want to have sex for a while. That got me started thinking: what was the point of sex anyway? It's taken me a long time to begin to accept that this is how she (women?) has orgasm, and that it doesn't mean that there is anything wrong with me because she doesn't do it during intercourse. I mean, I know rationally that this is it, clitoral stimulation, and I really dig it. But at the same time, the myth of how it should be is still there."

However, some unusual men (and surprisingly, this includes men of all ages and every educational background) have accepted the information quickly and with relief, especially when they had thought that the "problem" was their fault. "My wife has never orgasmed from intercourse," says a lawyer who has been married for five years. "I used to feel that something was wrong with my technique or with my wife's frame of mind (mental block). Now all that is gone and forgotten. She can always orgasm from clitoral stimulation, so we are not missing something." Another man, a construction worker, says, "I can't believe we have been deceived so long about the penis-vagina orgasm. I am sure my wife and I would have developed much

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more sensibly if we had known this fact thirty-five years ago. I often felt sad and puzzled that she did not orgasm from intercourse. I was relieved to find out that this is normal."

Some men have discovered that clitoral stimulation has awakened their *own* sexuality: "Through almost eleven years of marriage, I believed that orgasm through intercourse was the rule rather than the exception," relates one man. "In the last year a new lover entered my life, and it is with her that I began to understand the function of the clitoris and the importance of manual stimulation. It has opened up a whole new side of sexuality." Another man in his thirties had found it even more of a change: "For years and years I worried that I would not have an erection at the proper moment, that she would not have orgasm often enough, and that we would fight afterward. What a waste of time! After I began stimulating her to orgasm separately from intercourse, a whole new world of sexual feeling emerged in both my wife and myself. We no longer 'had' to do anything, and there was no longer the pressure that I would come and she wouldn't. She could always stimulate herself whenever she wanted with her own hand. I learned to love helping her do that and to just let myself drift on the sea of an extended kind of sex, her having many orgasms, my erections coming and going, but who cares. We turned each other inside out."

How can men most reliably stimulate women to orgasms? This usually involves some form of stimulation of the clitoral/mons area, that is, stimulation of the exterior pubic area, the front of the vulva. This can be done by hand, by mouth, with the penis used outside the vagina against the vulva and clitoris, or by the woman using her own hand.

One twenty-nine-year-old man describes his first experience in detail: "One thing I never knew about before her was clitoral stimulation. I used to think that my role was to fuck until I had an orgasm, and that the very best was to orgasm simultaneously. I thought all vaginal spasms were the contractions of female orgasms—they felt great to me. I was sure (this was with an ex-lover) that I knew when she was orgasming and that she knew when I was (she could feel the hot sperm), even though we didn't ask each other very often. I never masturbated her to orgasm. I didn't know how to, didn't ask. I thought sticking a finger in her vagina was masturbating her. Sometimes, during intercourse, I realized she didn't orgasm. I would feel that I hadn't fucked as well that day (or long enough); I had let her down. But we never discussed it. We just went to sleep. The thing I have wondered about since we broke up is whether or not she had orgasms as often as I assumed she did, and also whether she faked them regularly, as some of the women in *The Hite Report* said they did. At the time, my masculinity and ego would have been miniaturized beyond comprehension.

"When I read that women usually don't orgasm from intercourse, my face fell. Imagine that! I had believed all this time that I could give women an orgasm by fucking them. Suddenly this fundamental belief of mine was shattered. I felt helpless and really embarrassed. It seems so funny now, but it was really a crisis when I found this out. A complete ego crisis. Not only was my ego shot, but now I had to face the problem of how to give my lover an orgasm.

"The first time my lover asked me to give her an orgasm, she told me to hold my hand in a fist and put it on her pubic mound and to move it. I wasn't in a real comfortable position. I also felt nervous because she said I kept changing the rhythm and wasn't doing it the same way all the time. I'd speed it up and slow it down and move in different directions. Then she told me not to do it like that. I started feeling kind of insecure, because I thought—well, I don't know if I am really doing this right—plus I couldn't anticipate when she was going to have an orgasm. I didn't know how long I was going to have to keep on doing this. I didn't know if someone else could do it better than me. My confidence was on the line. I felt she could easily humiliate me for not knowing how to do it, by criticizing me—like, 'Hey, man, haven't you ever done this before?' But she didn't say anything. She just moved my hand back down there and told me to just do one thing, and don't move around.

"The first time my lover asked me to give her an orgasm, she told me to hold my hand in a fist and put it on her pubic mound and to move it. My confidence was on the line."

"After a while, when I kept trying, she was really excited and breathing heavy. Her whole body was tensing up, with her legs tight together and straight out—and then she got *really* tense and tight and moaned and held herself like that for a few minutes. Then she told me she had come. It was a revelation for me. I really loved it! What was really exciting was that she showed me exactly what to do. That meant she was very excited, too, excited enough to want me to do it to her. It made me feel really close to her and special, really intimate. I felt: how could we be any closer?"

How do most men perform clitoral stimulation by hand? As a salesman in his thirties explains: "When I want to help her have an orgasm, I lie by her side as she lies on her back. Then I gently pull her pubic hairs, stroking gently and rhythmically—I prefer to use my thumb, which is softer, in a circular movement on the clitoris. After I feel and see that the arousal plateau is higher, I use my own lubrication on my index and middle finger so I can smoothly rub the labia minora. At all times I keep rubbing the clitoris. I encourage my wife to touch her breasts (if I'm not sucking her nipples)."

Another man, newly married, says: "I rub the flat of my hand over her pubic hair, sometimes even making slight tapping motions in the beginning. Then I have to keep my motions steady and in the same basic place, with the same basic (medium) pressure. Her knees and legs are together, and she holds me around the neck, becoming more and more tense and rigid and stiff until she finally breaks loose in orgasm. Usually, she wants me to do it again right away. I love it, so I do. Her whole body is close up against mine while she holds onto me with her arms around my neck. It is quite an experience."

One young man gave a beautiful, detailed description of his first experience: "At the time I didn't know her real well. I'd only known her for six weeks. When I came over that afternoon, she said, 'Let's sit down for a while.' She sat down, leaning her back against my chest, and I had my arm around her, with my hand resting on her stomach. I felt really close to her. We were sort of slouched down in the couch. She said, 'I want to have an orgasm. Look—I'll show you how to do it.' She put my hand on her pubic area, with hers on top, and started moving and pressing my hand against her, ever so slightly. Gradually she began to stiffen her body, and she straightened her legs out in front of her. She started moving our hands really fast, getting even stiffer. Then, suddenly, she came in a kind of jerking spasm. She smiled and said it was wonderful and would I mind doing it again! It was great, the way she was breathing. And the sounds? Well, I felt like there were a lot of revelations made that day to me. When I went home later on, I felt like I'd been doing something really special, really very beautiful that I hadn't expected to be like that."

It is much easier for men to know when a woman has an orgasm in this way than during intercourse. Several men described the body changes that they have observed: "There is a raising or stiffening of her body." "Her entire body goes rigid and spasmodic." "Her body tenses and then she stops breathing." "She breathes hard and then holds her breath. Her vagina contracts, and her knees must be bent and apart." And finally, "She tenses and becomes quiet, with a look of ecstatic agony on her face."

Most men who have tried manual clitoral stimulation express doubts about their

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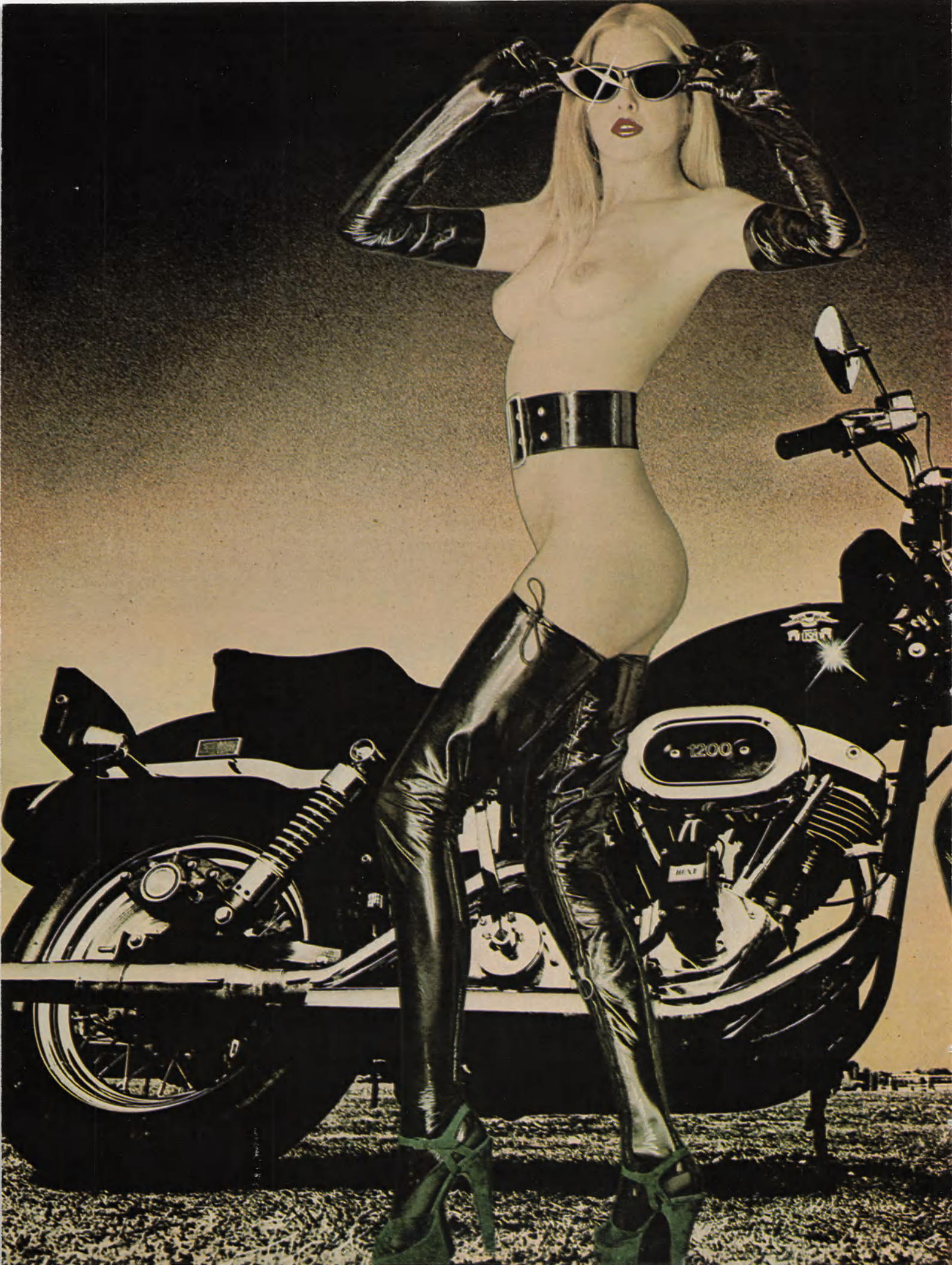
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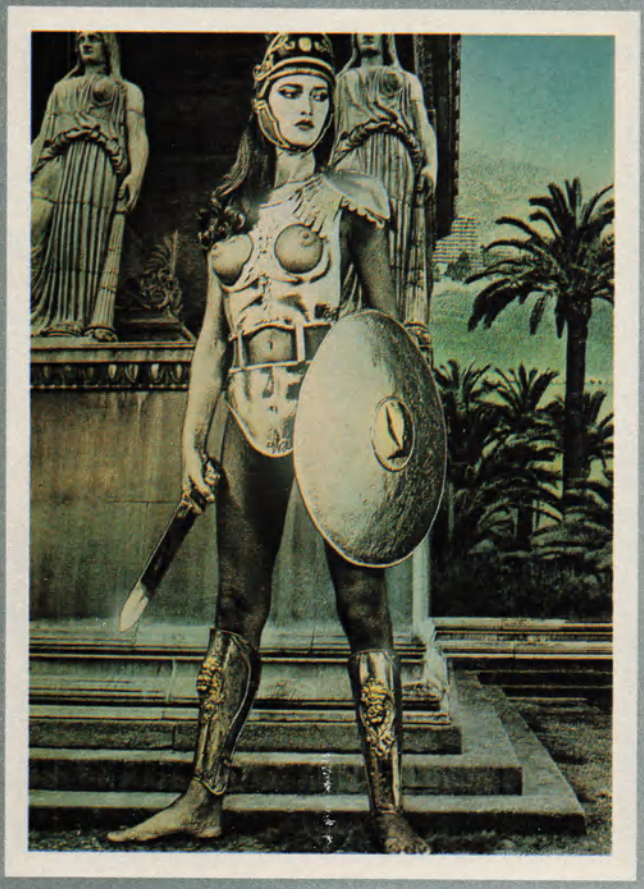
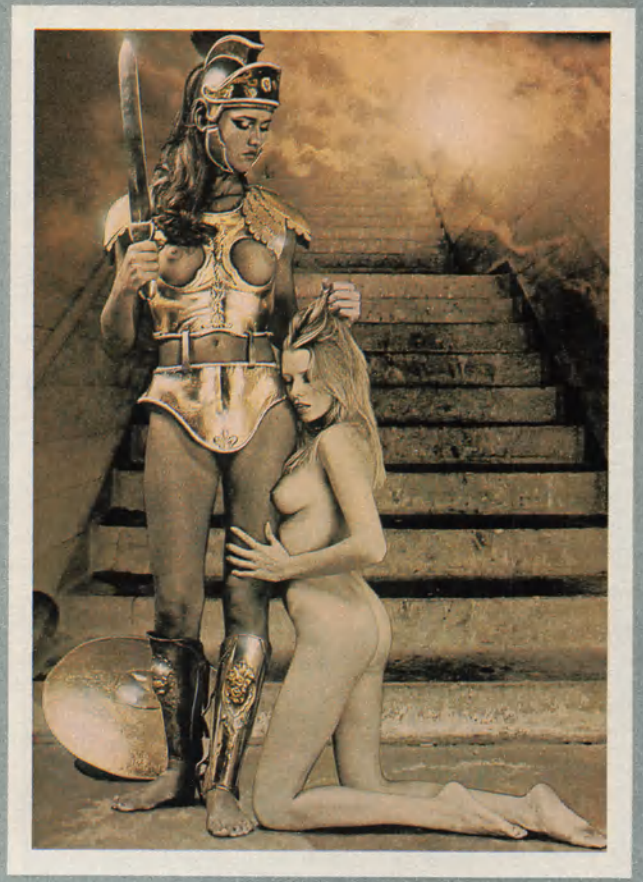
NIGHT VISIONARY

Through the interplay of light on film, the fantastical camera of Bob Carlos Clarke draws us into the darkest realms of the collective unconscious. The once coolly objective medium of photography, manipulated by Clarke's innovative techniques and singular vision, becomes an intensely subjective, disturbingly erotic exploration of contemporary man–and woman.

"The fetishist's obsession," Clarke says, "is a search for a sort of perfection."

An impassively beautiful woman stands, whip in hand, backdropped by a turbulent universe, a menacing Nazi uniform belying her soft and vulnerable nakedness. Such icy perfection is an indelibly potent image, also a symbol of the appalling Hitlerian objective of racial purity, of evil masquerading as good. In the work of English photo-artist Bob Carlos Clarke, surrealism supplants reality while ironically declaring such truths; common day-to-day images are galvanized and transformed into the disjunctive images of dreams. Photography, once exclusively the realm of objective documentary, becomes an intensely personal, unflinchingly subjective art form.





Struggling through years of obscurity, divorced from the mainstream of traditional photography, Clarke's singular vision of modern man and the culture he has created now place him in the vanguard of surrealistic expressionistic artists. He explores the darkly mysterious realms of eroticism and sadomasochism, presenting the idealized modern woman as a complex embodiment of contradictory post-Freudian urges, with fear and desire conflicting in ways that inspire relentless confusion but also obsessive lust. In *Vampirella*, left, the two beauties are as repellent as they are desirable, the life-force wedded to the death wish.

"I appreciate the potential of photomontage for creating the hyperreal imagery of dreams."

"Somewhere there lies a forgotten area where overtly sexual imagery can be truthful and beautiful."

Clarke's extensive reliance on montage–achieved through composite printing–was born of financial and environmental necessity; now, it is a deliberate technique used to visually dramatize the tension between the literal nature of traditional photography and the patently unreal images he presents. *Household Pet,* at left, exemplifies another common Clarke trademark: whimsical humor paired with serious social statement. Another trademark is Clarke's exclusive use of black-and-white film; the resulting photo is then colored individually, often airbrushed with watercolor, to evoke the mood he desires. Each print, then, is unique, a singular work of art.

"In sadomasochism the Master/Mistress must be endowed with superhuman proportions."

Clarke is obsessed with the extent to which the idealized fashion-model image of impossible feminine perfection has become a mainstay of modern advertising, journalism, and entertainment. At right, it is only the nakedness and the fetishistic setting that prevents this photograph from being a typical, sophisticated *Vogue* layout. Modern erotic art–once dismissed as vulgar–has become more and more a part of our culture. Art and commerce, propriety and indecency, are becoming, Clarke believes, impossible to distinguish. Similarly, Clarke, once considered an avant-garde artist, has found acceptance in the very culture his work satirizes.

Two years ago, American agents pulled off the greatest sting operation in narcotics history—but today it looks as if the real scam is on us.

THE GREAT BOLIVIAN COCAINE SCAM

BY JONATHAN KANDELL

Basically, there are two ways to travel from the United States to Bolivia. Most tourists prefer the package tour by Boeing from Miami to La Paz, an overnight flight mixing fitful naps with visions of Indian markets and reed boats across Lake Titicaca. Since Richie Fiano's only interest was to score about half a ton of cocaine, he skipped the travel brochures and passport formalities and took the other way: an antique twin-prop Convair from a small southern-Florida airfield, across the Caribbean, then over the Brazilian Amazon. And now that the rickety plane was bouncing along a rutted dirt runway on a secluded ranch deep in the jungle savannas of northern Bolivia, Richie Fiano was a very worried man.

Fiano and his three companions, agents of the U.S. Drug Enforcement Administration, were attempting the greatest sting operation in narcotics history. Posing as American mafiosi, they had made a deal with Roberto Suarez, overlord of Bolivia's drug-smuggling industry, to purchase more than a ton of cocaine base a month for processing and distribution in the U.S. According to DEA estimates, this would have amounted to nearly a third of the cocaine that was reaching the American market.

There had been weeks of patient negotiations with Suarez lieutenants in Buenos Aires, Miami, and Santa Cruz, Bolivia. A dozen DEA agents, men and women, had carefully rehearsed their roles as racketeers, underworld financiers, bodyguards, prostitutes, and co-

PAINTING BY BRALDT BRALDS

caine chemists. A posh Fort Lauderdale beach house and limousines had been placed at the disposal of the Bolivian mobsters. Entertainment tours of Las Vegas and Broadway were booked. And $9 million had been borrowed from the Federal Reserve Bank in Miami as projected payment to Suarez for the first delivery of cocaine.

But there had been enough small hitches along the way—Bolivian emissaries who failed to show up in Miami, scuttled flight plans, postponed rendezvous—to cast doubt on the outcome of the operation. And the Convair was flying into a Suarez stronghold, where the DEA had not a shred of leverage to negotiate out of a potential trap.

"As we're landing," recalls Fiano, "all these Bolivian Indians come scurrying out of their hooches, running toward us, and I'm thinking what's to stop them from holding us hostage and ordering Miami to release the $9 million. The whole scam is being done without the knowledge of the Bolivian government. Hell, the Bolivian Air Force is already out looking for us because we lied about our destination. So who are we going to complain to if we end up getting ripped off?"

Two years have passed since the Convair's flight into the Bolivian wilderness. Fiano and his buddies made it back to Miami, with 854 pounds of cocaine base worth over $100 million on the streets. Two ranking members of the Suarez organization are languishing in Florida prisons. Suarez's own son, Roberto Jr., was arrested in Switzerland last December with a false passport and a reported $10 million in cash. He has been indicted and his extradition to Miami is being sought by the U.S. government.

A classic stroke of undercover work? Definitely. Impact on the Bolivian cocaine traffic? Nil. Only two months after the sting against Suarez, a coup brought to power military officials whose chief concern was to protect the burgeoning drug empire created by Suarez and other large traffickers against this kind of outside disruption. Another coup in 1981 has done nothing to impair the military-civilian cocaine alliance. This year's coca harvest in Bolivia will set an all-time record, according to American diplomats and drug agents stationed in that country.

And Roberto Suarez? He remains the cocaine king of the world, conservatively grossing $400 million a year from the annual export of twenty-five tons or more of the semiprocessed drug to Colombia, and from there, as snow-crystalline powder, to the voracious American market.

The State Department is still trying to get Suarez to stand trial, and American economic aid to the country has been reduced to a trickle. DEA agents have repeatedly pinpointed his hideouts. They are having a good deal more trouble finding a military or police commander who would dare arrest him. For Roberto Suarez today is more powerful than the Bolivian president or any other Bolivian general. His payroll and associates include generals, colonels, majors, captains, customs officials, cabinet ministers, industrialists, businessmen, farmers, thugs and bodyguards, old Nazi fugitives, and thousands of peasants. He is de facto chairman of the board of Bolivia's largest economic enterprise. Not even the proverbial tin mines of the Bolivian Andes produce as much revenue or employ as many people as does the cocaine industry.

Statistically, Bolivia is the most economically backward nation in South America. Only Guyana ranks lower in per capita income. Coca's roots run deeply in this culture of poverty. For millennia, the Indians of Bolivia and Peru harvested the coca leaves of the Andean slopes. Their descendants chew wads of the leaves daily to stifle hunger, overcome the drudgery of heavy work loads, and, supposedly, stimulate sexual prowess. In their unprocessed form, the leaves bear little chemical resemblance to cocaine, and are perfectly legal to harvest and distribute in Bolivia. So ingrained is the practice that factory workers, miners, and rural laborers often have specified monthly rations of coca leaves written into their contracts. Bolivians would no sooner accept a prohibition on coca than Americans would stomach a ban on coffee.

> Roberto Suarez is chairman of the board of Bolivia's largest enterprise. Not even the tin mines of the Andes produce as much revenue or employ as many people as the cocaine industry.

Throughout most of this century, portions of the coca harvest have been processed into cocaine and smuggled into the U.S. The conversion involves pouring kerosene over the dried leaves, stomping on them overnight until they become pasty, then using sulphuric acid to turn the paste into a light-brown powder base, and finally, through a combination of ether and other chemicals, producing the snow-white cocaine hydrochloride crystals. Once in the United States, the powder is cut with borax and other substances down to a purity of only 12 percent or less before sale on the streets.

Until a decade ago, cocaine remained a low-priority target for American drug-enforcement officials, whose main efforts were directed at disrupting street sales and intercepting shipments as they reached American shores. But in the late 1970s, cocaine's popularity grew so explosively that consumption was being estimated at twenty to thirty tons a year, with a street value of $25 billion or more. The only feasible way of denting the industry seemed to be undercover forays at the source—Colombia, Peru, and Bolivia.

The Colombians, thanks to their relatively sophisticated chemical industry, have enjoyed a much better reputation than the Bolivians for converting cocaine base into a finished, high-quality powder. Their proximity to the U.S. and their smuggling expertise by ship or clandestine flight have also established the Colombians as the middlemen of the cocaine trade. To this day, less than a quarter of Bolivian cocaine is exported in finished crystal form. Virtually all the rest is sent as paste or base to Colombia.

The DEA reasoned that by skimming off the cream of the profits in the cocaine trade, the Colombians were on a collision course with Suarez and the other Bolivians. By late 1979 and early 1980, Suarez in fact had a series of fallouts with his Colombian buyers. After receiving a large shipment of particularly bad-quality cocaine base from Suarez, the Colombians castrated one of his couriers as a warning. A few weeks later, five Colombian buyers were gunned down in Santa Cruz by Suarez hit men.

Suarez started to complain about the untrustworthiness of the Colombians and sought direct access to the American market. Getting wind of Suarez's discontent, DEA agents in Bolivia spread rumors that there were American underworld figures willing to bypass the Colombians and deal personally with Bolivian producers.

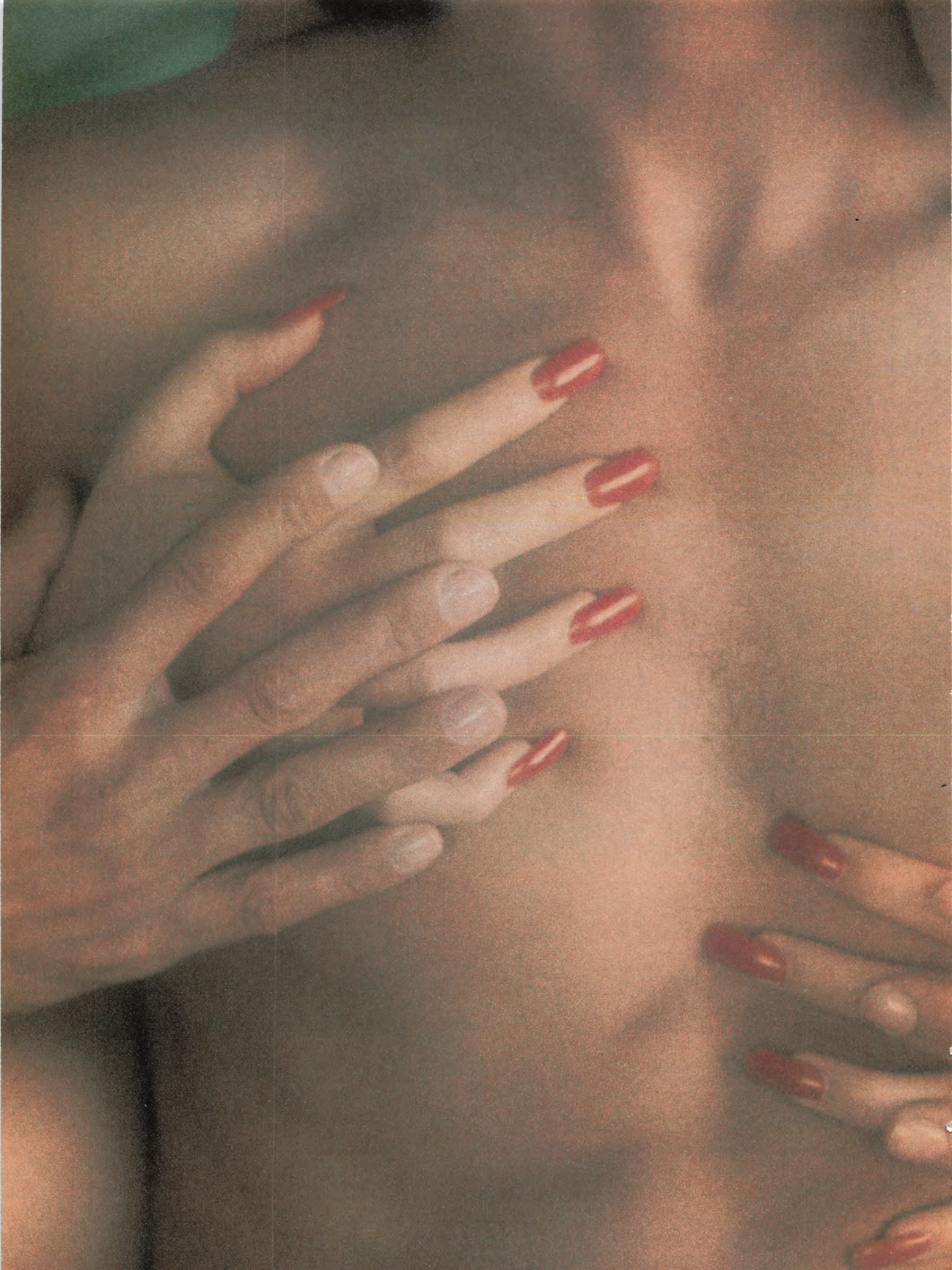
In April 1980, the DEA succeeded in making contact with a lieutenant in the Suarez organization. Mike Levine, an agent working out of the American embassy in Argentina, met with Marcelo Ibañez in a Buenos Aires bar. Ibañez, a former rancher from Santa Cruz and a close associate of Suarez, had been told by a go-between that Levine was a Florida-based Mafia figure with an extensive cocaine-distribution network. Levine, who came to the DEA with a professional acting background, is a tall man, about forty-five years old, with dark, Mediterranean looks, and seemed to fit the role of a racketeer.

Levine commiserated with Ibañez, acknowledging that the Colombians were a wild bunch who were violent and prone to rip-offs. He explained that he had a large organization working the whole East Coast of the U.S. from Miami to New York. Levine assured Ibañez that key American customs officials were on his payroll, making it easy to bring drugs into the country. And he claimed to have a fully equipped laboratory, employing bona fide chemists, to process the cocaine base into pure crystalline form.

Ibañez responded enthusiastically. Suarez, he explained, had been dealing

CONTINUED ON PAGE 164

"It's either a subtle interaction between charged solar particles and the magnetosphere—or else the gods are angry!"



PART THREE

MALE PROSTITUTION

THE TIMES SQUARE HUSTLER

BY ELLEN SHERMAN

Nicky Arno strides down New York's sleazy Forty-second Street, cool and elegant in his tight slacks, silk shirt, and polished Italian boots. Like everyone else on display here, Nicky is for sale.

PHOTOGRAPH BY EARL MILLER

A tall young man slides out of a shiny new Lincoln Continental onto New York's glittering Forty-second Street. Dark wavy hair frames a high-cheekboned face whose off-center nose and full lips are provocatively appealing. Dressed immaculately in slacks and a blue silk shirt, open to the waist even in this cold, he blows a kiss to the female driver, an attractive but brassy black woman in her mid-forties. Though the car lingers, the boy doesn't turn back. Confident, cool, he struts through Times Square as if it were the Champs Elysées, his polished Italian boots defying the snow and garbage. He looks out of place, and yet the people know him. For Nicky Arno—cool, elegant Nicky—despite his expensive clothes and manicured fingernails, is, like everyone else here, up for sale. Nicky is a male prostitute for women. And he knows his business.

He slows slightly as a Mercedes pulls up . . . hesitating, then pulling away. "She doesn't know what she's missing," jokes Nicky in the rapid-fire staccato of the native New Yorker. Courteously, he opens the door of a coffee shop for me. "She should have talked to Monica in the Lincoln. We had a great time. I can really do a lady up. After all, I've got ten inches!" I try to look nonplussed. "Hey! It's true!" Nicky protests. She even took out a tape and measured me!" He grabs his crotch with both hands. *This* always delivers." Though the gesture is obscene, with Nicky it comes across as merely playful. He talks tough, but there's a good-natured innocence to his chatter, even when talking about his ten-inch calling card, something he does *a lot*. "God gave me this cock so I could survive here." He gestures to the neon streets. "Here is where I'm gonna get my lucky break and no one'll stand in my way. There's a pot of gold waiting for this boy," Nicky says gruffly. "Monica in the Lincoln gave me a hundred bucks and she swears she wants to take care of me. Maybe I'll let her. I mean, I could leave the street anytime. Rest of the lowlife here don't have a future. Don't have no pride. But I know my business. I'm a veteran," he concludes proudly. He should be. Nicky's been selling his body to women since he was thirteen. He's now twenty-four. (The names and many of the circumstances described in this article have been changed to protect the privacy of the individuals involved.)

The coffee shop is packed with people all doing what Nicky does, but Nicky feels separate. A loner. Unlike many, Nicky isn't into drugs. He's not some child runaway unwittingly forced into hooking.

"Long time ago," Nicky says, "I knew I had to be free. My own man. No nine-to-five letting Uncle Sam give you 150 bucks take-home. Guys give it away to women for free. Me," he grins, "I sell a good product. I got a rod that gives a hot and heavy good time. There's a real market out there for a stud these days."

Nicky attributes the steady increase in the number of his customers to Women's Liberation . "Today men can't get it up that often . . . if at all," Nicky points out. "And I can get it up anytime anywhere. Sometimes ten times a night." Nicky might just qualify for the *Guinness Book of World Records*. He attributes his capacity (which I didn't authenticate) to physical control and the fact that, well, he "loves to fuck," as Nicky says. "It gets *me* off," he adds, "making an unhappy lady feel good."

Back on the street, we pause as Nicky somewhat wistfully watches a well-dressed young couple embrace. "I'm a big romantic," he admits. Doesn't selling his body conflict with "love forevermore" fantasies? But Nicky prefers not to think about it. The idea of true love occasionally penetrates his bravado, but only for a moment. "Hey, I *am* a lover," he points out. "I don't fuck; I make love. I'm getting hard just talking about it." Again he grabs his crotch, like a reliable friend.

Nicky's Times Square is a kind of intricately divided marketplace where territories are zealously claimed and guarded. Even the doorways are "owned" by individual pimps for their girls.

"Hey, Bro," a tall man sitting in a fancy white pimpmobile replete with fuzzy dice murmurs to Nicky. Nicky nods and moves us along. "You keep moving on the street. Try not to be noticed. That's how I get along." It would seem that straight male hookers would have a rough time in an area known for its "ladies" and gay movie houses, but Nicky says the pimps leave him alone and the "tutti-fruttis" are usually relegated by the same pimps to the nearby Port Authority area. They don't like prospective johns being scared off by "gay boys" hustling them. Still, Nicky's been propositioned by seemingly straight business types on many occasions, and feels particular loathing for them. "They're all so desperate and nervous. If you turn them down, they freak. Twice I got really beat up," he recalls. Of course calling the police is out of the question, though Nicky says the police are pretty lenient in not bothering the small-time entrepreneur like himself.

Nicky's average night starts about ten and ends at two in the morning. He works four nights a week, preferring weekends. Tonight the streets are fairly empty, but Nicky is still on his usual lookout, scanning Eighth Avenue for the expensive cars. Those luxury liners always provide the best customers.

Across the street a young blond boy nonchalantly talks to an older woman through the partially open window of her Ford. Nicky maintains the small talk is usually about nothing in particular; even the weather report will do in easing the usually nervous customer.

"I just act nice, chat, and then say, 'You like some company?' And then I smile, which always gets them," Nicky boasts, grinning for me. "My smile makes me look

"I'll check, ma'am. What's the rotten little cocksucker's name?"

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LIGHTS: 8 mg. "tar", 0.7 mg. nicotine av per. cigarette, FTC Report DEC. '81;
LIGHTS HARD PACK: 9 mg. "tar", 0.7 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

innocent, and dark hair makes me look exotic. I'm really different. What do you expect from a guy's who part Sicilian and part Cherokee?" A Sicilian Cherokee with ten inches. Nick's either fairly unique or a great con artist. And probably a little of both.

Nicky's prices range from forty to a hundred dollars and up, depending on how much he does and how long he spends. Naturally, a quickie by the Lincoln Tunnel is cheaper than two hours at the Hilton. But before the ladies drive him away, there comes the "checkout." Nicky elaborates.

"These ladies get off on the naughtiness and anonymous thing of Forty-second Street, but they take a chance picking a guy off the street, so most of them frisk you to see if you're packing . . . a gun, a knife. Then they check your eyes to make sure you're not a crazed junkie, and then," he smiles broadly, "they check your cock to make sure it's big."

These days Nicky does his own mental check on the women. He didn't used to. But he has reminders to prove it. He pulls aside his collar, showing his reminder: a long, ragged scar. "I got into the Porsche of a chick with slicked-back hair and leather clothes," he recalls. "Before I knew it she had a razor blade at my throat and cut me just enough to draw blood. Lots of dykes cruise here to get back at guys for having cocks, and then there are women psychos, too. They don't bother me."

The encounters proceed according to the age-old scenario followed by generations of men. Either Nicky hires a cheap room, goes to the more elegant hotels of out-of-towners, or "performs" at the woman's apartment—sometimes for an hour, sometimes a whole night. He always leaves before morning. Nicky knows he's a fantasy for his customers, and fantasies don't appear over morning coffee.

However, the entire city, Nicky claims, is a sexual hunting ground. Customers have enlisted him in places ranging from Plato's Retreat to the pajama counter at Macy's, where an incident occurred that Nicky details to demonstrate the unpredictable opportunities available in his profession. "It was at Macy's fourth floor. This rich-looking, sexy chick, around thirty, was shopping for a Father's Day gift and I was browsing. She kept looking at the bulge in my jeans, and I could tell she was horny as hell. She grabbed my cock right there at the counter as she was filling out her MasterCharge form." Even Nicky sounds incredulous. "Real quiet, she asked me if I was free, and we left together. Even on the Macy's escalator she was rubbing against me, wet as hell! Riding back to her place, she practically stripped me, but I knew we should wait. It's always better to tease awhile before you do it. Cathy was her name, and she was some rich old guy's mistress living on Beekman Place. The doorman nearly fainted when she breezed in with me, this young stud in tight pants. I really wanted to give her a nice first long ride, but as soon as we got in the elevator she unzipped my fly and fucked me right there! And I bet the doorman was watching us on the lobby TV. I made it with her all afternoon and she became a regular. She even bought me clothes. Then she disappeared. She could have been my ticket out—paying for me while I got my shit together—but, hey, so what? You never know till you try."

Rich girls slumming are nothing new to Nicky. Nicky maintains it's all the same to him. All business.

"Most of the women hiring me are real needy, no matter how rich they are. They run from fighting with their husbands or boyfriends, or they are lonely and need sex with a guarantee that the guy'll get it up. I give them what they pay for and get what I can." Nicky asserts that he, like any good "pro," never gets involved with customers. "I'm going to score off someone and soon . . . you'll see. Meanwhile I don't give a fuck about anyone, really!" Nicky says almost too adamantly, and strides down the street surveying what he hopes will be a more fruitful pickup spot on this dismal night.

Indeed, by now you'd think Nicky's emotional suit of armor must be impenetrable. But, inadvertently, Nicky shows an unexpected side. A little black boy catches him by the arm. "What's going down?" he pipes up, attempting to sound cocky, which is more than a little hard for a kid who couldn't be more than thirteen. Trying not to let me see, Nicky slips him a twenty. The kid disappears. Nicky looks embarrassed, realizing I've seen the interchange.

"That's Leroy. Thirteen and a runaway from Minnesota. My life is no bed of roses, but I'm a grown-up and I don't let it get to me, not the real Nicky. The real Nicky's got a whole other life." He sounds awkward as he invites me to visit his home the next day. I accept, but Nicky's not listening. His eyes are on a single woman slowly cruising in a Chevy station wagon. He moves to the curb. Thumbs looped in the pockets of his tight pants, fingers provocatively drumming his fly, Nicky brings the lopsided smile. The door opens and he slides in. Nicky's night is well under way again. I look at the paper Nicky handed me with his address. Underneath the numbers he's written: "Home Sweet Home."

Sleazoid fantasies of a Forty-second Street hooker's "Home Sweet Home" are dispelled at seeing the lower-middle-class Brooklyn neighborhood where Nicky lives. It's an area, like many, fighting creeping urban decay. Suddenly Nicky appears, making his way through the afternoon throngs of kids and little old ladies. "Off duty," he says, looking completely different. In a DOORS sweatshirt and faded jeans, and carrying a guitar case, Nicky could pass for a high-school kid. He apologizes for the "tacky" area, but insists he'd never *live* in Manhattan. "It's too

CONTINUED ON PAGE 136

"Harry—next-door's cat has got in again!"

LEE ANN

"My prudish neighbors in my hometown see sex as unwholesome; I see it as good, clean fun."

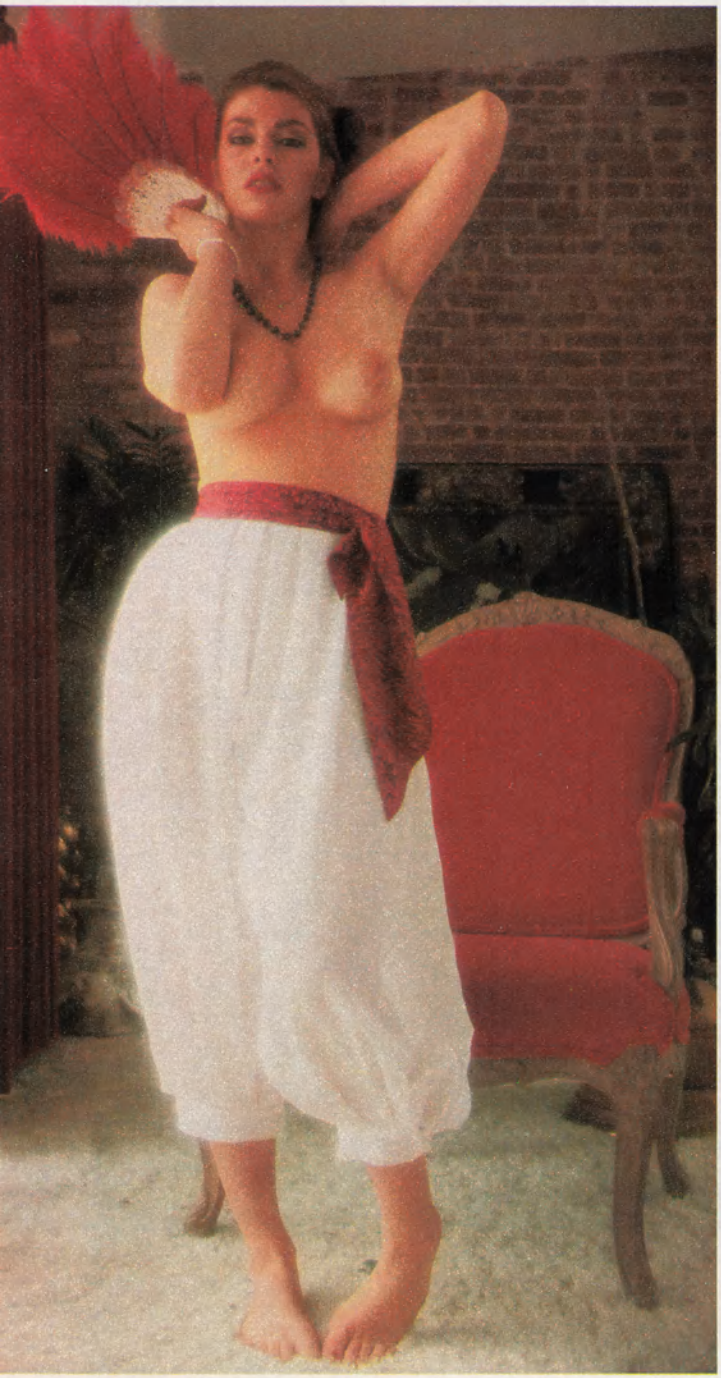
SPOILING A GOOD THING

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BOB GUCCIONE

"As far as I can tell," observes comely Canadian Pet of the Month Lee Ann Lee, "the only modern thing about my hometown of Toronto is the architecture. Everything else is prudish and behind the times. Good films like *Pretty Baby* get banned, and a free spirit like Margaret Trudeau gets ostracized for being a wild and crazy girl. In America, on the other hand, a guy like Steve Martin gets famous for being a wild and crazy guy!" Lee Ann empathizes, being a bit wild herself, though crazy only like a fox. *Such* a fox that men tend to hound her in packs . . .

Pants and blouse courtesy of Donna Parker, New York City.

"To me, for instance, being photographed by Bob Guccione and appearing in *Penthouse* is the ultimate honor. But my neighbors may be shocked."



Suede skirt and jacket, and green bikini courtesy of North Beach Leather, New York City.

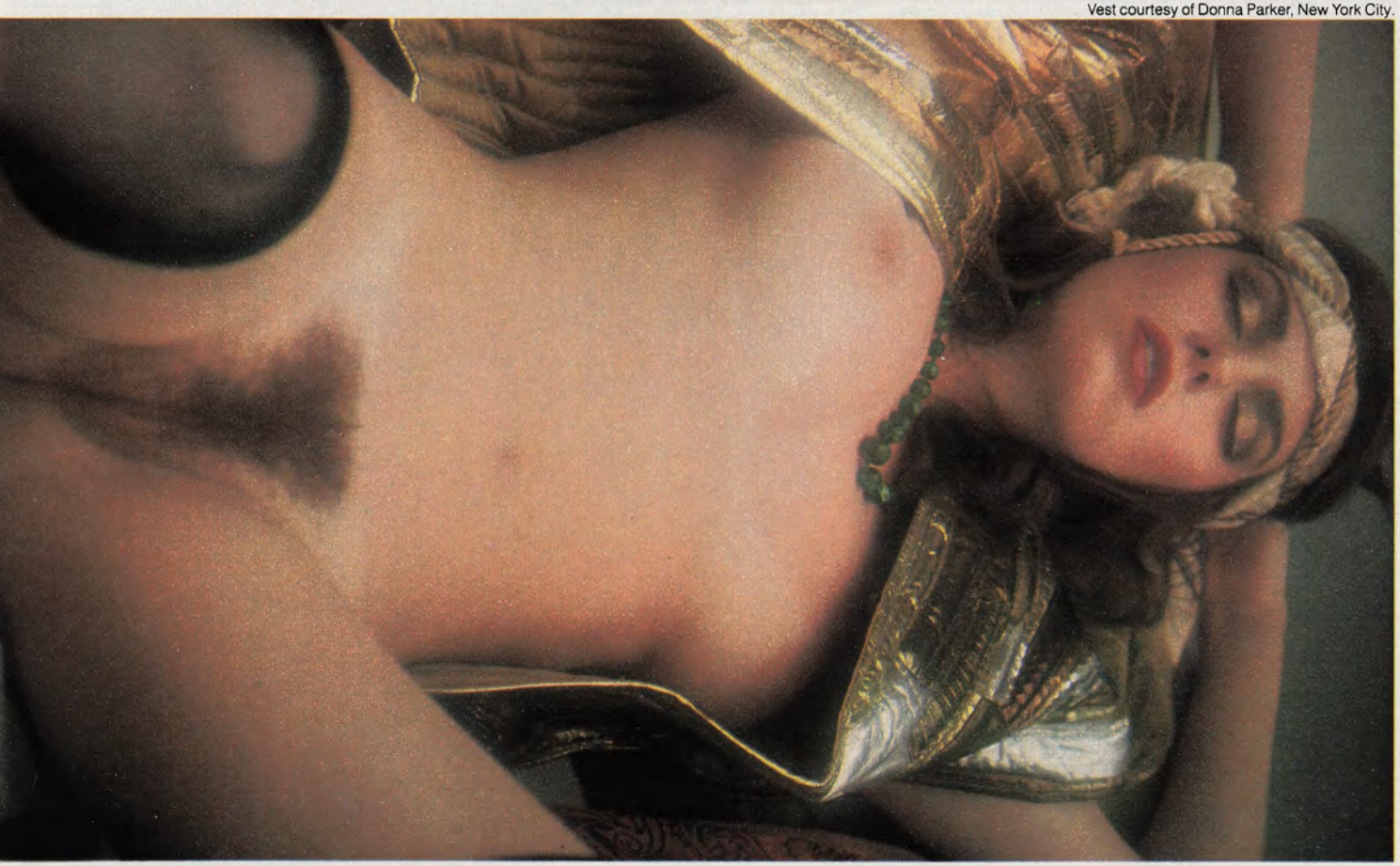
"They see sex as unwholesome; I see it as good, clean fun." So far, Lee Ann's lovemaking's been intense but never seriously romantic.

She's never been madly in love, though four or five men have fallen hard for *her* . . . (Make that four or five million, Lee Ann!)

Just as well, she muses. Being obsessed with a man would be too distracting at the moment. She'd rather concentrate on herself . . .

And on her promising career. Along with writing poetry and modeling, Lee Ann wants to dance professionally and do some acting.

Vest courtesy of Donna Parker, New York City.



"As you can see, I'm quite a ham. I'd love to land
a part on a TV soap opera, preferably playing
one of those sexy, evil bitches . . ."

"It would actually be in character," she smiles, "since I'm really kind of a brat by nature . . ." A brat we'd dearly love to spoil!

MISS LEE ANN LEE/PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH

THE VIETNAM VETERANS ADVISER

The 1981 murder trial of Vietnam veteran Charles Gean Heads set a significant legal precedent for veterans—but unfortunately the actions of the Veterans Administration, or, to be more precise, the *in*action of the Veterans Administration, have negated the value of this important case.

At the trial, the jury ruled that the defendant was a victim of posttraumatic stress disorder (PTSD) and had been temporarily insane when he shot Roy LeJay through the eye with a .22-caliber rifle. But although Heads was found innocent, he was "warehoused" in a seven-by-nine-foot jail cell for over six months before being transferred to equally depressing quarters in a hospital for the criminally insane.

Under Louisiana law, the decision of the court requires that Heads be institutionalized for "care, custody, and treatment." The trial judge and psychiatrists for the defense recommended that he receive such treatment at a Veteran's Administration facility and then be released. But the VA has refused to accept responsibility for Charles Gean Heads.

In correspondence with trial judge Gayle Hamilton, VA general counsel John P. Murphy wrote that "as a matter of long-standing Agency policy, we have neither the legal authority or capability to incarcerate individuals or to insure custody." Almost a year has passed since the trial, and the VA remains obdurate regarding Heads's fate. "Nobody likes the situation," said Murphy in a telephone interview. "But we are just not set up to deal with incarcerated people."

> The not-guilty verdict in the Charles Gean Heads murder trial might have been a victory for all combat veterans. Instead, the story has a bleak and bitter ending.

In 1982, Charles Gean Heads is an unwelcome "situation," but it wasn't always that way. His story begins fifteen years ago. It was 1967; American boys were being drafted and shipped to Vietnam. The goal: to mow the enemy down and champion the free world. The nineteen-year-old black kid from a Houston ghetto didn't even wait to be called; he went downtown and enlisted in the United States Marine Corps.

Charles Gean Heads was a good soldier. As soon as he arrived in Da Nang, armed with an M 16 and trained to kill, he volunteered for a special reconnaissance unit. In the nine months he was in Nam, Heads went on twenty-six highly dangerous missions deep into enemy territory. He killed at least six people for his country. He watched as his buddies were blown apart. He was shot twice in the stomach in an ambush on his battalion. After four months spent lying on his back in a hospital ward, he was sent home with an honorable discharge.

Charles Gean Heads was a good veteran. He held down a good job with the Houston Post Office, got married, and became the father of three children. He bought a three-bedroom house in the suburbs, a fancy car, and a Yamaha motorcycle. He did not seek psychiatric help and he was never in trouble with the law. And if he suffered from sleepless nights and was terrorized and enraged by his own nightmares, he told only his wife. After all, Heads was moving up. Having so gracefully "adjusted" to civilian life, he carried the heavy, lonesome burden of the combat survivor for seven long years. And then one night something inside him snapped.

On August 22, 1977, there was another nightmare, and Heads was abandoned by his frightened wife and children; he waited four days and then followed his family to Shreveport. Just after midnight, during a violent altercation with his wife's family, he shot and killed his brother-in-law. When the police came to take him away, he was walking in dazed circles.

Heads was first brought to trial in 1978, when he was found guilty of murder in the first degree and sentenced to life in prison. Later, when the U.S. Supreme Court ruled that the trial judge had instructed the jury erroneously, he was granted a new trial.

This time, his attorney, Wellborn Jack, Jr., of Shreveport, worked hard and long, without taking a fee, to convince the jury that there was a direct connection between Heads's combat experiences in Vietnam and that terrible August midnight ten years later. The insanity defense was supported by the detailed descriptions of posttraumatic stress included in an American Psychiatric Association manual (*Diagnostic and Statistical Manual*, Third Edition), published in February 1980. At long last, PTSD had been officially recognized as a legitimate mental disorder, making public the private hell of more than half a million Vietnam combat veterans.

The defense team conducted an arduous and ultimately successful search for the men who had fought with Heads in the jungles of South Vietnam. These veterans, as well as leading psychiatric experts on PTSD, answered the call in good faith and came to Shreveport to testify. One by one, they mounted the stand and related the agonies they had endured while serving their country and for years after they came home.

The not-guilty verdict in the Heads case might have been a victory for all combat veterans. It was the first time PTSD had successfully been used as a defense for a capital crime. Instead, the story has a bleak and bitter ending. Heads is no longer a good veteran; that was over seconds after he emptied his rifle into the quiet darkness of a Louisiana night. Who is he now? Even if Heads is ultimately released from the mental hospital, the VA has made it clear that to the Washington bureaucracy, veterans like Heads are forgotten men.—*Joanna Kyd*

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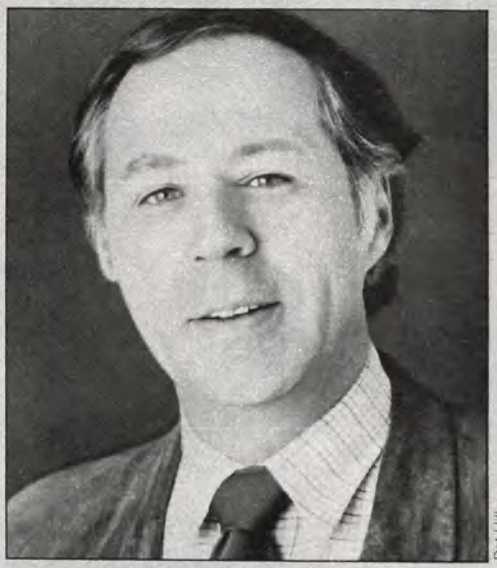
ADVISE & DISSENT
OPINION



Pat Hill

BY BEN BOVA

The author is the editorial director of *Omni*, a *Penthouse* sister publication. He has written over fifty books, his latest being *Voyagers* (a novel) and *The High Road*.

WALKING THE PLANK IN OUTER SPACE

This month a handful of American space-agency officials and State Department officers will travel to Vienna to attend the United Nations Conference on the Peaceful Uses of Outer Space. There they will be faced with the space-age equivalent of the question "Are you still beating your wife?"

The U.N. has sponsored several world conferences over the past decade, on subjects such as technology, food production, and international communications. These conferences follow a predictable format: the Third World nations demand that the industrialized nations give them more high technology, more food, more control over international communications. If they don't give in, the industrialized "rich" countries are pictured as evil, grasping neocolonialists. The Third World nations, by virtue of being poor (despite the fact that their membership includes most of the OPEC nations), are good, virtuous victims of capitalist greed.

The Second World nations—Soviet Russia and its satellites—sit back and watch the fun, and quietly cause trouble.

The American delegation to the upcoming UNISPACE 82 conference is going to Vienna full of enthusiasm over the highly visible, highly successful U.S. space shuttle. But instead of being the envy of the world (or maybe because they *are*), the Americans will be sandbagged by Third World and Russian propaganda painting the American space program as selfish, militaristic, and "piratical."

Why is it that the U.S., with the world's only reusable spacecraft and a space program that is wide open to the world's scrutiny, is going into this U.N. conference as a clownish villain, destined to be hit in the face with a large, messy pie?

Why is it that the Soviets, who apparently have a missile-armed satellite already in orbit, are able to get away with blaming America for militarizing outer space?

The Russians have worked for several years to achieve this situation. Their plans apparently took shape once they realized that the oft-delayed U.S. space shuttle was going to be a success. They orchestrated the following sequence of events:

April 1981: The space shuttle *Columbia* makes its first flight, launched from Kennedy Space Flight Center on the twentieth anniversary of Yuri Gagarin's first manned orbital mission. Soviet news coverage of the flight makes no mention of the *Columbia*'s size or weight or of the altitude of its orbit. Instead, *Pravda* and other Russian media harp on the military nature of the shuttle. *Red Star*, the official newspaper of the Red Army, says "Pentagon [officials] are gleefully rubbing their hands—after all . . . the Pentagon sees the shuttle in the role of an omnipotent and insatiable space pirate."

A few days after *Columbia*'s first landing, Soviet President Leonid Brezhnev piously pronounces, "May the shoreless cosmic ocean be pure and free of weapons of any kind." This, despite the fact that the Russians rejected earlier American proposals to ban all weapons from space. This, despite the fact that since the late 1960s the Soviets have flown an antisat-

"The Soviets may well convince the world—including many Americans—that they are entitled to take the offensive in space against the piratical Yankees. But the space shuttle is their real target."

ellite killer system that blows up target satellites in orbit.

May 1981: General Alexei A. Leonov, chief of the Soviet cosmonaut corps, implies in a speech in Ulan Bator, Mongolia, that military satellites are fair game for Soviet antisatellite weapons.

Also in May 1981, the Russian delegation to the U.N. objects to having Marvin Robinson, an American, become director of the Outer Space Affairs Division of the U.N.'s Committee on the Peaceful Uses of Outer Space (COPUOS), the committee responsible for organizing the UNISPACE 82 conference in Vienna. Kurt Waldheim, at that time still hoping to be reelected U.N. Secretary-General, refuses to make a decision in the controversy. The U.S. announces it will not attend UNISPACE 82 unless a satisfactory decision is made.

The controversy drags on for months, to be resolved only after Waldheim's bid for reelection fails. The U.S. finally decides to attend the Vienna conference, and in January 1982 begins preparing for the conference, having lost precious months of time to bring together the right people and plan an effective representation.

June 1981: The Russians launch an unmanned satellite, *Cosmos 1267*. After an impressive number of orbital maneuvers, the satellite is linked automatically to the Soviet space station, *Salyut 6*, which has been unoccupied by cosmonauts since April 1981. *Salyut 6* is a twenty-one-ton space station that was launched in 1977 and almost continuously occupied by two to four cosmonauts for more than four years. *Cosmos 1267* is a fifteen-ton vehicle. In October 1981, *Aviation Week* magazine leaks U.S. intelligence reports that *Cosmos 1267* is armed with missiles capable of destroying other satellites—including the space shuttle.

The U.S. government has not confirmed these reports, although privately, administration officials admit that they are true.

August 1981: The Soviet delegation in the U.N. introduces a draft treaty calling for a total ban on all weapons in space. It refers specifically to the space shuttle as a weapon.

September 1981: At the annual meeting of the International Astronautical Federation, in Rome, the Russian diplomatic offensive against the shuttle moves into high gear, characterizing the American space program as strictly a military operation.

B. G. Dudakov, a ranking member of the Soviet delegation, says: "American strategists' plans as regards handling other States' satellites in orbit can be characterized as piratic in essence. It seems as though some people are striving for the 'laurels' of such notorious sea-pirates of the past as John Hawkins, Francis Drake, Walter Railey [sic]."

Dudakov further says, "Without the consent of the State holding jurisdiction over the space object in orbit, not a single State is permitted either to investigate . . . or to get too close to them, violating a certain distance limit. . . ."

In other words, the Soviets are insisting that no one may touch their satellites, inspect them, or even get to within an unspecified distance of them.

Vladlen Vereschetin, a member of the Soviet Academy of Sciences' branch on law (law is a science in the U.S.S.R., not an art), speaking at the same IAF conference in Rome, calls for a four-point program to strengthen and codify international space law. But he also says that while any astronaut in distress should be rescued and returned to his home country by any nation capable of making the rescue, military astronauts might not be returned as quickly as civilians.

The Soviets originally insisted on the immediate repatriation of rescued cosmonauts, in the 1972 accord on the rescue and return of astronauts. They were explicit: if a cosmonaut lands outside the U.S.S.R. or is rescued in space by another nation, they want that cosmonaut returned home at once, even if he asks for political asylum in the rescuer's nation.

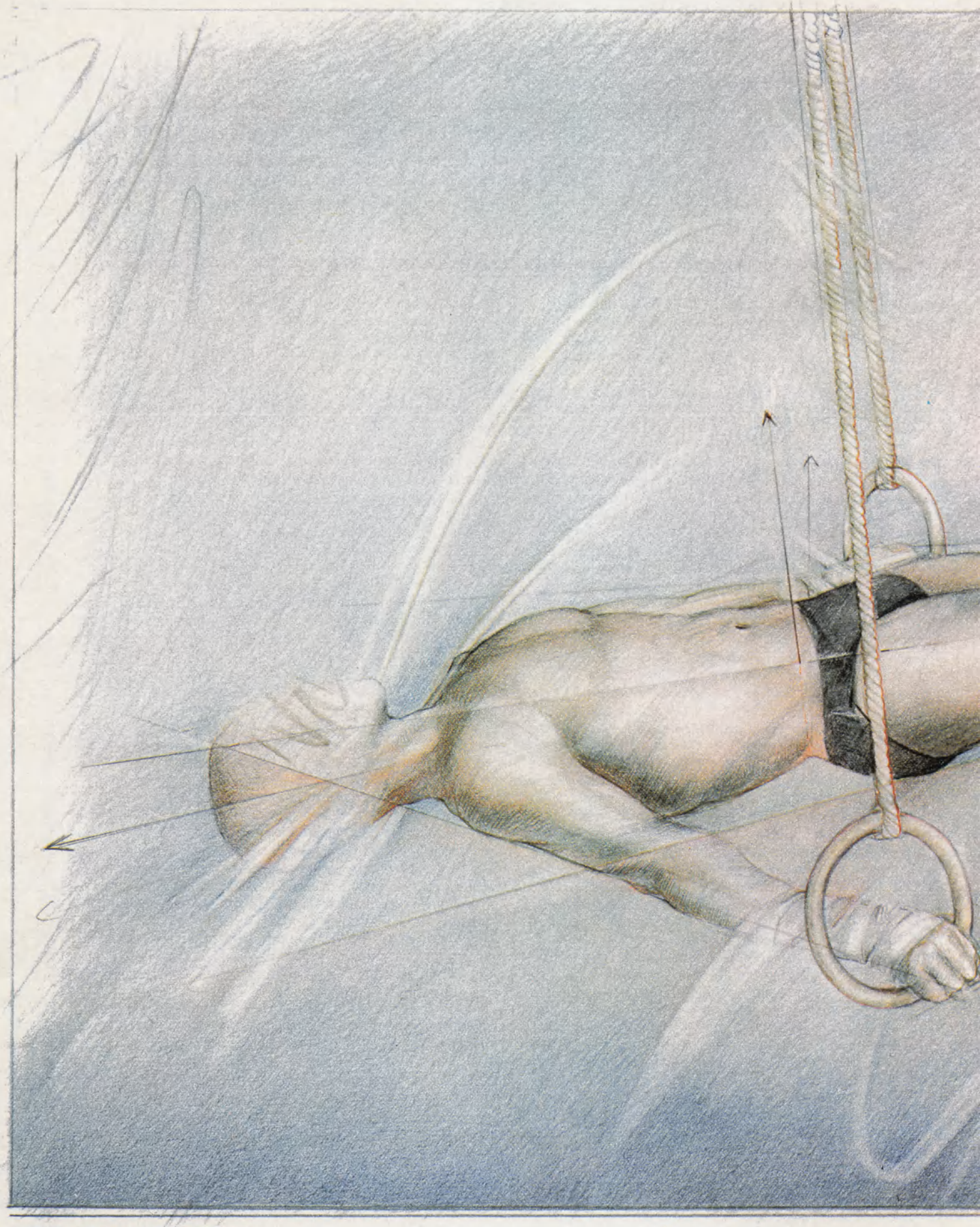
Now the Soviets are saying that a military astronaut might be detained. And, of course, *they*, the Soviets, will decide who is a military astronaut, and which space missions are military in nature.

August 1982: The UNISPACE 82 conference convenes in Vienna. The purpose of this conference is to foster the peaceful utilization of space technology, primarily for the benefit of the developing nations of the Third World. These nations, which have pushed the Moon Treaty, the Law of the Sea Treaty, and other legalistic moves aimed at establishing a "new world economic order," are seeking to gain the benefits of technology developed in the industrialized nations. One of their aims is to control the development of space resources through a U.N. bureaucracy that will monitor all space activities. At the Vienna conference, they want to explore political issues, such as the militarization of space, ownership of the geosynchronous orbit (where communications satellites now generate billions of dollars' worth of revenues each year), and control of the data from Landsats and other observation satellites.

The U.S. delegation, having had only a few months to prepare a rational American position, will be faced with Third World demands for a bigger slice of the wealth generated from space operations and for ever-increasing control of space technology. Meanwhile, the Russians will be sitting in the background, whispering that the American space program is "piratical in essence" and that it is strictly a front for the Pentagon.

The U.S. has no weapons in space. The Russians do. By the time the Vienna conference ends, the Soviets may well have convinced most of the world—including many gullible Americans—that they are entitled to take the offensive in space against the piratical Yankees.

The space shuttle is their target. If the Russians cannot stop it through diplomatic machinations, they may be prepared to destroy it with missiles.

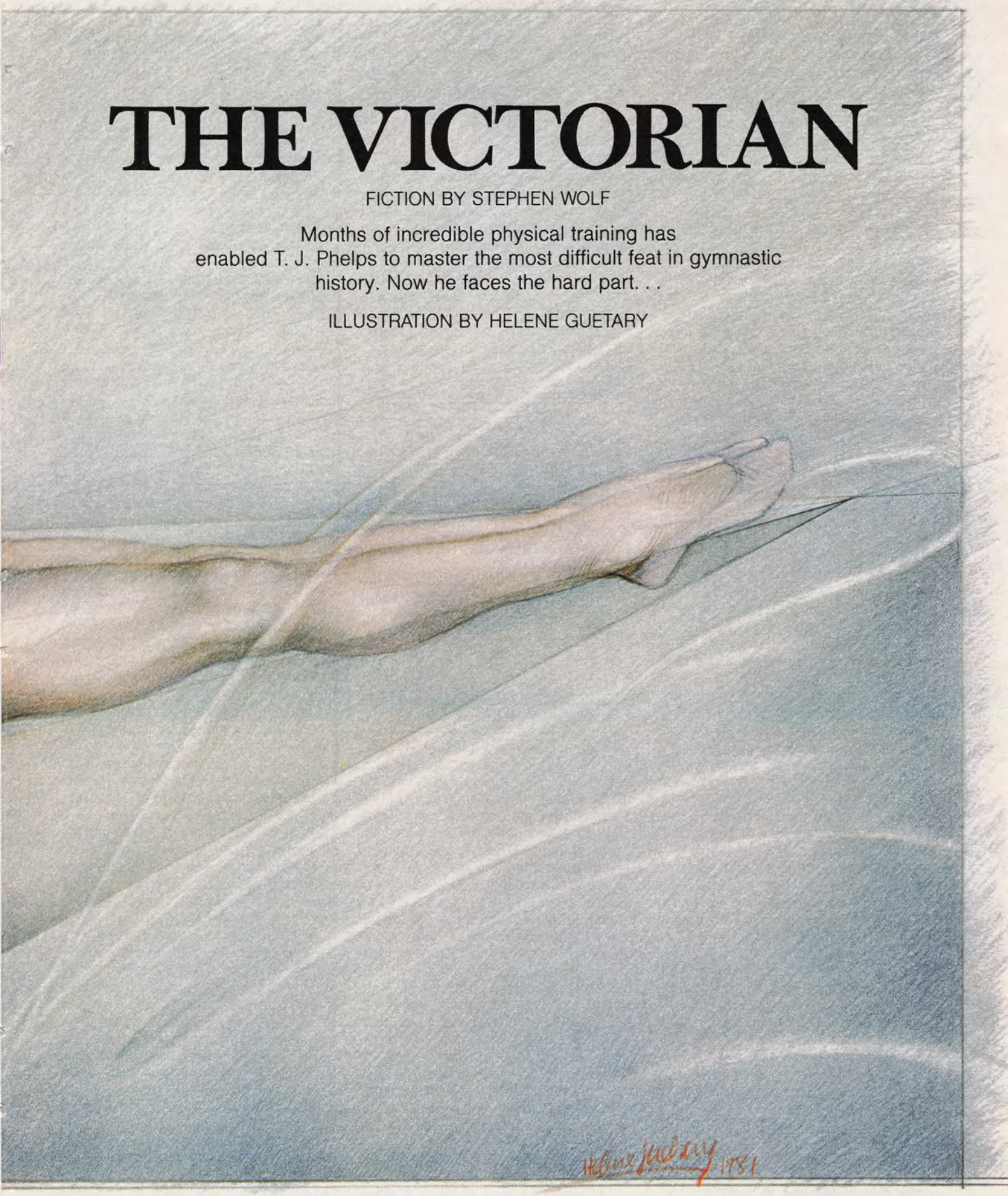


THE VICTORIAN

FICTION BY STEPHEN WOLF

Months of incredible physical training has enabled T. J. Phelps to master the most difficult feat in gymnastic history. Now he faces the hard part. . .

ILLUSTRATION BY HELENE GUETARY



I am famous here. To keep me, the university pays for my tuition and all my meals, and foots the bill on a furnished room. Though a smaller school in Illinois offered similar benefits plus a Chevy Camaro in stop-light green, I opted for the large enrollment. Here, I gather more fans.

If I sit in the student union they point me out to their friends. As I strut the streets of campustown, their admiring faces smile at me. Favors abound here: the Athletic Association pulled a few strings, so I passed a course I really should have flunked; I pocket the equivalent of a steak dinner for each first place I take; and I ride for free through our brutal winters in taxicabs, warm and pampered. My girl friends attend all home meets, perched in the bleachers proudly. When I perform in competition a movie camera steadily churns, and during my most difficult moves—a timely instant before the flash of a camera from the *Student Daily*—I smile; the crowds applaud rapturously. Though several of my teammates who believe gymnastics is a team sport despise me, as long as I continue winning I don't care what they think.

And so, a half hour before the meet begins, hair and jersey straps checked again, I enter the gymnasium dressed in my whites, gleaming and crisp, a warm-up jacket across one shoulder like a toreador. I bestow a slight nod to familiar fans in the stands who call to me, wink at one auburn-haired cutie I've seen once before, then stroll to the team bench.

"Greetings, greetings. Rest easy, boys. I'm here."

I get little response, for my teammates, nervous and preoccupied, fight a tension in muscles they forcefully try loosening. But I, after tossing my jacket on the bench, relax in a smooth, sleek warm-up, stretching like some graceful animal after a safe sleep. Then Iowa enters, a steady stream of white pants and golden jackets. Everything stops when they appear, and for an instant the only sound is the erratic rhythm of their feet slapping the wood floor. Seeing Hatch, I chalk my hands and step to the Rings. I jump to them, then pop a gorgeous straight-arm shoot to a handstand, pulling the dislocate high and stretching out so that the momentum carries me up like a great bird. I remain in the handstand for several seconds, pushing my toes to the ceiling so my body holds straight and firm. Then I drop through, snap my hips upward, and spin a high double-back off the Rings.

We meet at the chalk tray.

"Hello, Hatch."

He looks up slowly.

"Teejay," he replies unenthusiastically. We shake hands. Then he motions with his head towards the Rings.

"That was a nice-looking double you did for me."

"I knew you'd like it."

"You've needed a better dismount for a while now," he says through a smile. "That straddle-off you've been throwing is real garbage can."

"It didn't seem to matter the last time we met."

He flings his handgrips in the tray as his eyebrows crunch together.

"Well, tonight's another night, old buddy," he utters tightly.

Other gymnasts gather near the chalk tray, other tensions mingle in the powdery air.

"Good luck."

"Same to you."

At eight the floor is cleared and the meet begins as I slouch on our bench, sipping orange juice with honey. Our team looks terrible. One by one our entire side-horse team collapses, exhausted, to the pommels. Peterson chokes again on his back-toss Stutz, and poor Coach's face sours as his hope for at least a respectable showing fades, then disappears entirely. Disgusted, I consider once again transferring to a better school, but I know I never will: I don't relish sharing the spotlight, for one thing, and though we do have a few good boys and at times the team looks decent, I am, undoubtedly, our brightest star. Even last spring, at the university's All-Sports Banquet, I was singled out as the newest of the great athletes to emerge from this school. An all-American center and a potential Olympic wrestler were slighted that night because of me, which only adds to my already substantial fears of being assassinated.

> Once I rock into position, my shoulders, elbows, the backs of my arms, all feel stabbed with white-hot pins. I quiver horribly and bite so hard I know my teeth will shatter, but I hold it, I hold it. . .

Between events I linger in the crowd. Envy appears in their faces. How they long to do what we do! Other men sag miserably beside their girl friends, who watch, excited. I hold within my arms the power to stir their wonder. Some already know this and I love them. Others I've never seen before, and though I'm sure they've heard of me and are here no doubt to see why they've heard so much, I could still pass them on the street unacknowledged. I need their approval, their wild applause, the tribute that pours from those envious eyes.

And soon I shall have it, for it's nearly my turn. Up off the bench, I reach for the ceiling, warming all muscles with sleek stretches. Hatch begins the same process, looking away whenever I glance at him. I check my toe straps, then compose myself by fastening my eyes on the dangling Rings. When the adrenaline flows evenly, I remove my jacket, take a deep breath, then strut to the center of the floor.

Proudly, as if the meet were already decided in my favor, I approach the chalk tray while excited whispers spread the news. It's him, they say. *Him*. I flex when grinding powdered chalk into my palms so that the muscles within my arms appear like knotted rope. A white uniform trimly fits my legs, tapers upward over no hips (girls don't make passes at boys with big asses), then arches to a beautiful vee as it straps across my shoulders. Believe me, I look terrific.

"The next performer," a voice cries over the speakers, "T. J. Phelps!"

Lavish applause and shouts of "Teejay!" follow immediately, and I glance again at Hatch. Watching, he nods once. I thrill as if my veins suddenly run with cool, clean water. I sweep to the Rings, get the judge's nod, and begin.

How I love performing! Envious and entranced, a crowd watches, and for this moment I am the center of the world. Nothing but my even moves. My tuned body glides through combinations as sharp as polished blades, settling finally in a handstand as the Rings remain still. Easing through a slow roll like underwater motion, I lie back to pull the mighty Olympic Cross. The crowd sighs, feasts upon my straining arms. I smile and they cheer, clapping madly. I am a precise gesture of ultimate control, filling the moment with wonder as I soar high above the Rings, floating momentarily down again before snapping my hips and spinning the double-back high into the air.

Applause like explosions rips the gym, arouses my teammates, who rise to greet me. Excitement totters in the air for a moment while I, like everyone else, focus on the four judges. Serious men scribble notes before speaking to girls beside them, who flash my scores. Cheers blast again as high numbers are yelled into the microphone. I want to wave to my fans, to raise a triumphant arm and let them gaze on me for a lingering moment. Instead, Hatch begins and my cheers fade in the rafters.

As always, he looks good. Ever since our high-school battles I've admired his smooth and silent precision. He barely breathes and I can almost hear well-oiled wheels turn as sockets rotate with a steady click. I turn to the crowd that, having just acknowledged my greatness, stares at him with perhaps the same fascination they watched me. I feel slighted and a bit betrayed. Damn, even my girl friends!

Hatch tunes for a big finish, pulling giant dislocates high above the Rings, riding them long and full, then sticking his full-twisting flyaway. His teammates cheer him wildly, of course, and the crowd applauds. I know I beat him but it's going to be close. I wait an anxious moment before

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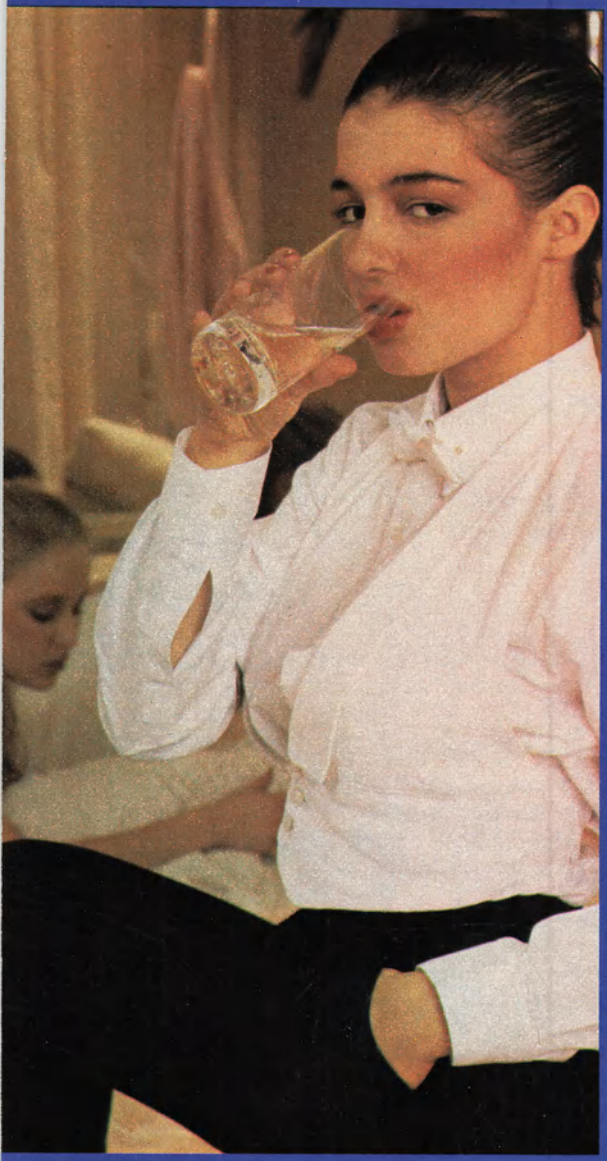
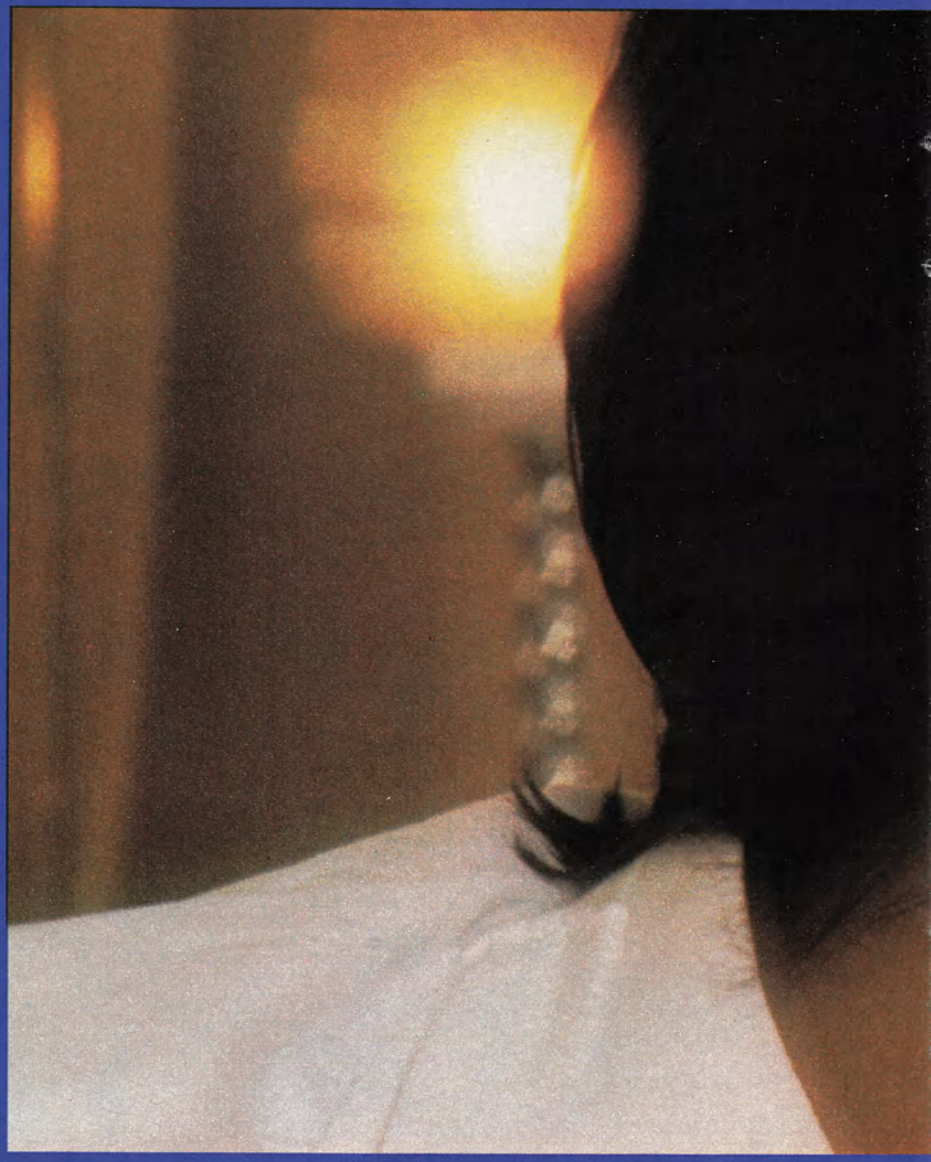
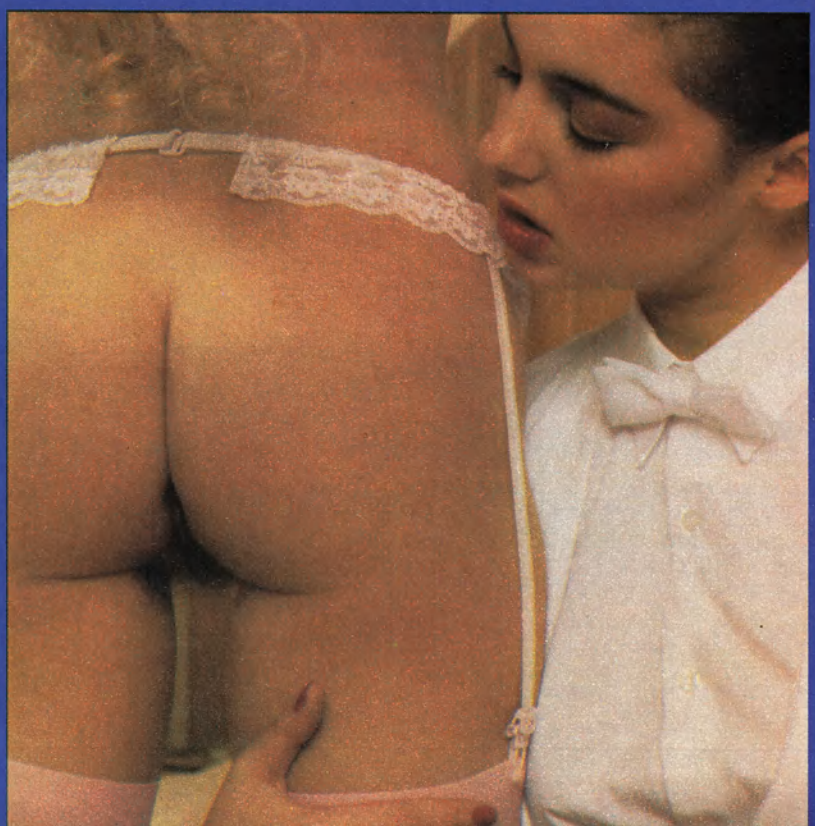
WAR IS
HELL!!!



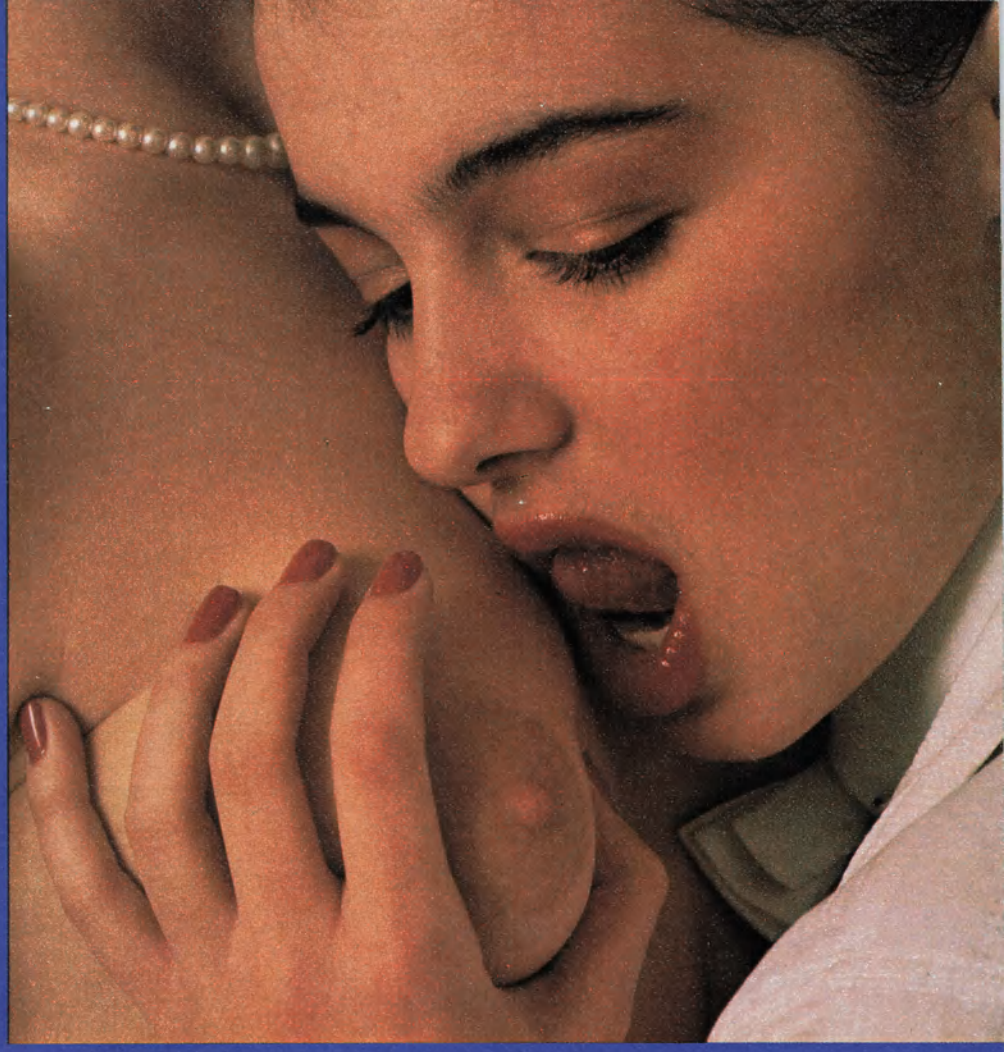


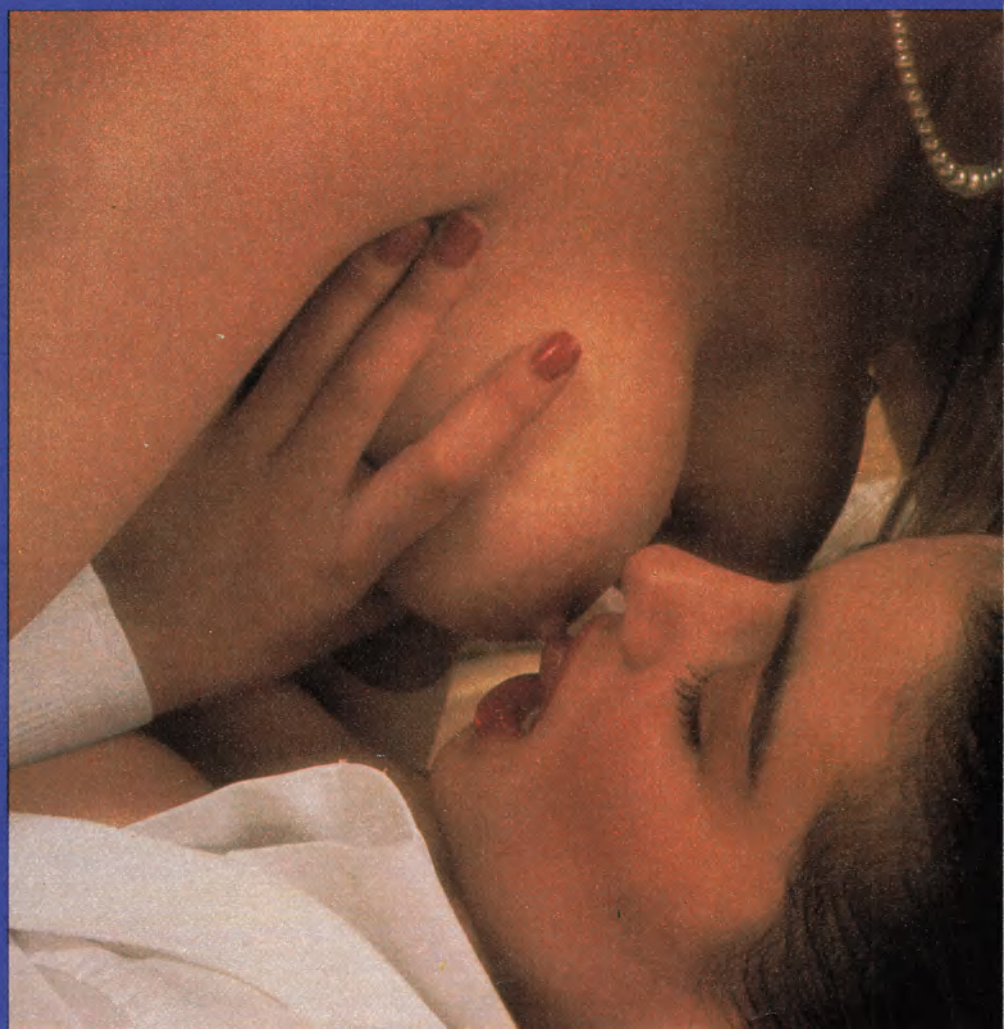


WHITE TIE AND TALES

PHOTOGRAPHS BY DONALD MILNE

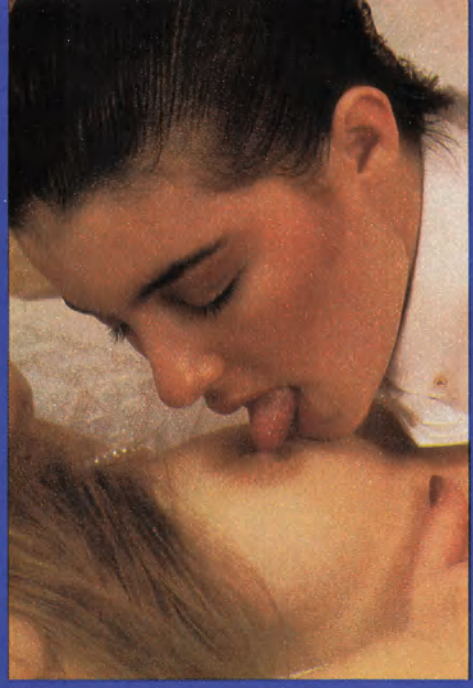
Half a century ago, they say, life was a cabaret. So, being nostalgic progressives, they whimsically reenact the decadent thirties . . . hair slicked back, brows painted dark and brooding. The brunette's curves are tucked away neatly in a tux, obscured by white tie and tails. Her partner, a silver-screen siren in stockings and pearls, is dutifully dressed to the nines. And utterly undressed by ten, when the real fun begins!

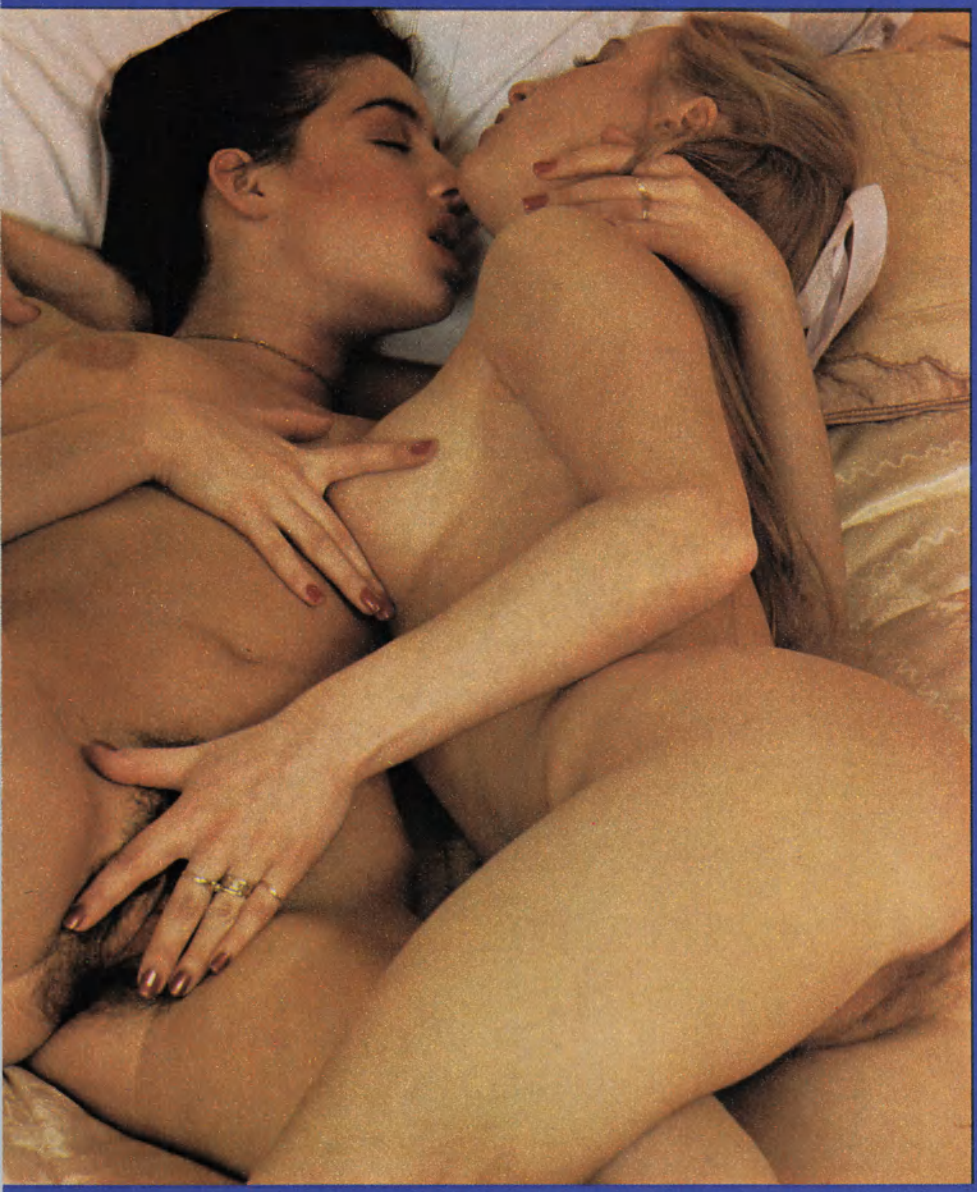




By deliberate design, of course, it's the butler's night out–time for a speakeasy session of mutual abandon, rejecting all prohibitions against such behavior. Kneeling like a dutiful valet, the blonde undresses her masterful mistress with her eyes, then kisses with her mouth that once obscure object of desire . . .

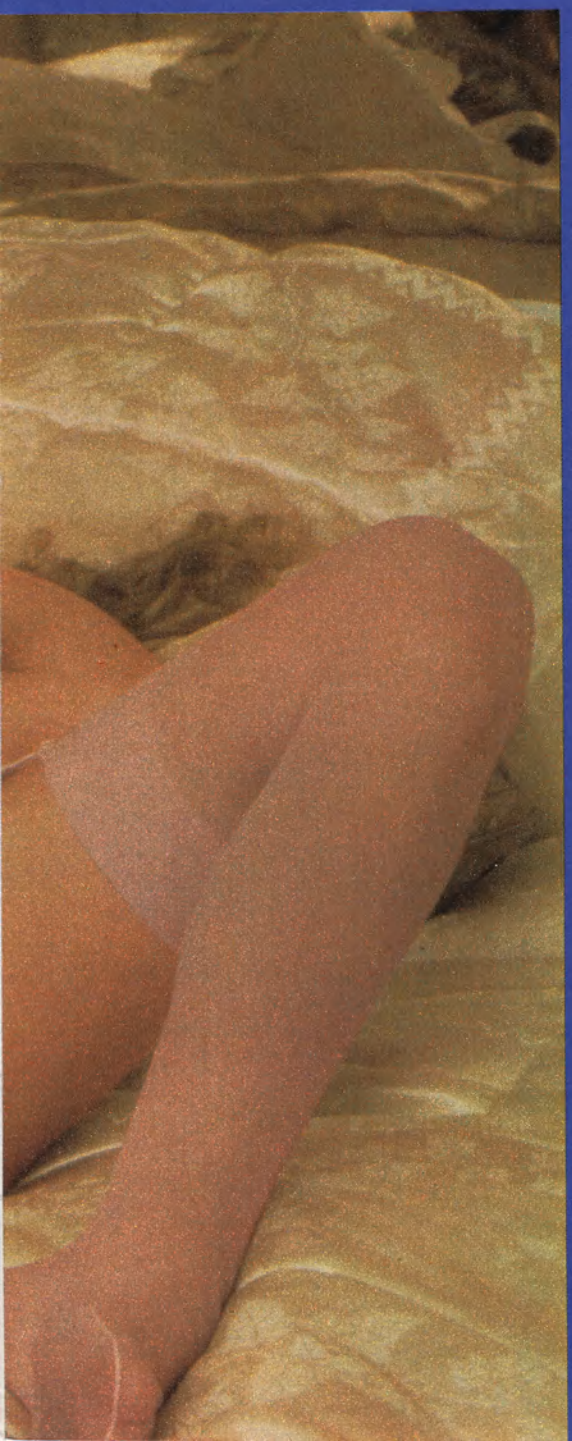
Playing her role to the hilt, she savors
her partner's breast buds, then lies back, smiling,
to enjoy the fruits of her labor . . .

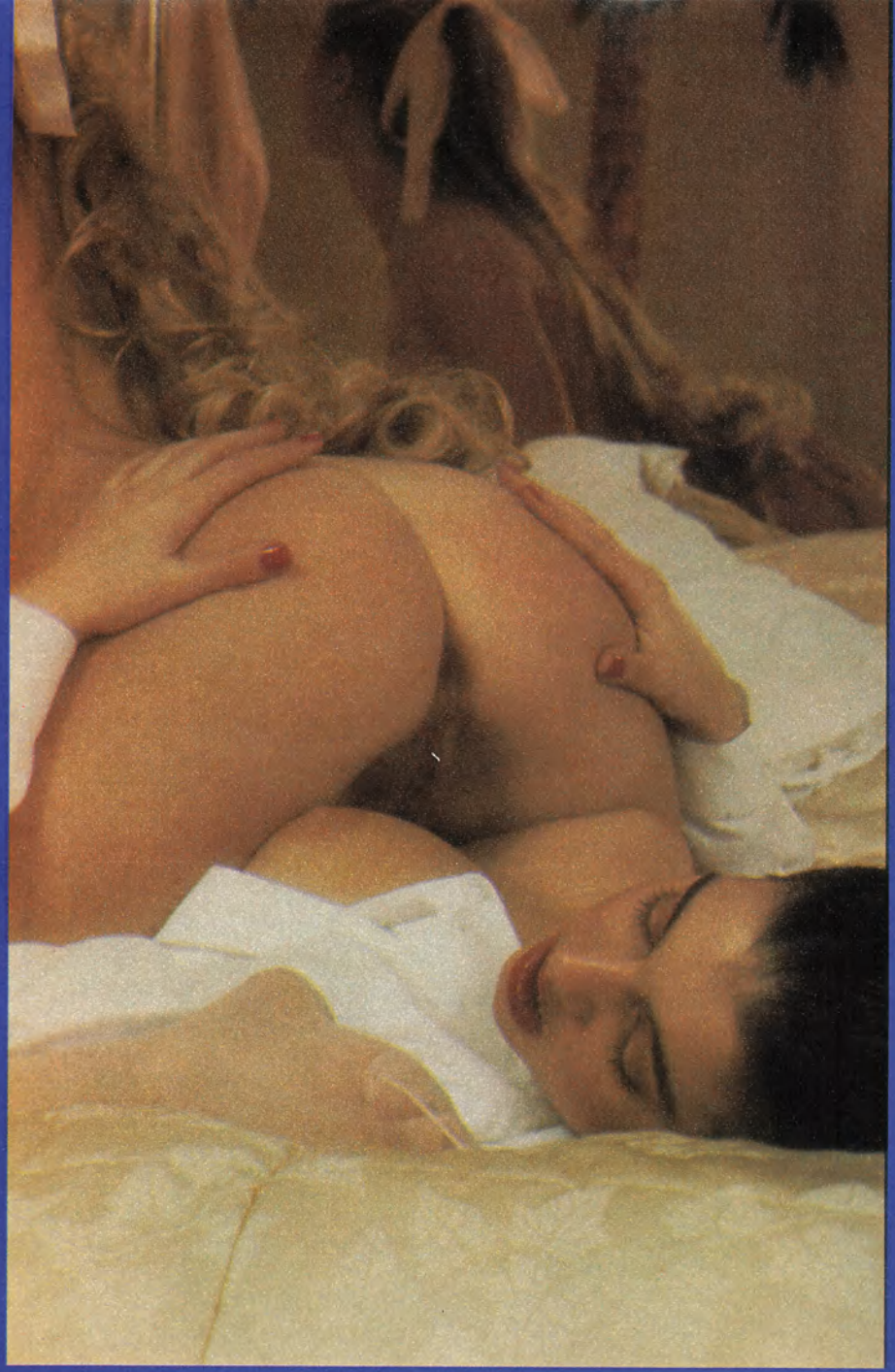


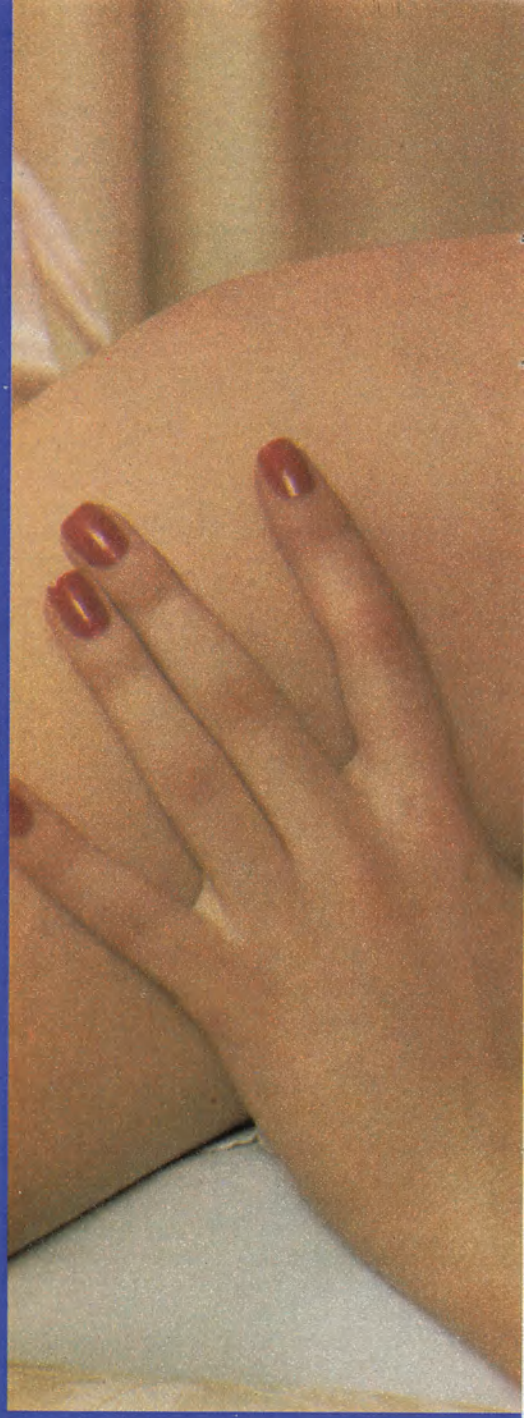


Though steeped in Depression daydreams,
they spend a night of elation, groping for the past by
feverishly fondling the present . . .

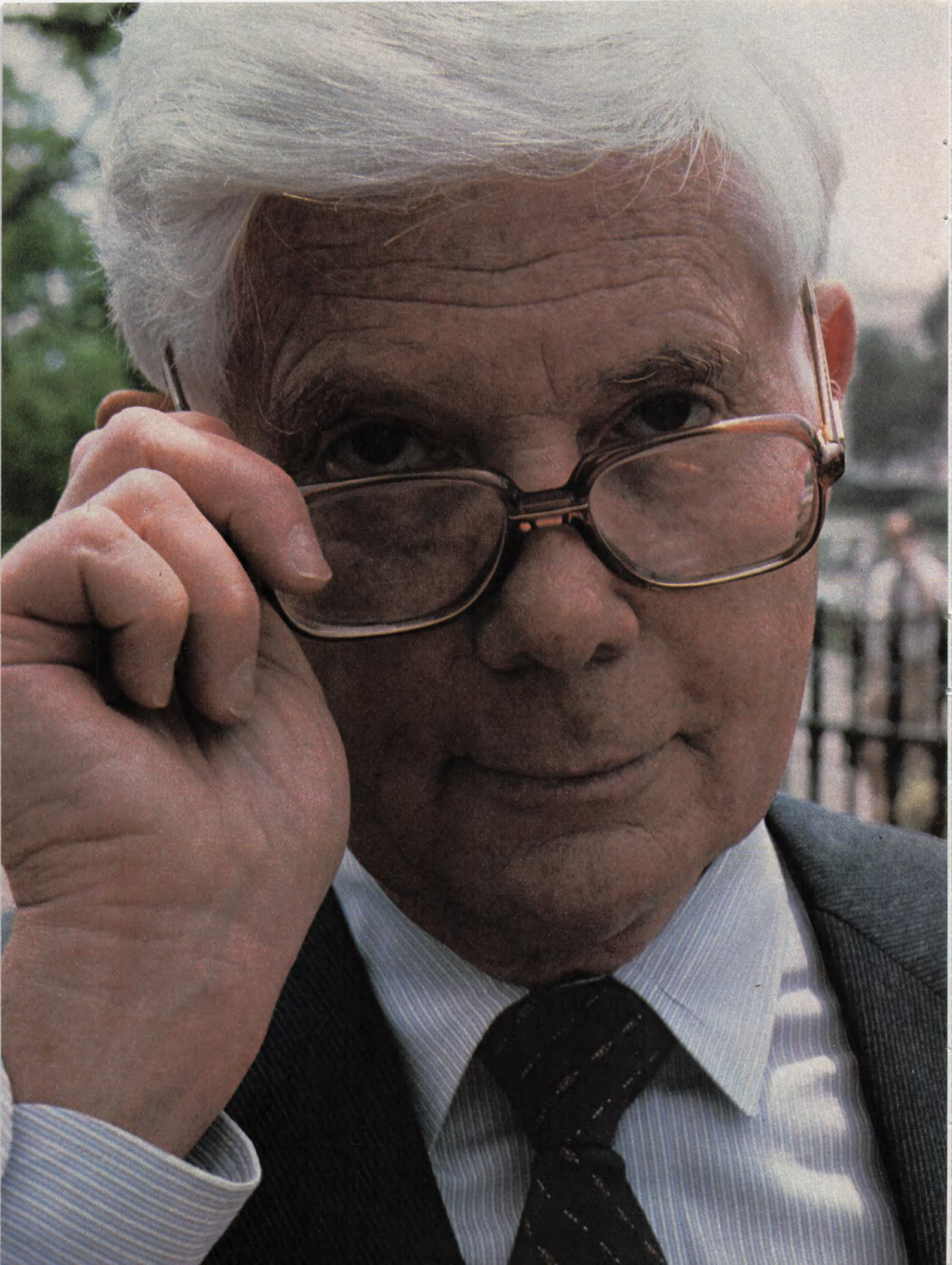
Continuing this sensuous charade, they stage an uncensored version of show-and-tell. The handsome aggressor, a proudly erect sculptor's dream, is caressed by artful hands as she huskily commands, "Please touch . . ."







No reason, they reason, why this
white-tie affair can't go on. Like conspiring
gangsters of love, they kiss
and promise more stolen nights together.



"If I were the leading voice behind the creation of a new party, quite naturally I would be regarded not only as the party leader but as the prospective nominee of the party as well. And I don't shrink from that thought."

JOHN ANDERSON

As the nation settles in for what the experts say will be a long recession, more and more people will protest their innocence by remarking: "Don't blame me, I voted for John Anderson." After all, it was the then obscure Illinois congressman who warned a national TV audience early in the 1980 presidential contest that Ronald Reagan's pledge to cut taxes, balance the budget, and raise defense spending could be done only "with mirrors."

Anderson's candor and his willingness to swim against the popular political current quickly propelled him from an asterisk in the opinion polls to the covers of *Time* and *Newsweek*. His calm manner and extraordinary oratory skills, displayed in debates against Reagan and other GOP candidates, gave the Illinois representative a media credibility that never quite took hold of the electorate.

After some encouraging finishes in early primaries, Anderson's hopes of an upset in the GOP race fizzled. He was especially disappointed by poor returns in Wisconsin and Illinois, his Midwest base of support.

Though he had earlier pledged to support the GOP nominee, Anderson began an independent race in April 1980. His legion of youthful loyalists on college campuses brought back memories of the long-shot campaign of Eugene McCarthy, another political maverick, in 1968. And like "Clean Gene," Anderson became the favorite son of establishment liberals, such as TV producer Norman Lear and General Motors heir Stewart Mott. The *New York Times* dubbed him "Mr. Conscience," and he was endorsed by *The New Republic*. His troops collected 2 million signatures on petitions to put him on the ballot in every state—an achievement many experts considered impossible.

Though some polls predicted he would capture as much as 25 percent of the vote, Anderson could not overcome the obstacles that have traditionally hampered third-party efforts—especially lack of money. On election day he failed to carry a single state, capturing almost 7 percent of the vote.

"I knew that the polls of April and part of May were not going to be replaced by a serious poll showing that in every way, every day, we were getting stronger and stronger," says Anderson. "I knew the chances were astonishingly small."

So why did he stay in the race? "I had reached the maturity of my political career and I wanted to leave a mark. I was not Don Quixote and I was not tilting at windmills."

Anderson insists he is not yet out of the national picture. He believes the 5.7 million voters who cast their lot with him underscore the impulse for a "new politics" in the U.S.—a politics that cannot be satisfied, he says, by the orthodoxies of the Democratic and Republican parties.

The Anderson campaign-in-waiting for 1984 operates out of his Washington home. Its bimonthly newsletter quotes philosopher Edmund Burke on the masthead: "All that is necessary for evil to triumph is for good men to do nothing."

This emphasis on personal morality rather than ideology is an important factor in John Anderson's politics. During his twenty years in Congress, when he represented suburban Rockford, he was all over the spectrum. For the first ten years, he was a faithful Republican. He crisscrossed the country stumping for Barry Goldwater in 1964; received a zero rating from the liberal Americans for Democratic Action in the early 1960s; voted to retain the House Un-American Activities Committee; opposed most antipoverty and labor-sponsored legislation; and was a hawk on Vietnam well into the 1970s. He rose to a Republican leadership position in the House, siding with the Nixon administration 70 percent of the time. For this, Nixon once dubbed him "one of my intellectuals."

His most infamous legislative proposal was a constitutional amendment declaring that the U.S. "devoutly recog-

PHOTOGRAPH BY TONY GUCCIONE

nizes the authority and law of Jesus Christ, Savior and Ruler of Nations, through whom we are bestowed the blessings of Almighty God."

Yet Anderson began to buck the party line regularly in the second half of his congressional tenure. He provided the tie-breaking vote that passed the open-housing statutes of the Civil Rights Act of 1968, and he was the first Republican in Congress to call for Nixon's resignation during Watergate, calling the president "morally unfit." He displayed political courage by voting against the federal bailout of Chrysler and the B-1 bomber despite the presence of a Chrysler plant and a prominent B-1 subcontractor in his district.

On the campaign trail two years ago, Anderson was equally eclectic. On fiscal matters, he stressed his conservatism by emphasizing the need for a balanced budget (he proposed legislation limiting federal spending to a fixed 20 percent of the gross national product). But on social issues he was (and remains) clearly liberal: pro-choice, pro-ERA, and anti-MX missile. And he has recommended the decriminalization of marijuana. His former colleagues in Congress say he is honest and exceptionally intelligent, a man of great personal integrity and ambition.

Anderson is the first to say that he is not personally charismatic or exciting, but he is too modest. For he is now one of the most popular lecturers on the campus circuit, an occupation that earns him a modest living. Physically trim and still photogenic at the age of sixty, Anderson looks ready for another run for the White House.

Penthouse interviewers Rinker Buck and Philip Nobile talked with Anderson in his home near the National Cathedral. Keke Anderson, her husband's most trusted adviser, was on hand. There is no doubt that Anderson is gearing up for another presidential race in 1984—one in which he envisions himself occupying the center between a right-wing Republican candidate and a Democrat who will run on a far-left platform.

"You are going to see a rather sharp polarization take place in the politics of this country," he said. "I think that will leave a rather vast area open for a candidate espousing the kind of views that I espouse."

Penthouse: Will you run in '84?

Anderson: I have recently resolved a dispute over $500,000 with the Federal Election Commission. It is permitting me to refund that money to people who contributed to me after December 5th. When I return these donations, I am going to send a letter in which I suggest the formation of a new party. Given the political paralysis of the Republicans and Democrats and their failure to inspire new solutions to our grave national problems, I think that a new party is called for. I'm not prepared to say whether this new party is capable of winning the first time. That will depend on future events. But at least we can begin.

I'm going to try to discover if there are enough people around the country who share my point of view, who are willing to invest time, money, and energy to start a credible organization at least two full years before the election. If I can raise money to assemble a staff and hire some political experts to help me, I will prepare for a national political convention in '83. I've totally committed myself to the proposition that you can't do it simply as an independent. You've got to have a party. Depending on the outcome of that effort, I will decide whether or not to run again.

Penthouse: So, if nominated by this new party, you will run again?

Anderson: I'm not so egotistical as to think that a new party would necessarily have to turn to me. But I have to assume, and most people would be warranted in assuming, that if I were the leading voice behind the creation of a new party, quite naturally I would be regarded not only as the party leader but as the prospective nominee of the party as well. And I don't shrink from that thought.

Penthouse: In 1980 you had a hell of a time persuading any politician from either party to run with you. Won't you be just as lonely in '84?

Anderson: I don't cherish the illusion of a mass exodus within the ranks of the Democratic and the Republican parties. I don't expect hordes of politicians to cry out, "We're leaving this vale of tears and going on to higher ground with John Anderson."

When I look at what has happened in the last year and a half in this country with respect to the transcendent issue of preventing nuclear war, I am encouraged. For example, the opposition to nuclear war and the call for a nuclear freeze has developed outside the Republican and Democratic parties.

Sure, Hatfield and Kennedy and the others came along because they didn't want the freeze train to leave the station without them. And if there is a growing perception among people in the country that something is very wrong with our political system, then I have to think that the idea of a new party will eventually burst into flame, like spontaneous combustion in a pile of oily old rags. Then and only then—just as the nuclear issue had to acquire great momentum before Kennedy, Hatfield, and the others climbed aboard—will we see the day when leading figures of the Republican and Democratic parties say, "Ah, the time has come for us to do what maybe a year ago we would have thought unthinkable."

Penthouse: "The Anderson Difference" was your campaign slogan. What difference would you have made as president these past two years?

Anderson: I would have pursued an entirely different set of foreign-policy objectives, which would have carried over into domestic fiscal policy. I'm convinced that the deep economic morass facing the country—high unemployment, high interest rates, and a lagging economy that is not coming out of the recession as promptly or as sharply as had been anticipated, indeed promised—goes to the world view of this administration. We are locked in a twilight struggle with the Soviet Union over the domination of international affairs. In reaction to the Soviet military buildup in the 1970s, we've decided to go ahead with Operation Catch-Up and increase the Pentagon's budget by huge amounts. This military spending, in turn, is producing the kind of deficit that prevents economic recovery.

As president, I would have tried from the outset, Afghanistan and Poland notwithstanding, to stay on the track of strategic-arms negotiations. By the time Soviet Foreign Minister Gromyko even sits down with Alexander Haig, this administration will have lost a full year and a half. I think we have forfeited many opportunities to dampen some of the rising tensions in the world while we feed on the belief that the only solution is increasing spending by the Pentagon.

Penthouse: What would you have done differently in your first 100 days?

Anderson: I certainly would not have had my secretary of state make El Salvador a classic case for confrontation between East and West in Central America. I would have established an entirely different tone, which would have reassured the country that we were not going on a binge of guns and butter. I would have called a halt to the nuclear-arms race rather than accelerated it. Therefore my budget would not have had to pay for a military buildup by taking it out of the hide of the poor of this country.

Penthouse: Let's talk about Ronald Reagan. During the 1980 campaign, you said that the Republicans would not only lose with Reagan as their nominee but that the party would be committing suicide as well. You were wrong on the first point. Do you still feel the GOP has signed a suicide pact?

Anderson: Yes, I do. And I want to make a prediction right here: Ronald Reagan will not even run for second term as president of the United States. I think he will continue the tradition of one-term presidents that began after Dwight Eisenhower left the White House in 1961. That is how confident I am about Reagan's inability to rescue the economy of this country and rehabilitate our alliances abroad.

Penthouse: You don't give the president much credit.

Anderson: I think he is going to prove to be a disaster. Senator Robert Packwood spoke the truth when he said that the Republicans can't build a party on white Anglo-Saxon males over forty.

Ronald Reagan has moved the Republican party so far right of center that he has

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BY ART CUMINGS

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made it nonviable as a political structure. I don't believe that women any longer look on the Republican party as a means of expressing their views. Blacks are totally alienated. Young people are increasingly alarmed about the imperialistic foreign policy he has pursued. Even senior citizens are going to be disenchanted when the full bite of the Reagan program is felt. And labor is already gone—ten million people are unemployed.

Penthouse: So who's left?

Anderson: He has left, I think, a steadily shrinking, very narrow base among the highly affluent, among the types who, as he does, read and clip *Human Events* and believe that the Soviet menace takes precedence over every other threat to the country and that it is therefore necessary to arm to the teeth. And that, I believe, is a smaller base than the Republican party had when Jerry Ford left office in 1977.

Penthouse: Sometimes it seems as if President Reagan really frightens you in some ways. Is he senile in your view?

Anderson: I don't know about the physiological processes of Mr. Reagan, but I do know that he stopped growing mentally a long time ago. And that the grooves that apparently were placed in his brain, as he recited from those now famous three-by-five cards in the many years that he was lecturing under the auspices of the General Electric Company, and the philosophy that he absorbed during that period have apparently etched lines of thought so deep that he is unable to come up with new ideas, new thinking. I think that he is a man who is old in his mind.

Penthouse: Is there a Strangeloveian quality about Reagan that disturbs you, now that you have seen him a year and a half in the White House?

Anderson: I think that Mr. Reagan is an incurable romantic. Any man who refers, as he once did not long ago, to Vietnam as a noble cause clearly convicts himself of a willingness to pursue the kind of policies where war could be the only outcome. Back in the seventeenth century, the Spanish thought that the strength of a nation was determined by how much gold you could pile up. Ronald Reagan, I think, believes that the strength of the country lies in its ability to project overwhelming military force. And it is a view of the world that is so totally inappropriate to a nuclear age that I don't think that it is being extreme to suggest that subconsciously, if not consciously, Mr. Reagan seems to feel that out of what he would view as the redemptive fires of conflict we will somehow purify and refine the American character and emerge a stronger country.

Penthouse: Is the Reagan administration leading us toward nuclear war?

Anderson: I can't believe that President Reagan and Secretary Haig are so utterly oblivious to the impact of their statements that they would say the things they have said unless it betrayed an inner consciousness on their part that the risk of nuclear war should be acceptable.

The present administration seems to be willing to conduct a foreign policy and to base its national-security policy on the idea that it is perfectly possible to fight and to win a nuclear war. Reagan's proposed plan to spend $700 million on civil defense is a macabre charade. There is no civil defense in a nuclear war.

Penthouse: If you were president, under what conditions would you press the button?

Anderson: I would not be the first to use nuclear weapons.

Penthouse: But would you retaliate against a Soviet first strike?

Anderson: I would not forswear the retaliatory use of nuclear weapons, because that would completely erode the basis of deterrence. Unfortunately, until we can eliminate nuclear arms, mutual assured destruction—with the bizarre but all too apt acronym MAD—is probably the only doctrine that works.

Penthouse: Let's say war broke out and the Soviets vaporized New York and Washington before we had the opportunity to respond. Can you envision a situation in which you tell the Soviet leader on the hot line, "You've destroyed two of our cities. I'm not going to retaliate if we end this now. We have one minute to decide"?

Anderson: Yes, I can. If the issue were literally the survival of civilization, it would be very imprudent for me to say otherwise. Yet I don't wish to encourage the Soviets to believe they can achieve certain goals of expansion with a limited nuclear attack. But in the name of common humanity, I don't see how any man, least of all the man that you are talking to, can fail to answer your question without considering options short of atomic response. A full nuclear exchange would simply destroy the planet.

Penthouse: Do you agree with the Catholic bishops who recently declared that even the possession of weapons is a moral evil?

Anderson: Yes, I would agree with that argument. On the other hand, we live in the real world. Unilateral disarmament is politically unacceptable.

Penthouse: As commander in chief, you could order an immediate freeze on the development, manufacture, and deployment of nuclear weapons. Would you do that?

Anderson: I would go back to the speech that Mr. Brezhnev made before the Young Communist League last May. To be sure, I have read only the excerpts translated into English by TASS and published in American newspapers. But Brezhnev's remarks are considerably more forthcoming than anything else we have heard from the Russians. He is willing to proceed with the dismantling of intermediate-range ballistic missiles based in Eastern Europe and assures us that these missiles will not be reestablished behind the Urals, where they could continue to threaten France and Germany.

I would take that offer up with alacrity.

Penthouse: What would you offer Chairman Brezhnev?

Anderson: What would I offer him? In exchange for a verified agreement that he would dismantle up to two-thirds of those missiles and provide the assurances that they would not simply be moved elsewhere so that they could be targeted against the same Western European cities, I would be willing to sit down and talk to him about not putting 572 Pershing II's and Cruise missiles in Europe that would be aimed at Russian targets. The time has come, in scriptural terms, to walk the extra mile. We ought to pounce on any sign that they are willing to do business on this issue and push for an agreement instead of being hauled kicking and screaming to the table, which is still the impression that we give—even after Reagan's zero-option speech of November 18th last year.

Penthouse: Surely you were surprised by the nuclear olive branch Reagan offered at Eureka College last spring.

Anderson: Even Ronald Reagan, with all the arteriosclerotic thinking that afflicts him on the subject of disarmament, can't ignore a million people marching in Europe. Nor can he dismiss what is happening in this country: a hundred and sixty-seven members of Congress who introduced a bilateral freeze resolution.

As far as I am concerned, Ronald Reagan is yielding grudgingly, just as Richard Nixon did on Watergate. Inch by inch he will yield a little territory and say, "Well, we'll sit down and talk about this." But there has been no great intellectual conversion to the idea that this is the road that he must travel. So I am not sanguine.

Penthouse: Therefore Brezhnev is right and Reagan is wrong on the freeze?

Anderson: I am not afraid to say that Chairman Brezhnev is right on the issue of the freeze. Unless we have a freeze now, these talks will last until 1984. They'll begin, perhaps, late in 1982; they'll go through all of 1983. Nobody in his right mind believes that we'll see an agreement in an election year. That means you've got fully two and a half years while talks are going on, while all of the Doctor Strangeloves on both sides are busy at their drawing boards, designing new weapons and making the qualitative improvements on old ones. That's why I think we ought to have a freeze now, and why I think Reagan is insincere when he opposes a freeze of any kind.

Penthouse: Why did you say Brezhnev was right?

Anderson: Because Brezhnev realizes that qualitative improvements on both sides over the next two and a half years means that we will both be so much farther down the road toward designing and producing new weapons that neither side will then favor a freeze.

Penthouse: On the domestic front now, let's turn to Reaganomics. Who is he really helping?

Anderson: He speaks, I think, for that very comfortable segment of American society that has "made it." I think that it never enters his mind to do what Adlai Stevenson once said: "I would like to comfort the afflicted and afflict the comfortable." I don't think Ronald Reagan would dream of afflicting the comfortable, because there isn't anything in his economic program up to this point that I think has caused any reasonable anguish to those who already find themselves in a very comfortable economic situation. And it's a kind of "I'm all right, Jack" philosophy, which is almost disdainful of those who are down there on the lower rung of the economic ladder and have not been able to make the climb to the top.

Penthouse: You mean the blacks?

Anderson: Yes, among others. With respect to the blacks, I really don't believe Reagan cares about them. They didn't form a very important ingredient of the electoral coalition that brought him to victory in 1980, so I suppose for purely political reasons he might disregard blacks. But I don't think that he has any real deep-seated feeling that 300 years of neglect of civil rights of this country have not been remedied in the brief space of the sixteen, seventeen, eighteen years since we really began to address that problem. He has no real passion for advancing the cause of civil rights in this country. For Reagan, that's just another one of those problems where government ought to step back, get out of the way, where people, just by some strange process of alchemy, are going to see their situation change for the better. And that clearly is not true.

> I want to make a prediction right here: Ronald Reagan will not even run for second term as president. . . . That is how confident I am about his inability to rescue the economy of this country.

Penthouse: By default, is Reaganomics racist?

Anderson: Yes, in effect. Trickle-down economics affects blacks disproportionately, and is implicitly, almost explicitly, a racist philosophy.

Penthouse: Why?

Anderson: Because the administration has no other program to combat inflation. Fortuitously, we've got an oil glut. Do you realize that back in 1973 and 1974, fully one-half of the inflation that erupted after the oil embargo was owed to higher grain prices coming out of the 1972 wheat deal with Russia and the quadrupling of oil prices in 1973? At least another quarter of the inflation rate that resulted was from the weakness of the American dollar. But now they've got a strong dollar, which helps fight inflation, because of high interest rates.

Mr. Volcker flew to the rescue. Despite public posturing about his dislike for higher interest, it's the only thing that brought down the inflation rate from 12.4 percent in 1980 to 8.8 percent in 1981.

Penthouse: Apparently, Reagan's sympathy for the country's corporate community is fostering greed on a grand scale.

Anderson: It's almost unbelievable. When United States Steel can decide to put some $5 billion of its assets into the takeover of Marathon Oil, and when DuPont spends more than $7 billion to buy out Conoco, they are not looking out for the economic welfare of the nation. These multinational corporations are merely looking out for themselves.

Penthouse: But that's democratic capitalism, is it not?

Anderson: Perhaps, but I'd like to introduce democracy into the corporate structure. I think the public interest is being ignored in this current merger mania.

The idea that huge lines of credit should be made available to facilitate corporate mergers at a time when we are worried about a credit crunch is absolutely insane. In many cases, these companies are taking over companies that are already efficient and well organized. They are merely adding to the possibility that their stockholdings are going to be protected or appreciate in value as a result of a merger coup. When William Agee of Bendix is allowed to amass $600 million of his stockholders' money and then sit around, gimlet-eyed, looking on whom he can pounce on—that isn't exactly in the public interest.

Penthouse: How do you combat that?

Anderson: You take away the incentives in the tax code for what are essentially nonproductive investments. If you want to make the investments, go ahead—but you are not going to receive the subsidy from the U.S. taxpayer.

Penthouse: Social Security seems to be a puzzle without solution. Do you have any ideas about how to replenish this fast-dwindling fund?

Anderson: We must put some kind of a cap on those cost-of-living increases for people who have other sources of income. When I first ran for Congress in 1960, an old friend of the family's, who happened to be a very wealthy manufacturer, came to the first meeting of my finance committee and threw his Social Security check on the table. "I can certainly afford to give you this as the initial contribution to your campaign," he said. He needed Social Security like I need a hole in the head.

Adjusting those payments for people who don't need them because of investments and other income could save bil-

CONTINUED ON PAGE 188

The priceless personal possessions of history's most dangerous tyrant are presented for the first time in this exclusive *Penthouse* collection.

HITLER'S SECRET TREASURE

TEXT AND PHOTOGRAPHS BY RON LAYTNER

For more than thirty years, the treasure lay somewhere in Pennsylvania, wrapped in a nondescript box under the bed of a man we'll call John.

The contents of that box, including an old, tinted picture of a woman with startling blue eyes, an album with crudely rendered watercolors, and a slightly damaged portrait of a German shepherd, turned out to be the most personal possessions of Adolf Hitler.

They have turned up in the care of a wealthy retired businessman, who purchased them from the man we've called John (who has requested anonymity). As a young U.S. Army sergeant in 1945, John found them in Munich after Hitler's Third Reich collapsed in flames and smuggled them into the United States. Once home, however, John grew fearful of legal prosecution and hid the loot in his bedroom.

Not realizing the value of what he had found, John gave away some of the material he had smuggled out of Germany and actually threw out other items—including Hitler's personal diary, an invaluable historical document, now apparently lost forever. But what remains is a priceless glimpse into mankind's most terrible nightmare, including such morbidly beautiful items as the silver ball on a stand (shown above), which when opened reveals a jeweled swastika ring.

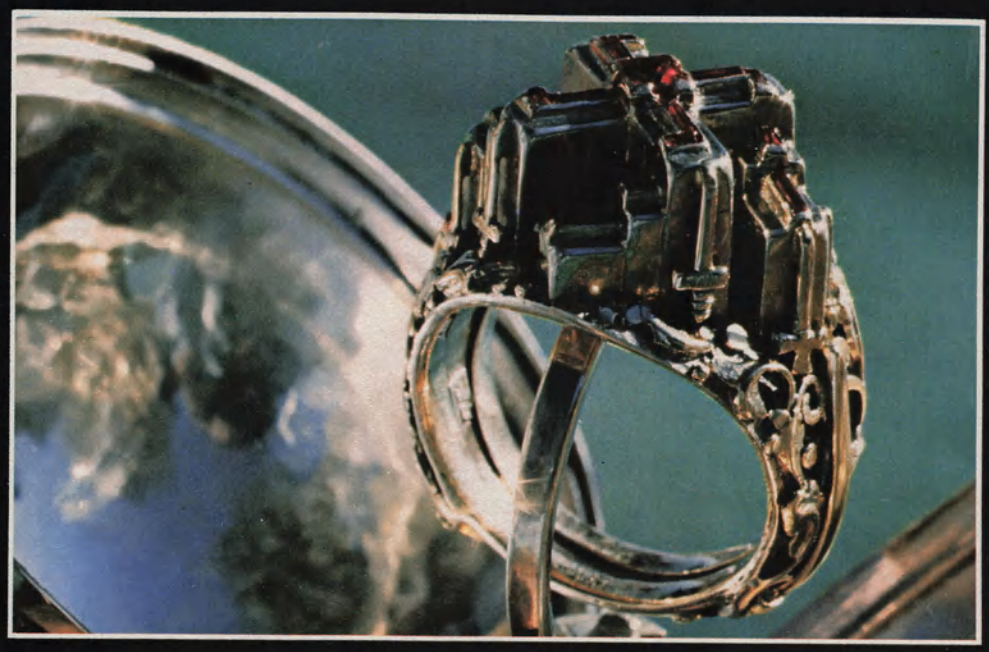
Ray Bily (right), the retired businessman who bought the Hitler treasures from John, shows one of the priceless items from his collection, a banner of one of the original Nazi stormtrooper (Brownshirt) regiments that fought during Hitler's rise to power. Below is a portrait of Hitler's dog, Blondi, the German dictator's closest companion. The handwriting on the portrait has been authenticated as Hitler's. The gold gun, shown in side and rear views on the opposite page, was handmade by a German weapons company as a gift to Hitler. Its value has recently been appraised at $370,000. At lower right on the opposite page is a decorated plate, made of 800-point silver and ambergris, that was a gift to Hitler from officials in East Prussia. The plate was supposed to be a prize for the winner of a pistol-shooting match among Nazi leaders during the annual Nazi party congress in 1939.

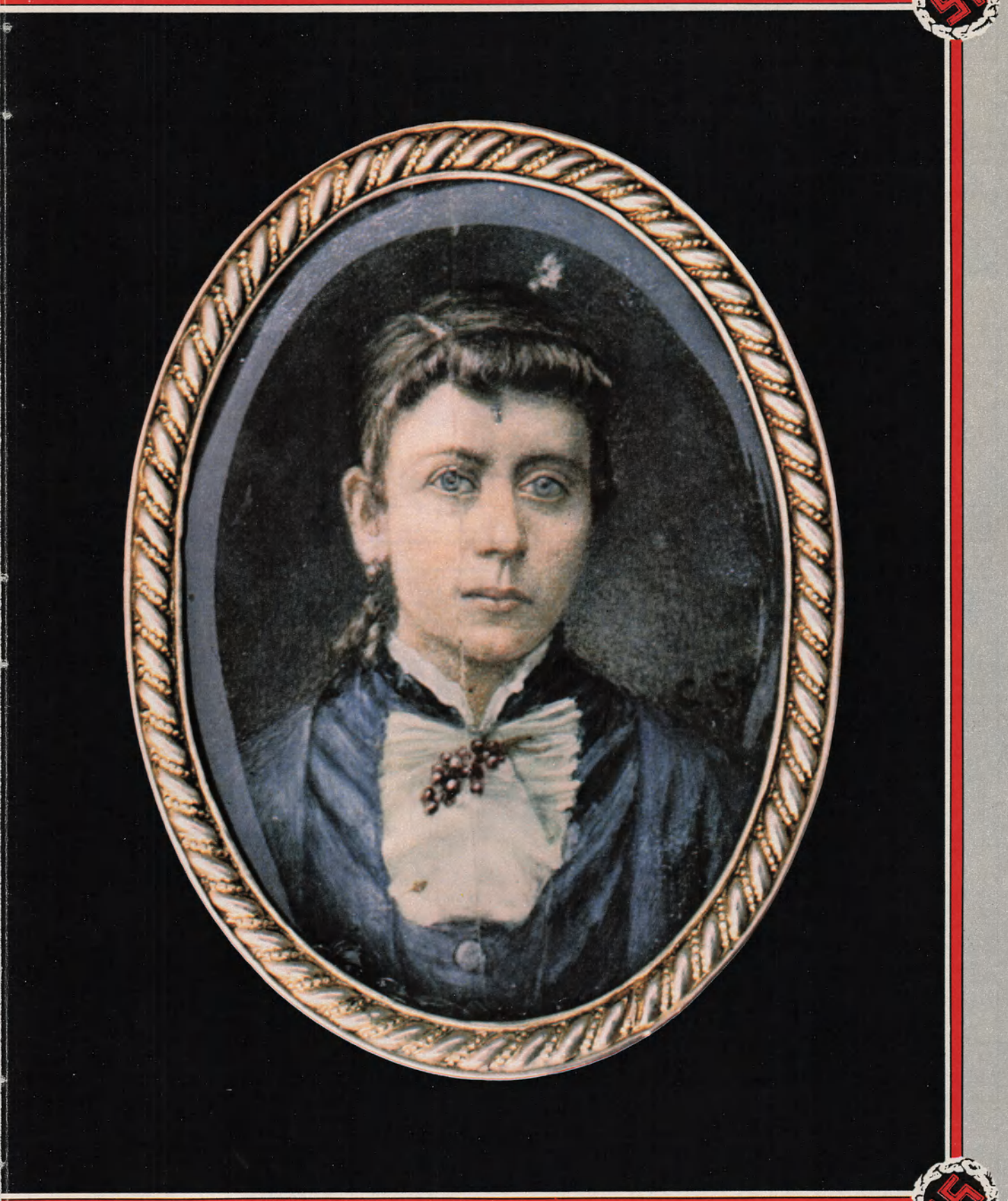
„Rotfront und Reaktion zum Trutz,
unserem Führer zum Schutz"

SUHL

WETTKAMPFSCHIESSEN DER POLITISCHEN LEITER REICHSPARTEITAG 1939
EHRENGABE DES OBERPRÄSIDENTEN DER PROVINZ OSTPREUSSEN

On the opposite page is the most remarkable item from the Hitler treasures, a colored portrait on ivory of his mother. It is the only known picture in color of the woman, and Hitler wrote "Mutter" (the German word for mother) on the back of the portrait. The picture, which shows the extraordinary physical resemblance between mother and son, is believed to have been Hitler's most treasured possession. (Hitler was very close to his mother, and historians have long speculated about the effect of that relationship on the dictator's psyche.) On this page are two other of Hitler's treasured items, a special medal (left) given to Hitler commemorating the return of the Saar region to Germany in 1935, and (below) a swastika ring, of platinum and rubies, on a silver-mounted pedestal inside a silver ball. Interestingly, nowhere in Hitler's possessions are there any mementos relating to Eva Braun, his longtime mistress.





EXTRA

A compendium of bizarre, idiotic, lurid, and ofttimes witless driblets of information culled from the nation's press

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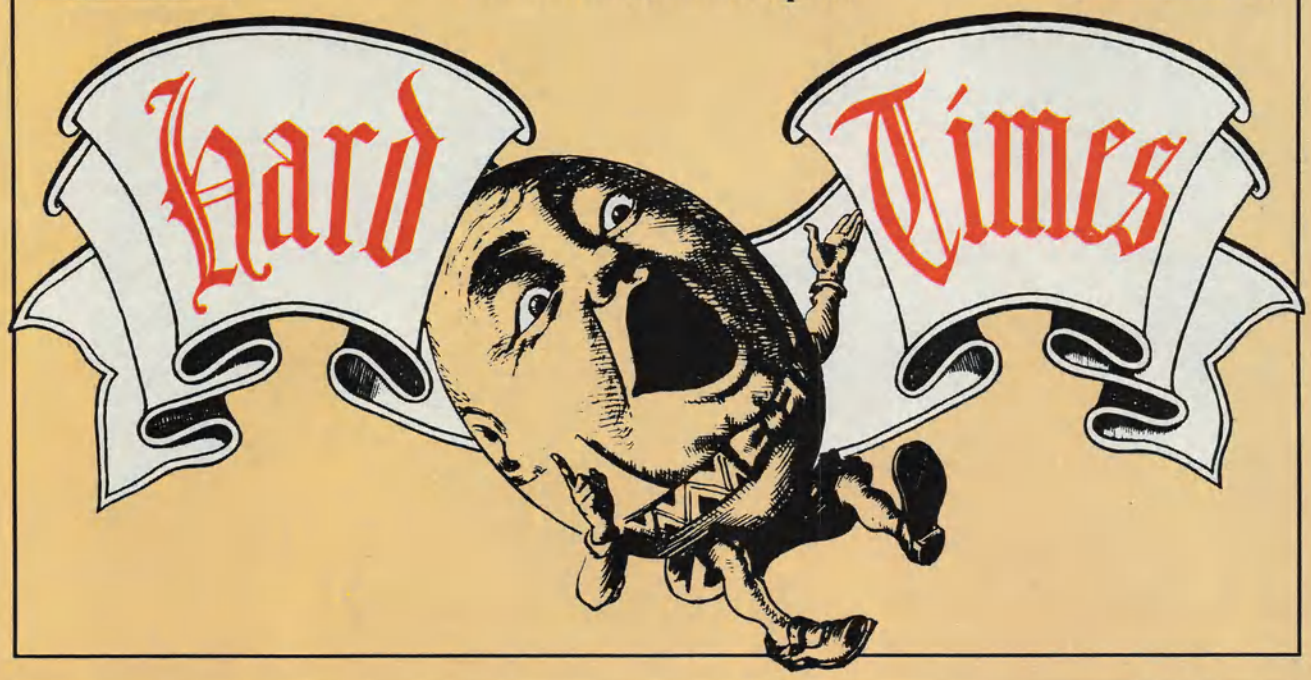

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BOY KILLS MOM OVER SPANKING

The quiet life of an all-American family exploded into a bloody hell when a 12-year-old boy turned a shotgun on his parents before blowing his own head off–because he was angry over being spanked.

The picturesque hamlet of Hazel Dell, Wash., reeled in shock at the news of the grisly murder-suicide that left both the mother and her son dead and the father critically wounded.

"It's a real tragedy," Clark County Sheriff Frank Kanekoa told the *News*.

"We've interviewed everyone who knew the family–neighbors, friends, even the paperboy–and no one could explain why this happened."

Kanekoa said the horrible act of violence was sparked by a spanking James and Darlene Mathis gave their son, James Mathis, Jr., for riding a motorcycle without permission.

"The boy was disciplined for riding one of the parent's motorcycles," the sheriff said.

"Later the parents left the boy at home and went for a ride on their motorcycles."

A neighborhood youth told investigators that he stopped by the Mathis house and found young James toying with two shotguns and a machete.

The Mathis boy told his friend he was "going to shoot his parents for spanking him."

"When the parents came home, the boy was there ready," Kanekoa said. "He was waiting for them with the .12-gauge pump in the living room."

The sheriff said the parents saw their son holding the loaded shotgun when they opened the front door and turned to flee when the boy opened fire.

"The mother took it in the back three times," Kanekoa said.

"The father turned around and came back to help his wife. The father got it in the chest when he ran up to help the mother and got it in the back when he tried to turn and run away from the boy."

Wide World

James Mathis being helped by medics after his son shot him.

The sheriff said that as the man and woman lay sprawled on the front lawn, the boy turned the shotgun on himself.

"There was nothing left of his head," Kanekoa said. "It appears that he just put the barrel of the gun in his mouth and pulled the trigger."

Though the father was critically wounded, he is expected to recover fully from the wounds inflicted by his son.

The sheriff said he has spent the days following the bloodbath looking for some answer to explain why it happened.

"We just don't know," he said. "The family lived in a nice, well-kept house. The boy hadn't been abused by his parents.

"According to everyone who knew him, the boy was an intelligent, well-liked kid. As far as we have been able to determine, this terrible thing was just a spontaneous act of a 12-year-old boy." *(Weekly World News)*

Boys will be boys.–Editor

JUST A LITTLE PUP-SQUEAK

RDR Productions

She's just a little pip-squeak, but Pip the pup hopes to make a big name for herself. Weighing a mere eight ounces when she was 6 weeks old, Pip is one of the tiniest Yorkshire terriers in the world. And her owner, Audrey Ducker of Sheffield, England, hopes her puppy will earn a place in the record books. Here, Pip–at 1½ inches tall and 3 inches long–poses in Mrs. Ducker's palm. *(National Enquirer–submitted by Kelly Mitchell)*

RAPES HIS GIRLFRIEND'S MOTHER

A 20-year-old woman and her boyfriend, 24, both of North Attleboro, Mass., are being held in Maryland on charges that they kidnapped and he raped her 61-year-old mother.

Massachusetts State Police said the couple confronted the woman's mother sometime Monday in the victim's North Attleboro apartment, where the attack occurred. They then forced the victim into her car and began driving south to Maryland, police said.

The boyfriend, who was on parole from a Maryland prison, was driving the victim's car at 7 A.M. Tuesday when Prince George's County, Md., police stopped the car for running a red light in Bladensburg. The alleged victim got out of the car and reported the incident to police. *(Boston Herald American)*

Just like a woman...–Editor

ANIMALS STONED IN DEATH CIRCUS

Visitors to the World Cup soccer games in Malaga, Spain, will be treated to a sideshow of horror–a death circus for animals in which rabbits, hens, ducks, and geese are penned up and stoned to death for the amusement of fairgoers.

Thrill seekers will be able to buy three stones for a quarter to participate in the gory spectacle.

"We do this every year," said Señora Olivia Albarron, organizer of the fair.

"It's a popular event and we raise a lot of money from it," she said. Albarron said the money is used by her village to buy decorations for their annual religious festivals. *(Weekly World News–submitted by Kelly Mitchell)*

It's the annual religious festivals that worry us....Editor

KISSING PAIR ATTACKED BY ANGRY DRIVER

A motorist apparently became so impatient when newlyweds Darren and Michelle Mayeaux stopped at an intersection to kiss that he stabbed the groom, police said.

Mayeaux, 19, was treated at Rosewood General Hospital for stab wounds in his left side and released.

Mayeaux, an Air Force enlisted man stationed in Bossier City, La., and his 18-year-old bride were traveling to Galveston for their honeymoon when the attack occurred Sunday. *(Fort Worth Star–submitted by Ray Thigpen)*

MOTHER'S DAY SHOCKER

A Louisville man was arrested on Mother's Day on charges of stealing more than $1,500 worth of sterling silver from his mother.

John Craddock, 24, was arrested last night.

Police said Romona Craddock complained that a sterling-silver place setting was stolen last week from the suburban home she shares with her son. *(San Francisco Examiner–submitted by Mike and Vicky Miller)*

EDITOR'S NOTE:

We welcome your contributions for future "Hard Times" columns, and we will give a free one-year subscription to *Penthouse* to each reader whose item is printed. Send clippings to: Hard Times, c/o Penthouse, 909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. Please include the name of the newspaper and the date the clipping was published.

PROSTITUTION

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 80

dangerous . . ." He pauses. "And I've got responsibilities here."

Avoiding any further explanation, he steers me into a music shop. Lovingly, Nicky hands over his guitar for repairs and lingers, scanning the Top Forty chart. "Hey, I can tell you the top twenty, without looking," he boasts, and indeed he reels off the listings in perfect order. I catch him wistfully touching a silver electric guitar. "I'm going to be a big rock 'n' roller," Nicky says as we leave the shop. "That's what I *really* do. The only way out of where I grew up was sports, crime, or music," Nicky says, "and I'm no jock or thief. Music's pure. I'm going to be like Hendrix, you'll see." Of course, Nicky admits that he hasn't ever really played professionally. Every band he started broke up for lack of money. Money is what counts. Hooking, Nicky feels, might help him meet someone who'll support him till he "makes it." It's the only way, he thinks. "I'm not complaining, mind you," he adds, "but I didn't have a whole lot of choices. I didn't have a real easy childhood."

To say the least. Nicky's first memories were of the night his father broke his mother's nose during one of many fights. Finally the father just disappeared, leaving his mother to support Nicky and an infant brother on a take-home pay of $64 a week. Another breadwinner was needed. Nicky was drafted—at age nine.

His mother pulled him out of school, putting him to work packing groceries, shoveling snow, any odd job. When the truant officers came, she'd hide Nicky in a closet. Beatings were frequent, Nicky says, because he reminded his mother of his errant father. Sometimes she'd make him sleep outside. "I hate the bitch," Nicky says without emotion. "She took away any chances I had for a normal life." We pause by a playground. Nicky indicates a concrete wall where the faded words SAVAGE SKULLS are still discernible. "The gangs were the only family I knew. 'Cause I was so young, I was like their mascot, and it was a charge for me."

Eventually the "charge" led to Nicky's arrest for setting a fire. At that point Nicky finally got to go to school—reform school. A year later he was back, spending afternoons watching porno films at the homes of his older friends. "The media corrupts young kids' minds. Someone should have dragged me away," Nicky insists.

But no one did. Soon Nicky was tagging along on his friends' journeys to Manhattan, where easy money was to be made selling themselves on the Times Square meat rack. The N train from Brooklyn and Times Square was, in Nicky's eyes, the only passport available to a kid like him.

"And may I ask your objection to this man marrying this woman?"

"I was scared at first, but I knew I'd be good if I could get up the nerve. My cock at thirteen was already bigger than most guys'," he says smiling, glad to be back on familiar territory. "Finally some lady in a Seville pulled up and asked me if I was lost. She must have been around thirty-five. All the way back to her place she kept soothing me, pretending I was her baby and she was Mommy. A lot of women like that. It made me feel almost safe. Even when we made it she took charge and showed me some of the ropes. She was into S & M, but the spanking wasn't real painful, and I realized something kinky could feel good. I really felt great when I saw that I had her satisfied. And I made fifty bucks. After that I knew I'd found the thing to help me get ahead."

At home no one questioned the source of Nicky's cash. He left home at fifteen and has refused to see his mother since.

Home today is an attached brick house. The living room is dark, musty, and filled with old furniture like someone's grandmother's house. Which is exactly what this is. Nicky shares the house with his grandmother, claiming it's just more "convenient." She, too, never asks where the rent money comes from.

Nicky's room in the back is neat, but his bureau holds no mementos, no photos. Nicky says there's no one . . . he hesitates . . . "hardly anyone" he wants to remember.

A Jimi Hendrix poster adorns the wall with Nicky's most prized possessions, a stereo, tape deck, and amplifier, lined up underneath. But he wants more, much more. Nicky rejects the idea of a regular job.

"Who'd ever hire a guy like me?" he snaps; then adds with a smile, "But how many guys at the end of a day know they've made someone feel good? Maybe I was Valentino in another life. Believe me, I'm doing better than most of my friends. A few had to get married, but most of them," he snaps his fingers, "most of them are dead." Nicky checks his watch. It's time to get his "outfit" together for work.

Modestly he slides a screen across the room, inadvertently revealing candles and a Madonna statuette. "I'm a good Catholic," he shouts out defensively. "What I'm doing is a mortal sin. Okay. And I don't feel all that good about myself a lot of time. I haven't been to confession in ten years." He laughs. "The church would probably cave in on me. But still I think the Man upstairs hears me praying at my shrine and understands."

He emerges looking slick and older in his "uniform" of tight slacks and silk shirt. He pats the small Madonna. "I don't hurt people. I make love to them. That's gotta be points upstairs, right?" Nicky ushers me out the back door. After all, a good Catholic boy shouldn't be caught by his grandmother with a girl in his room.

The same "good Catholic boy" still feels uncomfortable with any kind of "timetables." He's a no-show for our next

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two meetings. But ten days later he's on the phone apologizing like a recalcitrant choirboy, and bursting with enthusiasm. See, Nicky's sure he's going to be off the streets after tonight. Monica, from the Lincoln, is in love with him and is picking him up tonight for a weekend in the Poconos. She said she's going to take care of him. Nicky really believes this is his break. He has to.

Eighth Avenue and Fifty-eighth Street is tonight's stomping ground, since there's been a recent bust on Forty-second Street. I catch Nicky as he emerges from a black limo. Before the door closes I catch a glimpse of a grossly overweight, fiftyish blonde in a mink. Though Nicky's "honeymoon" awaits, he's taking no chances. It's business as usual. Nicky looks delighted as he flashes the hundred-dollar bill he just made for forty-five minutes' work.

What's Nicky's magic sexual technique that has blondes in limos handing out hundreds and Monicas promising country weekends? "Men got to be responsive emotionally, and with their cock and fingers to what each individual lady wants. Maybe it's a joke, maybe a slow fuck, maybe lots of foreplay and then quick and hard. Men forgot how to seduce ladies," he says smiling. "First you have to relax them, so have a drink. I let them talk . . . sometimes about their jobs or their love affairs, but when I feel they're ready, I start kissing them slow, starting with the neck." Nicky's crooning now, his hands caressing the air. "The soft part of the neck behind the ear gets them hot, and once you get going, most women like their belly rubbed, or their clits." He thinks a moment. "Yeah, it's the rubbing that turns them on a lot. That and talking dirty. Most ladies love it but they're afraid their men will think they're bad." He leans against a doorway, posing like a street centerfold. "Mostly they love my ten inches. I give them a good ride," he adds with a thrust of his jeans.

Street hustlers like Nicky, as opposed to the few male call boys run by madams, face a special hazard: "getting it up" for even the most unattractive of clientele. Like the blonde in the limo. "No problem. The church tells us everyone's a human being inside," Nicky points out sincerely. "No matter how fat or ugly, we're all equal. I just *think* of how bad that person needs me and I get hard. Sometimes they're so lonely, they just cry. Hey, I've given it away for free if I think they need me," he concludes. Most street pros, he admits, aren't quite so magnanimous.

"Up for sale" means "up" for anything, but Nicky doesn't see that as a problem. Sexually, Nicky will indulge any fantasy "as long as it doesn't hurt too much." Nicky even feels privileged that women open up their fantasies to him. A sprinkling of S & M is the most common variation, but Nicky maintains a strange sense of propriety. One woman pulled a cat-o'-nine-tails out of her glove compartment, asking to be whipped under the West Side Highway. Nicky declined when he saw a tour bus of nuns parked a block away. "Threesomes," especially with younger single women, are also run-of-the-mill. Some women even have strapped on dildos and enlisted Nicky to wear their panties and seduce them like a woman. It's all in a day's work. He draws the line in only one area. He'll never have sex when another man is involved. "That's a sin," he claims indignantly. In this Olympiad of sex, Nicky still has his own preferences. "I'm a sensual person. I like wearing silk underwear and rubbing up against a woman, and, boy, my *dream* is satin sheets. That's what Monica promised," he says looking up the street for her Lincoln. Only a number 7 bus lumbers through the night.

A young couple in evening clothes pass by the doorway where Nicky waits. The young girl laughs and points to him. For the first time, Nicky "blows his cool." "They think I'm some kind of freak. Everyone thinks hustlers could never have a normal life. Well, look . . ." Angrily he whips something from his wallet. It's a rumpled photo of a blond baby girl in Peanuts overalls held by a smiling, freckle-faced, redheaded woman. "That's my daughter," Nicky says like any proud papa.

His wife, the mother of his child, was a nineteen-year-old shopgirl in Mays whom he fell in love with, but he was too ashamed to reveal his true profession. The birth of his daughter prompted him to try and forget his pop-star fantasies, get a job and raise a family. But true love meant being totally open, right? So, Nicky told his wife what he really did.

"And I said I'd quit! Know what?" he says. "She laughed. Know why? She was a hooker too! And she wouldn't stop! One day she took the kid and disappeared to Pennsylvania. Now she won't let me see her. That's the other reason I stay on the streets to earn good bread. I want to have my kid raised right." Quickly he shoves the photo back. "I love giving to people, but they step on you all the time. It gets to me. I'm a big baby. I want someone to appreciate me and pamper me. That's what Monica'll do." Monica seems as elusive as all of Nicky's other dreams.

Suddenly his eyes light up. The Lincoln cruises up the street. Nicky's like an anxious bride. "This is going to be the one to take care of me," Nicky announces. Keeping his walk cool and slow, he slides into the sedan like a Tinseltown Cinderella.

"Fairy tales can come true, it can happen to you," Nicky croons the following week in a creditable tenor, ushering me into the living room of Monica's expensive Upper East Side apartment. The room's decor is best described as "Alexander's Brothel." White velvet couches and mock marble tables form a semicircle around a giant TV screen. "This," Nicky says, indi-

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"There is no excuse for failing, son. Time you start concentrating on a little ass-kissing!"

Knaves of news, kings of candids,
paparazzi court celebrities when they least expect it.
And sometimes pay the price.

SHOOTING STARS

Paparazzi inhabit a murky twilight world lying somewhere between the more charted provinces of the private detective, the hard-news photographer, the star-struck fan, and the gossip columnist. In Europe these curious creatures are often referred to simply as "scum," parasites, even vermin. The word *paparazzo* was reputedly coined by Fellini for his film *La Dolce Vita,* in which hordes of photographers swarm constantly around the glittering Anita Ekberg like moths around a flame. Since then, the word has been loosely translated to mean either a rash of pimples or a swarm of stinging bees. However, this unsavory image—promoted largely by ticked-off press agents and hassled stars—ignores the other side of a tarnished coin: celebrities *thrive* on paparazzi. Some stars, in fact, must court paparazzi by feigning to run away, playing the old-fashioned coy mistresses in hopes that the fickle photographers will promptly follow hot in pursuit.

Before there were paparazzi, there were publicity stills. For decades an ardent public seemed satisfied by the stilted, retouched, glossed-up photos that preserved just those qualities the old stars so artfully chose to project: a studied image of glamour, perfect poise, age-defying beauty. But as celebrity worship grew more avid and as the public's hunger for juicy gossip and more behind-the-scenes dirt grew insatiable, fan magazines began accommodating this lust for *réalité,* printing more candid photos showing the stars closer to what they really were: actual people, who at times could look ridiculous, harried, or distinctly under the weather. And though the press agents and image-packagers at first resisted the trend, they soon discovered that the public loved their clients more for being thus exposed as human, fallible, and vulnerable.

The paparazzi in these following pages all tread an uneasy line between the genuine candid and the publicity still. On the one hand, photographers tend to be sent to events where they can be closely and properly managed by the stars' press agents and managers. But paparazzi are also pressured to get the *exclusive,* that off-guard picture that will delight tabloid editors and show the public what it secretly wants to see behind the manicured face of an actor or star. Such pressure is exponentially increased when the star is deliberately elusive, as Garbo, Brando, Pacino, and De Niro have been. Then the rarity of the image increases its value: a picture of Garbo is practically priceless.

There is also an intimacy that seems to develop between paparazzo and celebrity, similar to that which links hunter and prey, which may account for the constant reference by photographers to celebrities by their first names. Yet ultimately the paparazzi must live the celebrity life vicariously, stalking the famous through the halls of grand hotels, across the beaches of luxurious resorts, around the tables at Monte Carlo, near the yachts off Cannes (but so rarely *on* them, where the likes of Liz or Jackie or Cher or Caroline lie snacking on caviar and sipping champagne). In pursuit of the prominent and prosperous, a few highly successful paparazzi have become just as well known as the fashionable figures they so relentlessly haunt. But though seemingly glamorous, theirs is not an easy life. As often as not, paparazzi must endure long, lonely waits in the rain, or hide behind newspapers clutching their precious wide-angle lenses while shouldering aside throngs of autograph hounds. Often they suffer vocal abuse, physical attack—and lawsuits. In the face of such challenge, here's how six top paparazzi pursue their rough and controversial craft.

BY STEVE FENICHELL

RON GALELLA

I've always had this thing for celebrities. These are packaged people. Everything they do or say is set up, by press agents, by PR people, by all sorts of flacks, and every time the public sees them they're *posed:* the hair is perfect, the face is perfect, the shot is set up to make them unreal. Before I came along, celebrity photography was all publicity stills. But I go after these people to expose the actual person under all that packaging.

One day I was walking down Fifth Avenue, just minding my own business, when I saw her . . . Jackie! There she was, just heading down the street like any ordinary human being. So I hopped in a cab and gave the guy ten bucks to tail her real slowly a couple of blocks. We were riding along a few yards behind her and I was leaning halfway out the window, and I knew I wouldn't have time for more than two shots, maybe only one. We got right up beside her and she didn't even have time to put those big sunglasses over her face. I clicked—just once, like that—and she heard it. She knew there was a photographer out there somewhere but she didn't know where and she didn't know it was me. So she turned and right then I got her again. She was magnificent—her hair was out there in the wind, her face looked terrific, her skirt was blowing all around her legs . . . and then came the moment. She saw it was *me.* And that was the one that made all the papers. People say all my pictures only show famous people reacting to me. They say it to knock me, but in fact it's true. Why am I the greatest paparazzo of them all? That is an interesting question. Probably because I am willing to go further than all the rest to avoid the usual junk, the pretty pictures.

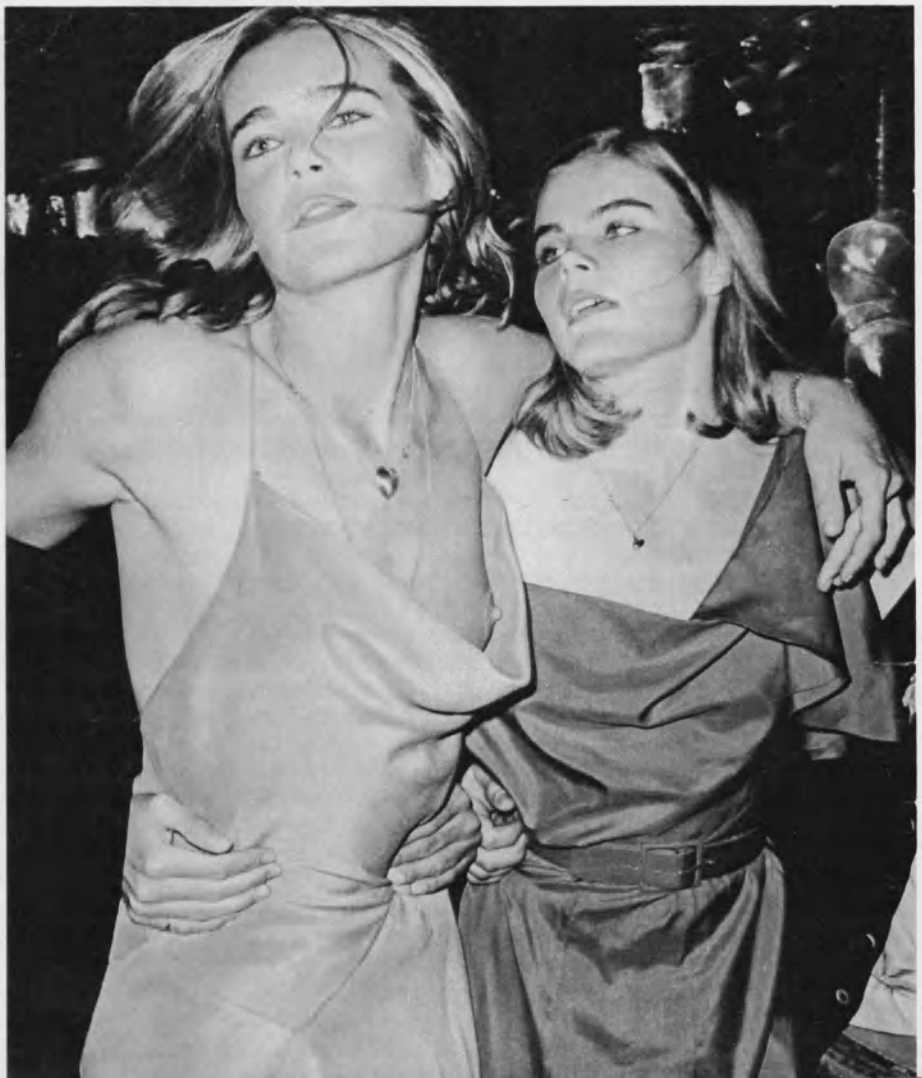
One night in Regine's, Philippe Junot was in town and all the paparazzi were there. He was sitting at a table with some beautiful girl and everyone was snapping away, and I knew there was nothing there for me, just the usual restaurant stuff. I held back. I didn't try to get in too close during dinner, and when they got up to leave everyone thought it was over. But I was just getting started! I had noticed all evening that Junot was infatuated with this young woman's legs. She had wonderful legs and Philippe knew it and I knew it. I crouched down out on the sidewalk, and as they got into the limousine Philippe sort of handed her into the car and there was that terrific moment when a woman enters a limo—I was down on the sidewalk about at the level of the hinge of the door, and I got a great shot of those legs. I also got *Junot* looking at those legs. So that was special—I didn't just get Junot or the girl, or just the legs, I got Junot checking out those legs, *reacting* to those legs. It's that reaction, the human element of the celebrity being just a normal guy—that's what I love. That's paparazzi.

Ron Galella uses the Nikon system exclusively, most often with a 35mm lens. When conditions tend to constrict him, he'll sometimes use a 28mm. He carries various portable electronic flash units, often a Honeywell Strobonar.

BOB MICHELSON

Steve McQueen and I had words one time. He called me a son of a bitch. He'd just begun hanging around with Ali McGraw and no one had got the shot. Now, I'm about five-eleven and two-forty and I'm built like a linebacker. So I said to McQueen you just called the wrong guy a name like that and I'm going to bounce your head right up Sunset Boulevard. So one of his men said you're talking to a superstar, and I said I don't care who he is, I'm going to beat his little head in. So we had words, but a month later he looked me up and apologized to me. Actually, I don't like fights. I'm kind of shy and I don't need the hassle.

I'm forty-six and I've been a newsman thirty years. The first fifteen years I spent with the L.A. *Herald-Examiner* and the last fifteen with myself. I've always thought that my hard-news background has given me an extra something in this line of work. Celebrity photographers are really newsmen, just doing the Hollywood beat. When I first started out, they used to keep me out of events—the PR people and the other photographers, the competition. They



(preceding page) Ron Galella's favorite Jackie photo, snapped from a New York City taxi; (above) Burt Reynolds by Bob Michelson; (right) candid titillation: the Hemingway sisters, Margaux and Mariel, partying at Studio 54; and (far right) Lauren Bacall giving the backstage business to Woody Allen; both by Gene Spatz.

should have let me in because then they might have been able to control me, but I'd get so infuriated I'd really go after these people, and that's what it takes to be a good paparazzo. You have to be hungry and you have to be willing to stay outside. You don't want to get in too close or else you lose your perspective.

The stars can also lose their perspective. A guy like Brando is down on photographers, but all that running away just makes the people want your picture more. Then there are guys like De Niro and Pacino who supposedly hate photographers too, but I think that's just because they're so into Brando. Richard Gere is also into Brando and into De Niro, so he thinks *he* has to run away. But that's kind of funny, because he runs away like a madman and nobody even wants his picture.

You never know who's hot anymore. In the old days it was easy—there were Sonny and Cher and Dean Martin and Jackie and Sinatra and Presley and Liz. I used to spend hours hanging around waiting for Richard and Liz to come out of their bungalow in Beverly Hills. I got James Arness at the airport with his girl friend and Ryan O'Neal hugging Barbra Streisand and Dean Martin with his girl friend. But nowadays you've got television, and it changes from week to week. Somebody's hot on "Dallas" one Monday and by the end of the week they're nobody.

When I was growing up it was real bad. I grew up with nothing. Ron Galella grew up the same way. Without that kind of Depression background you can't do well in this business. The Depression gave us the taste for these celebrities; they were so great when all the rest of us were so down. Now I live in Encino behind two iron gates, with a big pool and four bedrooms, six doors down from the Jackson Five. Now I've got eleven guys working under me, I have my own agency, and I've even started to like these celebrities. Sometimes I even get *invited* places. But I still have tremendous patience; once I waited twelve hours for Don Adams. You have to get obsessed in this business. You can see it in our eyes, our faces, the looks of grim determination. You've got to be hungry, and when Ron Galella and I die, there'll be nobody around to replace us.

Bob Michelson uses a twin-lens Rolleicord with a standard Zeiss lens. "I want to beat those other guys with one hand tied behind my back," says Michelson. "I like to say: you can have all those long lenses and the fancy motor drives, I just have my Rollei and I get the shot anyway."

GENE SPATZ

I have no background in photography, none: zero. I've been a schoolteacher, a stockbroker, a cab driver, and once I had a construction company. But in 1973 I happened to take a picture of Richard Alpert—Baba Ram Dass—at a lecture, and I turned it into a poster that made a lot of money. I was hooked; I learned fast and six months later was selling pictures.

My first big break was an assignment to shoot Elvis in Vegas. I was out there eight days and getting nowhere. I had snuck around corridors, hid in garbage cans, bribed doormen, everything. But Elvis was like a mini-god out there and everyone was totally afraid of his people, who were supposed to be absolutely ruthless. He had so much power in Vegas that the kitchen help would find me skulking around the garbage cans and they'd immediately turn me over to his security staff.

Finally I paid off a parking-lot attendant who gave me the lowdown on Elvis's traffic patterns at the hotel where he was staying. I hung out there for hours one night until he finally turned up. I stepped right out in front of his limousine and his bodyguards grabbed me. They were choking me and bending me into a pretzel. So I just started hollering "Elvis! Elvis!" just trying to get his attention. He kind of woke up out of his daze and saw what was happening. And he said in this real deep voice, "Hold it a second, boys. Don't kill the guy." So these goons let me go, and then Elvis shook my hand and said, "Sorry about that, fella. My boys sometimes get out of hand." It turned out about a week before they'd practically offed some guy. Any-

way, he walked right over and got into his Mercedes with the sunroof, and he stuck his head right up through the opening, took off his sunglasses, and flashed me this tremendous smile. That smile paid for the whole trip.

There's a lot of real detective work on this job: the long stakeouts, tracking people down in out-of-the-way places. I once had to get a head shot, close-up, of Katharine Hepburn, because, believe it or not, there was a rumor she'd had an eye-lift and some photo editors wanted a before-and-after comparison. So I rented a van and filled it with cardboard boxes to look like a delivery truck. Then I rented a tripod and got a long lens and just hid out in front of her apartment building for hours on end. It's like bird-watching; you can go crazy. Another time I had to fly out to Aspen to take a picture of Claudine Longet in jail. I was on assignment for the *Star,* and the *Enquirer* had about a dozen guys out there all trying to do the same thing. I scooped them all by finding a building under construction across from the jail; then I snuck in one night to make the shot. At Kate Jackson's wedding on Martha's Vineyard, the *Enquirer* had so many of us out there we had to take a whole house. We went buzzing the beaches in rented helicopters, roaring off through the woods on motorcycles, tearing across the dunes on rented horses. It was wild: I felt like we were in "Hawaii Five-O."

Gene Spatz always carries at least three cameras on an assignment. He uses rangefinders at night because the focusing is quicker and the viewfinder brighter than those on most SLR's. He usually carries three Leicas: M4's with 35mm lenses, his favorite. Sometimes he'll use a 28mm in closer quarters. On one Leica body he'll carry a 90mm lens for the occasional long shot, though he emphasizes, "Paparazzi stuff is almost always a wide-angle job."

PETER BORSARI

I hate this word *paparazzi.* If people in America knew what the word meant, they might not use it so freely. In Europe, these people are considered the worst scum. Here, they are becoming celebrities. In Europe, a paparazzo means you are always on the outside, never invited in; you have to steal your shots off-limits. Here anyone who shoots celebrities is called a paparazzo. As far as I'm concerned, a paparazzo is a guy who doesn't care how he shoots a photo, how he gets it, or where he sells it. Of course I sell to the *Star,* the *Globe,* the *Enquirer,* but only on my own terms.

I still prefer candid to posed work. Even in a studio I shoot more candidly; you might use a little more film but it is better photography. An off-guard shot is always better than a posed shot, and I like to shoot celebrities off-guard as much as possible, but I don't like harassing people for pictures and I don't like seeing them chewing their food or whatever. I find it embarrassing. I am no Ron Galella.

I started out shooting sports for European magazines, and I still think if you can shoot sports, you can shoot anything; you learn how to handle movement. Today, most of my work is celebrities; that means movie and TV people but also sports figures, politicians, and prominent businessmen. I did get Elizabeth Taylor in a bikini. At her poolside in Puerto Vallarta, Mexico. It might seem paparazzi-ish, but I shot it from a house nearby where I knew the people. I saw Burton and Taylor over there by the pool and I shot: that picture made me over twenty thousand. I also shot Natalie Wood and Robert Wagner by their pool in 1979, posed and unposed. It's sad but true that when she died, everybody wanted those pictures.

I like shooting beautiful women. I've done quite a lot of nude photography and I have a large number of nude stills of women who later on became quite famous. I've also done Cheryl Ladd, Jaclyn Smith, Farrah Fawcett. I shot one of Cheryl Ladd on location during the filming of a special on St. Thomas. I even did a whole layout of John Travolta in 1975 before anybody had heard of him. It was a favor for a publicist, and I did it even though Travolta was a nobody at the time. I shot publicity stills of Frank Sinatra for years at his request, at parties and benefits.

Possibly the most difficult picture I ever made was of Tom Jones and Elvis Presley sitting arm in arm on a couch in Las Vegas, at a little bungalow Elvis had rented. This was back in '69, and Elvis was just preparing for his comeback tour. The maitre d' at the Flamingo tipped me off that Elvis would be coming on that night with Tom Jones. I was in L.A. and I hauled ass out to Vegas; I made it in something like three and a half hours. I followed them out to the bungalow after the last show and they were exhausted, but I persuaded them to let me make the shot. Again, this is not like Ron Galella chasing people down the street. But still it was candid, it was fresh. We called it "Elvis and Tom," and that picture sold all around the world.

Peter Borsari owns twenty-two Nikons. All are in operation. Some of the older F-bodies are worth two to three times what he originally paid for them. For parties and events he uses a 35mm f/1.4 lens, much faster than the standard f/2.8 35mm. He carries a flash unit specifically designed for the Nikon motor drive and keeps two Hasselblads on hand for studio work.

EZIO PETERSEN

Let me tell you: there's paparazzi and then there's paparazzi. I mean, what kind of picture can you get of somebody when you're chasing them down the street? I call that the "chase 'em down and shoot 'em dead" school of celebrity photography. And that's just how the pictures look: dead. I prefer quiet diplomacy; I chase celebrities down and *talk* to them. I persuade them. Celebrities can be very cooperative if you handle them right. It just takes a certain finesse.

That's the way I got Jackie. I didn't exactly hang back, but I did ask her permission. She had been visiting Staten Island for some dedication ceremony, and during this ceremony I started thinking, "Hey, she came over on the Verrazano Bridge. She'll probably take the ferry back." So I jumped in my car before the speeches were over and hightailed it over to the ferry dock. And there was a *Daily News* guy who'd had the same idea. We both got on the boat, and sure enough Jackie showed up about one minute later with her whole entourage. Then the gate closed and the rest of the photographers were left behind in the dust. The *Daily News* guy and myself went up to Jackie and showed her our press cards and asked if she'd pose for a few pictures. We made the whole thing agreeable to her, so she did it. I posed her against the Manhattan skyline and the breeze was whipping up real good, and I got a wonderful shot of Jackie with her hair flying across her face. She looked great; it could have been a Ron Galella shot, but it wasn't, because I wasn't chasing her all over the damned boat.

Ron Galella digs getting thrown out of parties. That's part of his thing. I prefer being invited. I also go for a certain kind of discretion. I have this attitude, for instance, about performers and girl friends. Or boyfriends. I figure, if they're not married, the romance may not be around next week. So why bother? If some announcement comes out in a paper, though, believe me, I'll go after them.

I did have to stake out Katharine Hepburn once. She never permits photographs. She was opening in a Broadway show called *A Matter of Gravity* and she had absolutely refused to allow pictures. I managed to get hold of her rehearsal schedule and I hung around the stage entrance for hours until, finally, the door opened. I stayed a nice distance away, I didn't bother her or make a big deal. I caught her walking by one of those placards with the reviews for *A Chorus Line* saying "Dynamite! Terrific!" She was framed by those words, which was just how she looked, by the way—she's fantastic. Then, on opening night she came out of her dressing room and I said quietly, "Miss Hepburn?" She turned toward me like a real lady, regal, and I got her with her famous pullover hat and wearing earmuffs, looking just like the abominable snowman. It was a humorous juxtaposition, though. It wasn't at all cruel.

Ezio Petersen shoots exclusively with an Olympus OM-1. He usually carries only

CONTINUED ON PAGE 153

(far left) Burton and Taylor in a Mexican poolside snap that earned photographer Peter Borsari $20,000; (left) Ol' Blue Eyes and the Brown Bomber, by Allan Adler; (above) the prime target of every self-respecting paparazzo, Jackie O, caught by Ezio Petersen on New York's Staten Island ferry.

PROSTITUTION

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 138

cating the TV, "is the latest addition." He laughs, "And, of course, me."

The Poconos trip was apparently an unqualified success. Once inside Monica's cabin, she and Nicky never again saw the light of day. "My cock's practically in a cast," Nicky says proudly. "I didn't believe any chick could fuck as much as I could, but I've found my match." Nicky describes their bucolic weekend. Except for one small twist—another woman.

Nicky's nonchalant. "She arrived a few hours later. The door opens, and this young black chick walks in and jumps right into bed with us. Monica said it was her daughter." Nicky's eyes widen. "I figured if they could handle it, so could I, and we just did everything, in every position. Later Monica told me it was a friend and they were just playing a joke. I was mad, but it didn't do any harm. Monica's a straight lady." Nicky's true love sounds about as straight as a Möbius strip. Still, he's positive that this older woman is right in sync with him.

He pulls me into Monica's bedroom. The eye is assaulted by pink drapes, pink walls, pink rugs, stuffed animals. It's a rosy nightmare of girlishness. For a forty-year-old woman. Proudly, Nicky opens Monica's night table, revealing a veritable Sears of sex products. Oils, love potions, and creams cram the shelves. Jammed in between are all manner of sexual apparatus, some of which look as if the Grand Inquisitor might have slept here. Still, Nicky's positively ebullient.

"I finally found someone to take care of me and teach *me* things. She's the first who wants to really give me pleasure. She's a master. First of all, she gives terrific blowjobs, which is great for a man because it makes him feel like someone's doing something just for him. Even in my sleep she'll start. And she's got techniques where she takes my cock in her hands and rolls her hands back and forth. I swear my cock swells up like a balloon to twice its normal size." Monica apparently likes to fuck anywhere and anytime, but one thing hooked Nicky. Triumphantly he pulls back the pink bedspread. Pink satin sheets. Heaven.

Nicky shows off the rack of flashy silk shirts Monica has bought him. He's as excited as a kid with Christmas presents. "She wants to pamper me. Take care of me. And we're in love. I swear it."

It sounds like some upside-down love story. Monica is going to make an honest man of Nicky and take him "away from all this," installing him as her Pocono retreat's caretaker. Nicky, from Brooklyn, is going to be chopping wood, and finally getting a chance to work on his music. And making at least $700 a week. Wait a minute. Sure, there's inflation, but almost a thousand a week as a caretaker?

Nicky hesitates. "Well, I'm going to do more." He searches my face for signs of disapproval and continues. "See, Monica's going to have other women come up and we'll have orgies and . . ." Monica is clearly not your run-of-the-mill knight in shining armor.

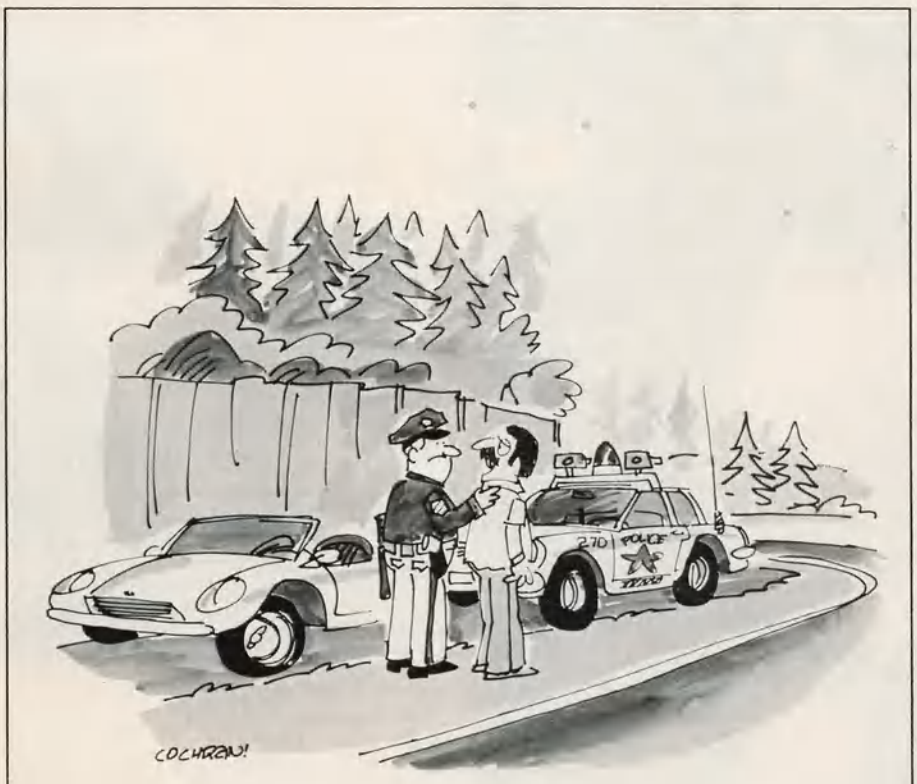
Monica is, of course, a madam, although Nicky quickly points out that she herself doesn't turn tricks. Her obviously substantial income comes from girls on the street. Maybe someone like Monica could "understand" him, Nicky maintains. "We've got a beautiful relationship. I'm leaving the streets tomorrow. I told you I'd get a happy ending, right?" Nicky flashes the famous crooked smile, once again off on an adventure that he's sure will be his lucky break.

Two weeks later, a call from Nicky. At first he sounds cheery, concentrating on an update of his overused member, a result of the overzealous, never-satisfied Monica and several of her friends. Nicky's evasive about the progress of his music and, in fact, about any of the advantages of country life. Finally he admits that he hasn't been involved with much of either. Monica is apparently the jealous type. "She's always all over me. I can't even talk to her friends after I fuck them. And now," Nicky sounds confused, "she won't even let me walk away from the cabin."

A week later I get a message to meet Nicky in his old Times Square coffee shop. Jauntily he says he's only coming back to give away clothes to some of his Forty-second Street cronies. So I'm taken aback when I see him. The usually perfect face is a series of cuts and bruises. For his generosity, Nicky was mugged on the subway for his care package of clothing.

And there's Monica. Nicky's face darkens. "I left her," he finally says. "I don't care how much money she had. She wasn't a loving person. She was a freak." He sounds amazed that Monica turned out to be seriously involved in S & M. "Sure I let her tie me up, but after a while she started using a twelve-inch dildo on me. That hurt. But worst of all, she'd start to give me a nice blowjob, then wait till I was about to come, and, whap!" He punches the air with his fist. "She'd smack my balls back and forth." He grimaces at the memory. "I tried to tell her that we could love without hurting each other, but she doesn't know any other way. Last week I just ran to the highway and hitched home. People tell me she's still in love with me, and I know she's looking for me, but I'm hiding out with my brother on Long Island now. I can't let her find me. I want someone to be good to me, not hurt me."

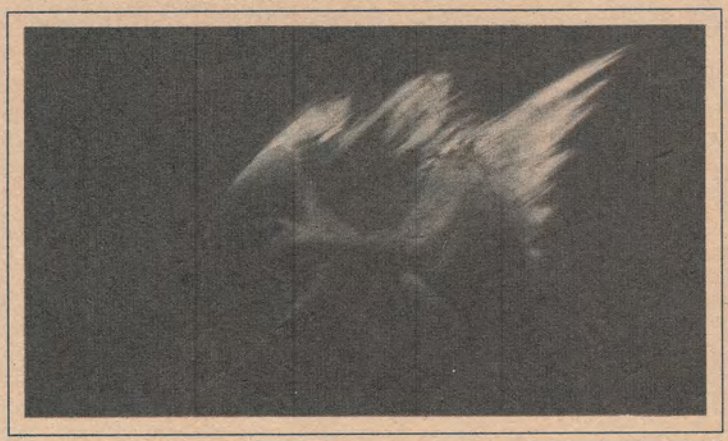
Nicky's in Cleveland now with his own place. He tried a salesman job but quit, since the money wasn't good enough. But he's still optimistic about becoming the new Jimi Hendrix. He's buying a new guitar soon. After all, he's making "real money" again. Nicky's back on the streets.



"You're absolutely right, officer.
I probably can't *walk that white line. But I think I can snort it."*

An analysis of your subconscious fantasies—what they say about you and how they can affect your life

Dream Watch



ANALYSIS BY DR. ALBERT ELLIS

Rita, age twenty

When I was a little girl, about age five, I went ice-skating on a lake and fell through the ice. I was down there for quite a long time. Anyway, I remember it being a long time. When you're in the freezing, icy water, a minute or two is almost eternity.

I was saved by my stepbrother Jake, who, at the time, was in his late teens. I didn't know him very well. My father had just recently remarried, and his new wife's teenage son was very aloof. He didn't want to bother around with any kid. Of course, I found him to be a very romantic figure.

Sometimes, when I think back to his saving me, I wonder if I hadn't willed the entire fiasco. Kids have sex fantasies too. I remember having a crush on all kinds of sports stars and movie stars. Anyway, it was some fantasy, being saved from death and freezing waters by someone so handsome and so mysterious and so much older. And isn't it peculiar that fifteen years later, I had a dream about the very

ILLUSTRATION BY ROBERT BILLINGS

same childhood incident and the very same man?

In the dream, however, my falling through the ice is not at all frightening. I certainly wouldn't call it a nightmare. I remember how warm I had felt in the icy water. Warmth is not an uncommon sensation when a body is about to freeze to death. In my dream, I'm in the water thrashing about, when I see Jake. He grabs me tightly and tries to pull me upward. But I resist. It's as though I'm a fish and don't need to rise to the surface for a breath of air. I can breathe underwater, and so I begin to swim, deeper and deeper, down into the water until I reach the bottom of the lake, where it's very dark and very warm. I motion for Jake to follow me. He does, but with much hesitation. He appears to have trouble breathing. He's quickly running out of oxygen. Unlike me, he cannot breathe like a fish. Finally I grab him and pull him down beside me, as though the lake floor is our bed. He resists, but somehow I'm stronger than he. We're both wearing lots of heavy winter clothes, and yet, as I rub my body against his, I can feel his penis. It's erect, and I want very much to make love right there, under the water, on the bottom of the lake.

Jake, however, is on the verge of drowning. Finally, after much effort, he breaks away from me and swims to the top for air.

When I awoke from this dream, I was so aroused and so frustrated that I had to masturbate right then and there, even though it was four o'clock in the morning. Luckily this dream is not a recurring one. However, I suddenly find myself thinking about Jake a lot. In fact, he's become my favorite masturbatory fantasy—and after all these years!

> "I want very much to make love right there, under the water, on the bottom of the lake."

Sometimes, when I really want to excite myself, I use my stepbrother Jake to do the trick. Not that I imagine the two of us back in the icy water. Usually we're just in bed together, making love. Recently, when I was screwing with my boyfriend, Thomas, I started to think about Jake. I could tell that Thomas was about to come, and it seems to be very important to him that we have simultaneous orgasms. Of course, this isn't always possible, so sometimes I have to fake my orgasms, which I despise having to do. Thinking about Jake, however, usually brings me off in a matter of seconds—if I'm stimulating my clitoris at the same time, of course.

Thomas and I are supposed to get married. When we get out of college is the plan. But now I'm not so sure. This fantasy and dream involving Jake has me disturbed. Jake and I were never very close, despite his saving my life. He was much older. Our parents weren't the same. Maybe I see him once a year, at the most, at special occasions like Christmas or a big family picnic during the summer months. He's thirty-five now and recently divorced his second wife. Although I hate to mess up things with Thomas, I really have this incredible urge to seduce Jake. If for no other reason than to end this crazy fantasy I have. That's probably all it is—a fantasy. Then again, it might turn into something. At least you couldn't call it incest. He's only my stepbrother.

Dr. Ellis comments:

Your lusting after Jake not only continues an old fantasy—which, just because it remains a fantasy, is not likely to wane—but protects you from getting into trouble with Thomas. Thinking about Jake brings you off in a matter of seconds, which makes things better between you and Thomas and saves you from having to fake orgasms. Also, keeping Jake as a dream lover and as a potential real one saves you from getting too close to Thomas, with whom you have some sex problems and whom you therefore are cautious about marrying. So Jake is your safety belt!

If you want to get over your fantasy about Jake, it possibly wouldn't be a bad idea to try to seduce him. As you point out, the reality of your doing so would probably never measure up to your long-held fantasy—and then you would be free! Since he's a stepbrother and not a half-brother, it wouldn't be incest at all. And it might be fun!

Scott, age twenty-one

I'm employed with a publishing company as a business executive. Nothing super-terrific or terrible happened the day of my dream—just a normal day with the usual business deals. This dream happens quite often, so I don't think the events of the day or last couple of days before the dream occurs really cause me to have it. I should mention that it has been twenty-eight months to the day since I've had any sexual relations. But I'm living very contentedly in my penthouse and wouldn't want anything to be different. Still, I don't understand this dream, and it keeps coming back.

I find myself in the midst of many families having a holiday

picnic lunch by a lake. None are related to me. I'm walking around, looking for a girl to spend the weekend with. The next thing I know, I'm walking—it's near dusk—and I have no pants on. I still have my shirt. While I'm walking around I'm thinking that I have to find "that one" before tonight, not for any real reason, though.

Nude from the waist down seems to be the custom, as it doesn't bother anyone or bother me. No one else in sight is naked or partially naked.

I next find myself by the shore, and a few girls are looking at me. I think they are looking at me just because they are nude from the waist up and I'm nude from the waist down. I start moving on down the shoreline, but after a bit I stop and think of turning around. Something says no, so I keep walking. Soon enough I come upon a Plymouth, which is blue and has a blonde inside. The blonde gets out and we start talking. She asks enough questions until I tell her I'm on leave from the service (I've never been in the service, but somehow I know in the dream that I'm on leave from the navy—a three-day pass over the Fourth of July weekend).

After she finds out what she wants to know, she asks me if I want to get high. I naturally say yes. So she reaches in and grabs a "J," and we smoke down. I then notice she's looking at my fairly large tool, which for some reason isn't erect but sticking straight out at a ninety-degree angle. I might add that she is a total sexpot. In a minute she asks me if I want to go for a ride. Naturally I agree, and in another minute we're cruising down the road.

I find, for some strange reason, I now have designer surgeon's pants on. She is wearing satin pants and a fishnet top. While we're talking and smoking, she, out of the blue, starts talking dirty to me, and I am unable to resist. I get very erect and embarrassed. The pants are very thin, and my penis is sticking out noticeably. I try to cover it up, but look funny trying to do so. She comments on this. Then, as she is driving with one hand, she reaches with the other and gently squeezes my hand. Then she moves her hand over some, and softly starts to rub my penis. I am already going nuts, which I tell her. She asks me if I want to go somewhere. Again I agree.

We come up to this garage door on a parkway. It looks just like any other storefront, only it has no door or window, only a garage door open. We drive in, and at the entrance there is a few feet of level ground at first; then it slopes down to maybe a story or story and a half below street level. An incline like the entrance leads either to the alley or to the next block over.

When we are at the bottom, which is level, we stop. After some heavy kissing and petting, the woman, who won't reveal her name, steps out of the car and lifts the hood. After a few minutes I also step out of the car to see what she is doing. I then notice the ramp leading outside has turned into a staircase. Passively questioning her on how we are going to get out, I also ask her if I should turn the car around. This never gets accomplished, because as she is reaching across the hood for something (which she closed while I was staring, astounded at the stairs), I daringly step up behind her and grab on to her hips.

> "While we're talking and smoking, she, out of the blue, starts talking dirty to me."

I start to slowly rub my penis against her most perfectly shaped ass. The thought of having sex like this makes my half-erect penis hard as a rock. I apparently make the right move, because she starts to rub her ass up and down and back and forth. In another second she turns to embrace me. We have the hottest kissing session of my life and get very turned on.

I start thinking of how to make it with her in this crazy garage, when the thought of having sex on the hood comes to me. I break off and say that I want and need her badly. Then I notice that the strangest thing has happened: the car has turned into an overgrown wheelbarrow about the size of a single-sized bed.

Not questioning what is going on, I turn it around to face the entrance and what I guess is also the exit. We undress each other, and she gives out no kind of sign that she objects. She is actually sort of the aggressor.

She is the first one on top. After I come for the first time, I tell her it is her turn for some enjoyment. We trade places, and are heavily into it in a minute. She orgasms first this time—God, she has these heavy, multiple orgasms, and I'm close too. I can really feel it coming on because I can really feel that come in my balls, which almost tingle.

I hate this dream in a way. I never come the second time. I never find out the girl's name, if she gets her car back, or anything. And I always fall out of bed and rack up my knees. One of these times I might crack a kneecap.

"When I was down to my crotchless panties, my husband commanded me to kneel on the floor and play with myself in front of everybody."

I have another dream in which I fall out of bed, although it's not sexual. The dream I described to you leaves me more puzzled. Why, for example, when I'm walking nude, doesn't anyone, including me, notice or mind? Why do I pass up the three topless girls? (Three to one isn't such a bad ratio.) Why do I try to cover up my erection when it's the best way to express my idea wordlessly, innocently or not? Please tell me what you make of this dream.

Dr. Ellis comments:
Note, please, the striking similarity between your real-life frustrations and those in your dream! Although you presumably are "very content," you have not had sex for twenty-eight months; and in your dream you do almost every sex thing imaginable—and then some! You and your dream women let out all the stops on the (genital) organ.

I strongly suspect that you're kidding yourself about "living very contentedly in my penthouse." What you really want is to be remarkably unfrustrated; but even in your dream, with all its sexiness, you wind up unsatisfied and not getting enough sucking and fucking—though hell knows you get more than most of us horny males get in a month of Sundays! So keep telling yourself, if you will, that you're leading a great, sexless life right now and "wouldn't want anything to be different." Frankly, I doubt it!

Meryl, age twenty-eight
I am a housewife who's been married, faithfully, to a wonderful man for almost seven years. He is great in every way except three. He rarely compliments me; he makes love to me only about once a week; and he does not want children (which I want very much). I am usually a very modest person, but sometimes I like to masturbate all by myself.

In my dream, my husband, Freddy, and I were in our living room with two guests. One guest was an old boyfriend of mine, Greg, to whom I lost my virginity thirteen years ago. The other was a male friend I used to work with, Ned. By coincidence, in real life both guys look a whole lot like my husband. In this dream, the four of us were sitting around drinking, smoking joints, and partying pretty hard. Then the conversation turned to how beautiful Greg and Ned thought my husband's wife was. They said that they would like to see more of me. So Freddy unbuttoned my blouse. I just giggled and let him. Then he asked if they would like to see me do a striptease. It took quite a bit of prodding, but when Freddy put some seductive music on the stereo, I started to strip. The guys' eyes were on fire; big smiles were on their faces; they were almost drooling. But they were trying to control themselves so they would not upset my husband. When I was down to my crotchless panties, my husband commanded me to kneel on the floor and play with myself in front of everybody. I was humiliated, but he insisted. Well, I was also very turned on, so I dropped to my knees and put my fingers into my pussy. I massaged my clit with one hand and pinched my nipples with the other. Not only did I start getting very wet, but Ned and Greg were getting very large bulges in their pants, and they were sitting on the edges of their seats. They both looked over to my husband, who just smiled and said, "Go ahead. Do whatever you wish with her, just don't hurt her." I was shocked, but within seconds both men were naked and on top of me. They took turns, with one putting his dick in my mouth and the other pumping my pussy. My husband, Freddy, already naked, bent down with a smile on his face and sucked on my nipples. This is where my dream got confusing.

All of a sudden all three men became my husband. The three Freddys were all over me. They did everything imaginable and I loved every minute of it. Then there were five men who all looked like Freddy, prodding, poking, and sucking on all parts of my body, and I couldn't keep up with what was happening where. Then, poof! All but the original Freddy disappeared. We lay spent on the carpet in each other's arms. But I was really sad, because it was only him with me and all the fun was over. I am not sure what all this means, but when I awoke I surely was exhausted.

Dr. Ellis comments:
Your dream seems fairly transparent. Although you love your husband and want to stay with him, you also want him to add several things to your life, such as more compliments, more sex, and children. In your dream you cleverly obtain great sex and praise by turning your husband into three (or more!) Freddys. In that way, you manage to get almost everything you want—minus the trouble and guilt you would amass if you actually went out and got yourself a couple of lovers.

The question is: are you willing to bite the bullet—speak assertively to your husband and try to get more from him? Or are you willing to risk an outside affair that would add to your life and love? Personally, I would recommend trying the first. But if neither of these plans seems feasible, you might as well continue to dream!

"Dreamwatch" is a regular column that will try to interpret your dreams, to see what their "real" or underlying meanings are, and to determine what you can possibly do to fulfill these meanings—or to change them when they are encouraging you to engage in self-defeating behavior. Dreams, of course, may have many interpretations, none of which may be perfectly accurate or "true." To make the interpretations in this column more correct and useful, it is best that when you submit a dream for consideration, you include the following information: (1) Describe the dream itself, with its main details. Be as specific and graphic as possible. (2) Give your age, sex, marital status, and vocation. (3) Tell something about your present life condition, especially things you are worried or bothered about in your love life. (4) Note any significant or unusual event that occurred during the day or night preceding your dreams. (5) Give your own personal interpretation of what you think your dream may mean. Readers who wish to have their dreams analyzed and printed in the magazine should write in confidence to: The Editor, "Dreamwatch," *Penthouse* Magazine, 909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022.

PSYCHOGRAPHIC
SELF-EXAMINATION SERIES

ARE YOU A MASOCHIST?

BY FRANK DONEGAN

Twenty-six questions that reflect how much pain you can accept

PSYCHOGRAPH

Last month in this space we tested your sadistic impulses. Now it's time to examine the other side of the S/M coin: masochism. If you answer the questions below honestly, this psychograph can give you an idea of just how much you enjoy being dumped on psychologically and sexually.

Sexual masochists—those who get off on being beaten, blindfolded, bitten, and wrapped in chains—represent a minute part of the population. (Nevertheless, they outnumber sadists three to one, say researchers Chris Gosselin and Glenn Wilson of London University's Institute of Psychiatry.)

Psychological masochism, on the other hand, is much more common. Vast numbers of us are, as famed psychoanalyst Edmund Bergler says, "lovers of humiliation, defeat, and refusal." We go around inviting abuse and don't feel good unless we feel bad.

Oddly enough, there's not always a great psychic distance between sadists and masochists. In their excellent book *Sexual Variations*, Gosselin and Wilson note that it's often extremely difficult to differentiate between sadists and masochists because they share many of the same personality traits, impulses, fantasies, and behaviors. However, it has been found that, in general, masochists tend to be more introverted and neurotic than sadists.

In everyday life, masochists confuse the issue even further, because they will often act in sadistic ways in order to provoke the retribution they so fervently desire. In such cases, sadism and masochism really are two sides of the same coin. Consequently, it's possible to score high on this masochism scale even if you landed in the top ranks of last month's sadism psychograph. Hell, even the infamous Marquis de Sade, for whom sadism was named, was a closet masochist: he frequently had his valet whip and spank him.

There are several theories about the origin and development of masochism. Bergler suspects it develops in the earliest stages of infancy. When we first learn that we can't get everything we like, he says, some of us decide to like everything we get. By convincing ourselves that we really enjoy the shit that's dumped on us, we maintain the illusion that we are still in total control of our fate.

The pioneering analyst Theodor Reik said that masochists don't necessarily *like* being hurt but are so psychologically numb that they will choose pain in preference to feeling nothing at all. Some theorists feel sexual masochism develops when children are told sex is dirty and disgusting. As adults, such people require the feeling of punishment when they indulge in "disgusting" sexual behavior.

The term *masochism* owes its existence to Leopold von Sacher-Masoch, a nineteenth-century Austrian cavalry officer who became a successful novelist. The heroes of his books (actually fantasy versions of himself) are invariably maltreated by strong women, who force them to do degrading things. They are frequently whipped by women in furs—Sacher-Masoch also had a fur fetish—who punish them for their "animal lusts."

In real life, Sacher-Masoch lived out at least some of his fantasies. At secluded summer houses he would organize hide-and-seek games with young ladies, demanding that they bite and scratch him when they found him. He once took his female lover on an all-expenses-paid trip and spent the whole time dressed as her liveried servant, carrying out—in public and in private—whatever menial and outrageous tasks she demanded of him. He loved it.

To see how much *you* love being dumped on, answer these questions thoughtfully and carefully.

PART I

1. Which of the following statements comes closest to describing you?
   (a) When I have sex, I like to be the one who initiates and controls the action. I want to direct what will happen.
   (b) If I had my way, I'd be completely passive during sex. I'd like just to lie back and let my partners do whatever they wanted with me.
   (c) At various times I like to be both active and passive in sex.

2. Have you ever voluntarily been bound, gagged, spanked, or whipped during sex?
   (a) yes, frequently
   (b) occasionally
   (c) rarely
   (d) never

3. Have you ever secretly enjoyed being forced to engage in erotic practices against your will?
   (a) yes, frequently
   (b) sometimes
   (c) rarely or never

4. Do unusual items of clothing specifically designed to be erotic, such as leather or rubber underwear, turn you on?
   (a) yes
   (b) no

5. Do you like having items of clothing ripped off you by your sexual partner?
   (a) yes, very much
   (b) sometimes
   (c) no

6. Have you ever allowed yourself to be urinated on or defecated on during sex?
   (a) yes, frequently
   (b) sometimes
   (c) rarely or never
   (d) never

7. How do you feel about having your anal area manipulated or entered during sex?
   (a) I like it very much.
   (b) Occasionally it's all right.
   (c) I dislike it.
   (d) I don't care much one way or the other.

8. Have you ever been seriously bruised or injured by your partner during sex?
   (a) yes
   (b) no

9. Do you prefer a sexual partner whose lovemaking style includes biting, scratching, giving hickeys, etc?
   (a) yes
   (b) sometimes
   (c) not usually

10. Do you like a partner who calls you degrading names ("shit," "bastard," "cocksucker," etc.) during sex?
    (a) yes
    (b) no

PART II

How strongly would you say the following statements apply to you? Check (a) if a statement applies *very strongly;* (b) for *quite strongly;* (c) for *moderately;* (d) for *not much;* (e) for *not at all.*

1. Whenever I go out for recreation—to parties, ball games, movies, etc.— I rarely enjoy myself.
(a) __ (b) __ (c) __ (d) __ (e) __

2. I brood a lot about my problems and about the things people do to me.
(a) __ (b) __ (c) __ (d) __ (e) __

3. Whenever there's an argument about something, people always gang up unfairly against me.
(a) __ (b) __ (c) __ (d) __ (e) __

4. When I was a kid, I was usually punished more than others by my parents and/or teachers.
(a) __ (b) __ (c) __ (d) __ (e) __

5. I am often the victim of practical jokes.
(a) __ (b) __ (c) __ (d) __ (e) __

6. When I was a kid, I didn't get along well with other children. They didn't like me, and they showed it.
(a) __ (b) __ (c) __ (d) __ (e) __

7. As I've gotten older, I find that people still don't like me, and they show it.
(a) __ (b) __ (c) __ (d) __ (e) __

8. I always try to do things that will please my parents, but they don't appreciate my efforts.
(a) __ (b) __ (c) __ (d) __ (e) __

9. Women whom I get close to always end up being abusive and nasty toward me.
(a) __ (b) __ (c) __ (d) __ (e) __

10. At work, other people get away with murder and are never caught; yet every time I do the slightest thing wrong, I get jumped on by my superiors and sometimes by my co-workers.
(a) __ (b) __ (c) __ (d) __ (e) __

11. I seem to be more accident-prone than most people.
(a) __ (b) __ (c) __ (d) __ (e) __

12 I often go to places where I know I'm not wanted and where I won't fit in.
(a) __ (b) __ (c) __ (d) __ (e) __

13. I often do things I know are bad for me.
(a) __ (b) __ (c) __ (d) __ (e) __

14. I try to avoid confrontations and unpleasant run-ins with other people, yet they seem to happen to me more than to others.
(a) __ (b) __ (c) __ (d) __ (e) __

15. At work I always seem to end up with the lousy jobs nobody else wants.
(a) __ (b) __ (c) __ (d) __ (e) __

16. I remain in relationships even after they've gone completely sour and my lover has turned cold or vicious.
(a) __ (b) __ (c) __ (d) __ (e) __

SCORING

The two parts of this psychograph deal with different aspects of sadism. Part I focuses on outward acts of sexual masochism, Part II on the sometimes less-obvious signs of psychological masochism. It's possible to score high on one part and low on the other. The two sections are scored independently, and a high score on *either* indicates possible masochistic tendencies.

Part I

All possible answers have been awarded point values, which are listed below. Find your score by adding up the point values of the answers you chose. The highest possible score is 68; the lowest, 10.

1. 1-1, b-5, c-2
2. a-10, b-6, c-4, d-1
3. a-8, b-4, c-1
4. a-5, b-1
5. a-7, b-3, c-1
6. a-10, b-9, c-8, d-1
7. a-6, b-3, c-1, d-3
8. a-7, b-1
9. a-5, b-2, c-1
10. a-5, b-1

Part II

Give yourself 5 points for each (a) answer; 4 points for each (b) answer; 3 points for each (c) answer; 2 points for each (d) answer; 1 point for each (e) answer. The highest possible score is 80; the lowest, 16.

INTERPRETATION

Part I. A score of 35 points or more indicates a pronounced streak of sexual masochism. If you scored in that range, you probably think of yourself as a cross between a human cesspool and a human punching bag, and your sex life shows it. Compared with most people's sexual activities, yours look weird indeed.

A score below 18 points indicates a relative absence of masochistic sexual tendencies. A score between the two extremes suggests that you have leanings toward sexual masochism but don't often indulge them.

If you chose *any* individual answers worth 8 points or more, there's a strong chance you're a sexual masochist no matter what your overall score.

Masochistic sex fantasies. It's possible—even probable—that you fantasize about the activities listed in Part I, even though you may never actually engage in them. If you have a low score for Part I but fantasize *frequently* about such behaviors, it's possible that you are a secret sexual masochist. You may have a deep yearning to be treated like shit, but actually engaging in such behaviors would be too traumatic for you to handle.

Occasional fantasies about some of these activities are relatively normal; in their imaginations, most men explore kinky desires that they wouldn't generally carry out in real life. In fact, if you *never* fantasize about such activities, you may actually be a little odd.

Part II. This section explores generalized psychological masochism. If you scored 60 to 80 points:

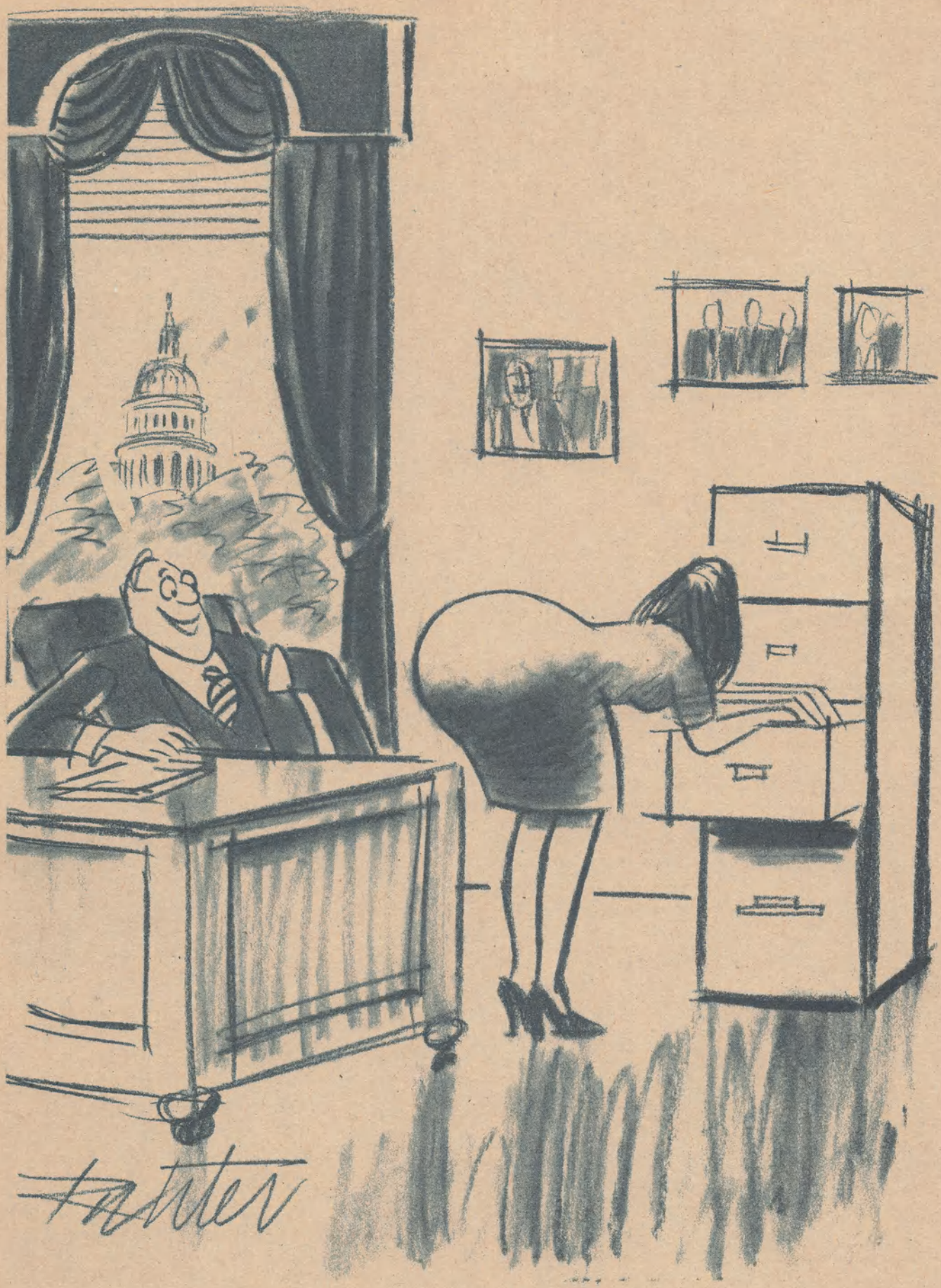
You really like to be dumped on. You may see yourself as someone with a lousy life who never gets the breaks. You may also feel that you get what you deserve: zilch. You put yourself in situations where you're bound to get screwed, and you'd be downright edgy if you didn't have some suffering (real or imaginary) to deal with. You may often act in cruel, cold, cutting ways merely to induce others to treat you in the same way.

38 to 59 points:

You have a tendency toward psychological masochism, but you don't let it dominate your life, as people in the category above do. Many perfectly "normal" men fall into this category. Many of us harbor secret guilts and hang-ups that, unconsciously, we feel we deserve to suffer for.

16 to 37 points:

You are quite free of masochistic impulses and behaviors. Unlike many people, you realize there's already enough real suffering in life; one needn't go out of one's way to encounter any more of it than is absolutely necessary. You are likely to be a well-adjusted, productive person.



"Wow! Now that's what I call a power base!"

SHOOTING

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 143

one camera and prays it won't break down. He uses a 35mm lens except "when it's going to be a real gang-bang—where a lot of photographers are going for the same shot all at once. Then I'll take a 28mm. I use a small Vivitar pocket flash unit, and that's it: one body, one lens, one strobe."

ALLAN ADLER

I don't shoot like a paparazzo. I shoot like a real photographer. I use an assistant and a whole arsenal of equipment, because I go for a high-quality product. I hate having stars run away from me—I don't want to make people look bad. I've concentrated on getting myself into the events, not hanging around the outside. Borsari and I are like high-class hookers compared to most paparazzi, who work like street hustlers and have to chase down their action. There are those who have to go out and cruise, and those who get invited in.

I once shot some terrific pictures of Sinatra taking care of Joe Louis. It was in Las Vegas on Joe's birthday and he was very sick, and when Frank showed up he lit up like a light bulb. I shot Frank holding Joe's hand and his head, and it made Sinatra seem really warm, compassionate. So the next night I took them over to where Frank was performing and showed them to Jilly Rizzo, Frank's bodyguard. Jilly said, "Hey, Frank's going to love these. Why don't you take them over to him." Of course, it's impossible to get near Frank Sinatra. Every ten feet I was stopped by some huge guy who'd say, "Where you going?" and I'd say, "I'm going to see Frank." The guy would say, "No, you're not," but then Jilly would give him the high sign. So finally I got up to Frank's table, where he was sitting with all these important people, and Frank was so touched by the shots he wanted to buy me a drink. He took down my name and everything, shook my hand with a good grip, the works.

Two nights later I was at the Amphitheatre in Los Angeles, shooting Frank from my seat. They brought out Sinatra's son and his daughter and then they brought out his grandchildren. I kept shooting away until suddenly I felt something hit me from behind. All of a sudden I'm knocked flat on my face, with about five thousand bucks in equipment hanging around my neck. My camera is smashed and I look behind me and there's this short little guy, holding on to my ankles screaming at me, "I want your film!" Before I know it, six security guys carry me backstage and start laying into me.

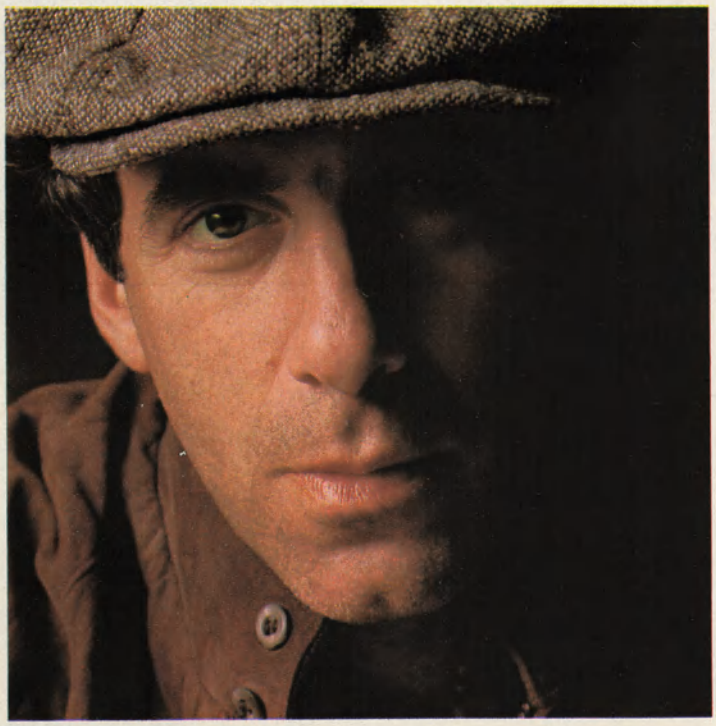
I try to tell them it's against the law holding me against my will, but this little guy says, "I wouldn't take off if I were you," and he points to this monstrous cliff they've got behind the place and makes as if I might be going off it. Then I say he'd better not hit me with all these witnesses around, and he looks at these goons and says, real innocently, "Witnesses? What witnesses?" Then he says that if I don't give him the film they're going to break my hands. A minute later Jilly walks up with Frank Sinatra and asks me for twenty-five more reprints of the pictures from Vegas. And before I could say anything, *they* take off. I couldn't believe it! Here these guys were beating me up and Sinatra wants *reprints*. But he didn't know anything about it, he was just walking by. Finally they offer to buy the film for a fair amount of money, and eventually explain, "There's some pictures you've got we don't want released." It turned out that because I'd taken a few shots of Sinatra with his grandchildren, they were all scared about kidnappings. So of course I turned over all my film and they exposed it right there, only when I got home it turned out they'd opened every single canister except the one with the pictures in it.

When John Wayne appeared at the Academy Awards, I was on assignment for *Us* magazine, and because the magazine had a tight deadline I was put in the deadline pressroom, which meant I had special privileges. All the other paparazzi were way down the hall in the main pressroom with about 150 other photographers. So when John Wayne came offstage they took him right into the deadline pressroom, and he just stood there, looking larger than life, with those big hands on his hips like he was about to draw two six-shooters. And he said in that incredible voice, "All right, fellers, why don't you come on and take my picture." He was smiling like he was challenging us to a dual.

I shot about four rolls of film in twenty seconds. Then I followed Wayne out to the elevator, and he said, "Hey, kid, want to shoot some more?", and it was kind of like a dare, but I did, and we shook hands and he stepped into the elevator just as all the other paparazzi came running up saying, "Where's John Wayne?" I had this big smile plastered across my face. I pointed to the elevator and said, "He's in there." They were *pissed*.

Allan Adler uses Leicas exclusively, Leica rangefinders for evenings and indoor work (always M-4's), and also the Leica R-4, an SLR. He uses only Leica lenses, longer models than those most often employed by paparazzi, and prefers to stand at a distance and let his lenses give him access, a technique he finds less confrontational and less obtrusive than the classic, in-tight paparazzo approach. "Like Borsari," he says, "I started out in sports photography, and I still shoot celebrities like athletes, with the sense of movement and depth of field you use to shoot sports. It trains the eye."

GOOD AS GOULD

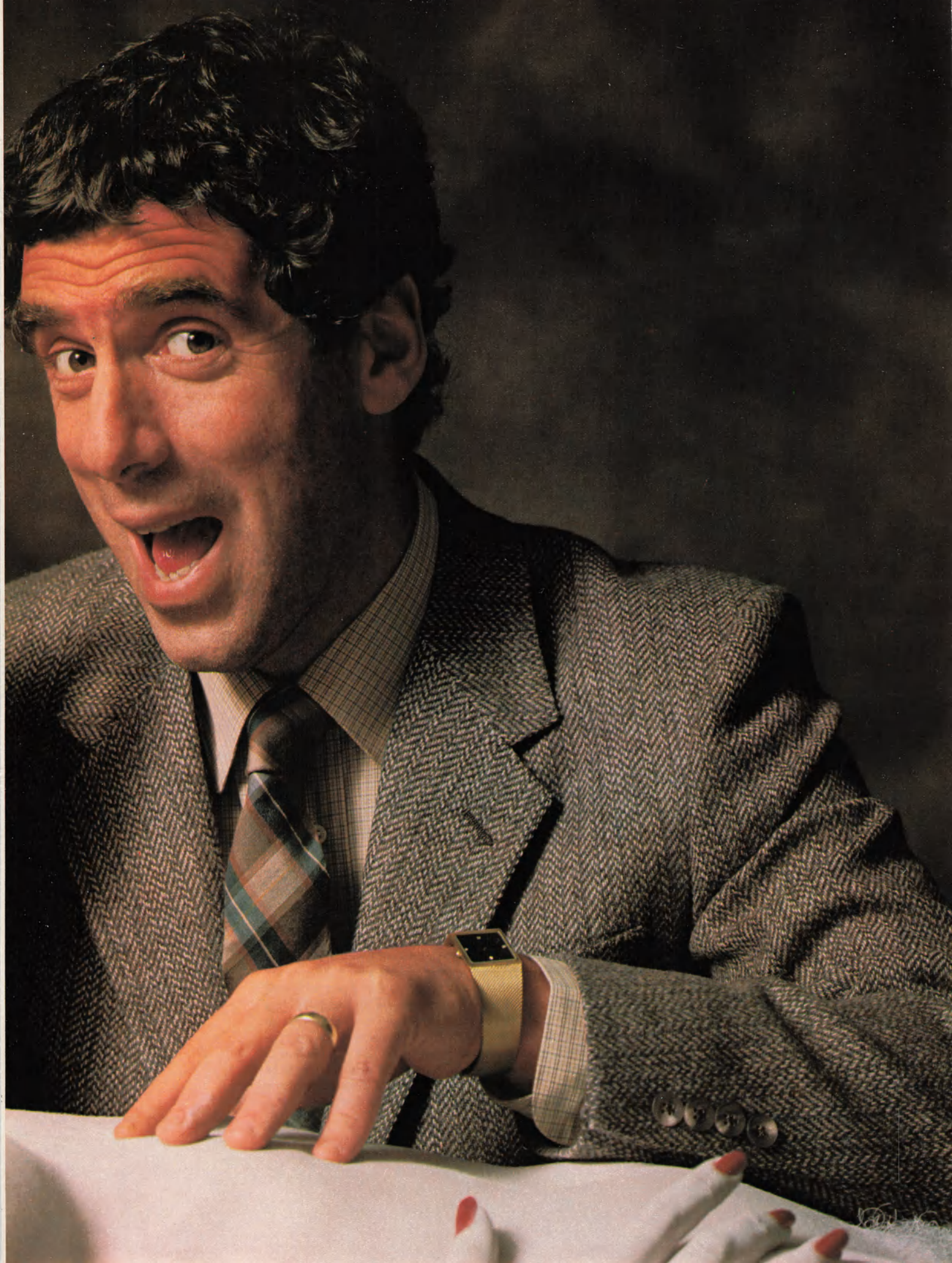


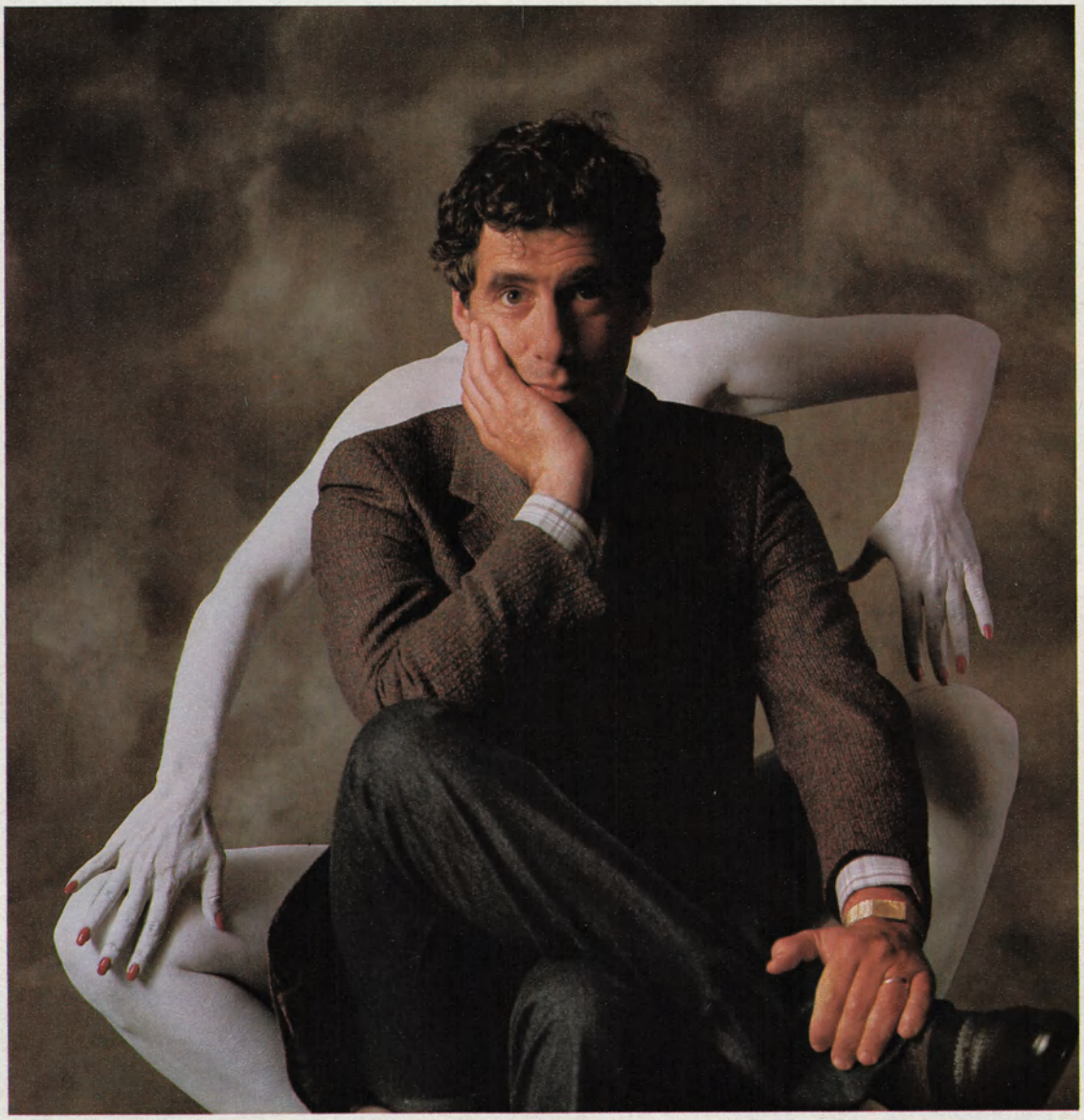
FASHION BY ED EMMERLING

With his droll, raffish humor and bear-cuddly cutes, Elliott Gould continues his reign as Hollywood's most offbeat sex hunk. Even young Barbra Streisand spotted his bankable, bunkable potential when they first locked eyes during Elliott's debut Broadway lead in *I Can Get It for You Wholesale*. On celluloid there followed *Bob & Carol & Ted & Alice*—the riotous four-way sex stop—and a triad of Robert Altman films, *M*A*S*H, The Long Goodbye*, and *California Split*. He has turned out thirty films—even the less worthy made memorable by Elliott's scruffy charisma, his gleams of madness or puckish disdain

(Opposite) Good fashion sense mates the beefy light-brown virgin-wool herringbone stripe jacket ($195) by Christian Dior Monsieur with a cotton-polyester beige small-box plaid shirt by Nino Cerruti and wool-silk plaid tie by Michel Cravats. Mirage watch with gold-tone bracelet and four diamonds on a black face ($695) is by Longines.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY DAVID MICHAEL KENNEDY





Hair and makeup/Body painting by Lucy Cedeno

for mere reality (such as the chalky lady upon whom he poaches and perches on these fashionable pages). Ever on the prowl for scripts, Elliott will next be starring in *Alby and Elizabeth,* a comedy he describes as a "combination of *Abie's Irish Rose* and *Marty.*" Offscreen, in clothes, Elliott can still look dangerously dapper, as evidenced by this fall's thoroughbred collection of tweedy jackets in

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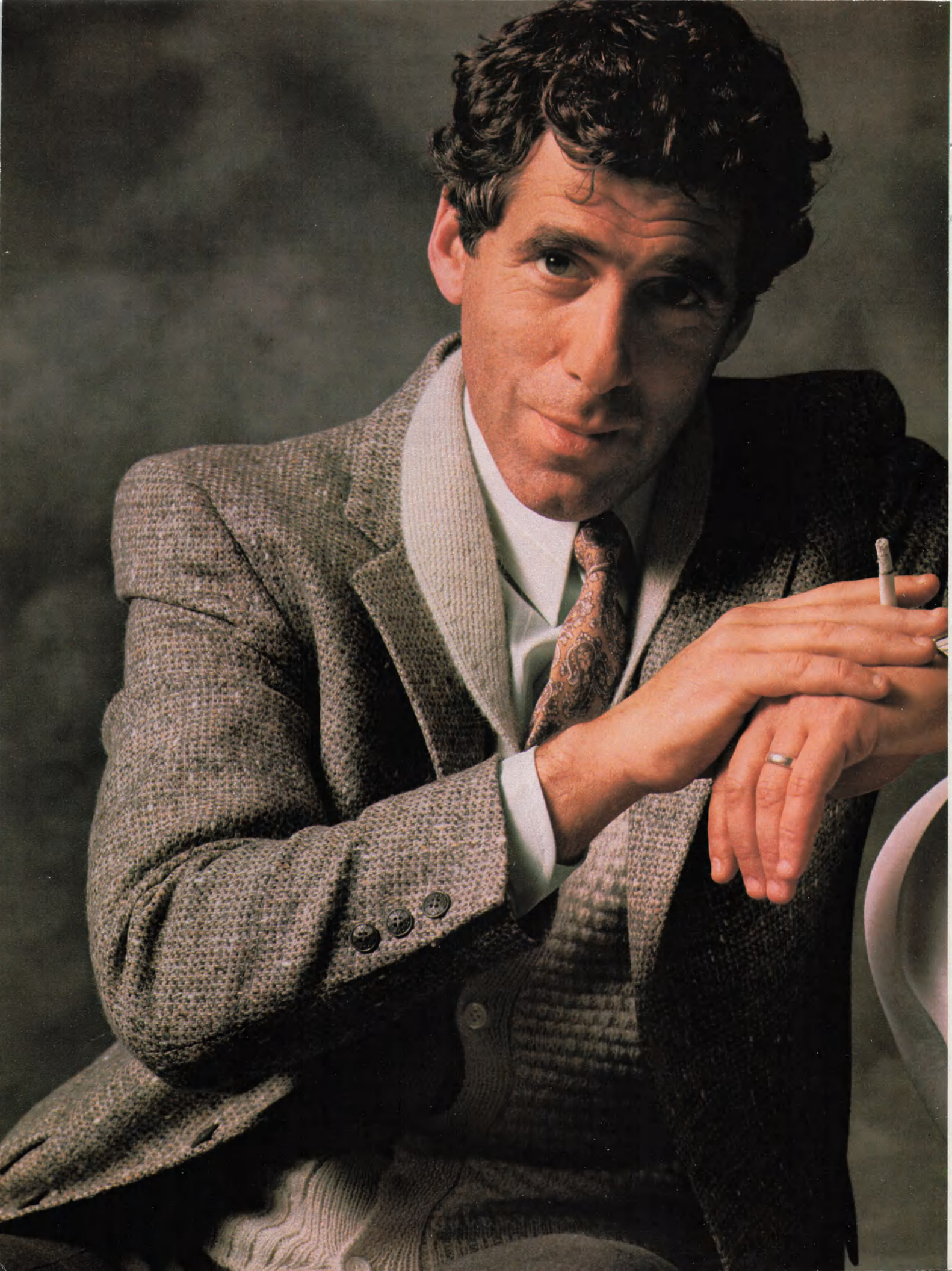
(Above) In refreshing early-autumn colors of rust and green, this Italian tweed jacket ($275) is by Adolfo Menswear; charcoal-gray wool pants ($80) by Adolfo for Bensol; cotton plaid shirt by Adolfo for Aetna; black leather shoes by Cesare Paciotti for Vittorio Ricci. Mirage bracelet watch ($595) by Longines. (Opposite) Check plaid virgin-wool jacket ($190) by Austin Reed of Regent Street. Pale-blue cotton-polyester shirt by Sero; maroon pure-silk tie available at Dunhill of London, New York City; cotton corduroy trousers ($44.50) by Evan-Picone. Mirage watch ($695) by Longines.



stripes and plaids. What perfect style with which to enter the menswear mainstream: country-crisp and city-slick. Dressy enough for the urbs, yet the perfect casual attire for a late Sunday hunt breakfast. To add splash and dash, mate the earthy colors in these sport coats with fresh and lively shirts, neckwear, or sweaters. Be beefy and virile. The Gould standard is strong as ever.

(Above) Ideal for city or country, this smart brown-and-barley-weave sport coat comes with suede elbow patches and three flap pockets ($190), by John Weitz for Palm Beach. Pale-yellow button-down shirt and brown silk tie are by Gant. (Opposite) The timeless aura of tradition envelops this gray and white English tweed jacket ($275), worn with an off-white wool cardigan vest ($50); both by Adolfo Menswear. Striped cotton shirt is Adolfo for Aetna; Conquest watch with stainless-steel bracelet ($595) by Longines.

For more information on merchandise featured here, see page 166.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 60

expertise at it. As one man puts it, "I don't feel sublimely confident when dealing with a clitoris; the organ seems very picky about what it likes and doesn't like. I feel much better if my partner will indicate to me what feels good." A seventeen-year-old says appealingly, "Sometimes I can't find a woman's clitoris. Either I am constantly getting lost or else the damn thing moves around a lot." And one man involved in a five-year relationship explains, "She stays quite still during the early stages of stimulation. It took a few times to realize that this was her way of focusing on what was going on—not a signal that she didn't feel anything."

Some men, when asked "Do you become sexually excited by stimulating your partner?", respond very enthusiastically. "I get very excited," says one engaged man. "When she orgasms I feel so good I feel we are flying. My girl friend had multiple orgasms. It was marvelous. I thought she'd go mad. During her orgasm she held me tightly. That was the best." Another adds, "Sometimes she's had five or six orgasms during one time in bed, at which point she gets so worked up and I get so worked up my mind is going crazy. She's really a turn-on. I love the way she smells and feels when that's going on."

A few men use their penis against the woman's clitoris: "I enjoy so much to lie steady next to and hold my girl in my arms, with very tender and steady kissing. In this position, with her breasts pressing against me, I can feel her butt with my hands, and press my penis into her pubic hair. Sometimes, too, I hold my penis in my hand and stimulate her clitoris with the head."

Another form of clitoral stimulation some men use is manual stimulation of the clitoral area during intercourse. As one man describes it, "Most of the time she orgasms by my stroking her clit with my finger while we are having intercourse." Another says, "My wife usually orgasms when I get on top. I support my body high enough so she can use her fingers while I am inside." Another very open man explains, "Our method for obtaining mutual orgasm is for me to enter from behind while she is lying down, applying a vibrator to the clitoris." But some men found this difficult: "Clitoral stimulation during intercourse has always seemed distracting whether it was by my own hand or hers. It was uncomfortable and awkward. If it must be done, I would rather it be done by the woman herself, which gives her the control over technique that would seem more beneficial to her."

Sometimes clitoral stimulation during intercourse is possible, without manual stimulation. Thirty percent of the women in my study could orgasm during intercourse; however, they say that this is the result of going after the stimulation they need (usually while on top, pressing their pubic area against the man's) rather than from the style or duration of the man's thrusting in itself. In other words, this clitoral stimulation is usually a question of contact between the man's pubic bone and the woman's clitoral area—especially with the woman on top. Some men describe how this works during intercourse: "She likes to be on top, rubbing my pubic bone with my penis in her. She brings herself off fastest that way." Another man, rather surprised, says, "The woman I am currently involved with usually has orgasm by being on top and humping me; therefore, her clitoris is not being stimulated 'directly' (i.e., with fingers) but rather by rubbing against the bone (mons?) above my penis." Another man in his twenties says, "Sometimes we lie quite still and press our pubic bones together. This works best with the woman on top and is most stimulating to her."

Another man, an accountant, adds, "Though some women have told me that they can come by intercourse only, I find that they sooner or later accompany their orgasms by spreading their legs wide and pressing me hard against them so they can rub their clitoral area against my pubic area. Gradually, over the years, I have changed my technique, so that now, instead of my former in-and-out movement, I insert my prick all the way and then press my pubic area hard against the clitoral region and move it back and forth slowly and regularly until my partner has come as many times as she wants to. Then I come."

> "When I want to help her have an orgasm, I lie by her side. I gently pull her hairs. I prefer to use my thumb, which is softer, in a circular movement on the clitoris."

The fact that these methods can work for some women in some situations does not imply that all women "should" be able to make them work. There is an unfortunate tendency in some men's thinking to hope or assume, if the respondent is aware of the statistics of *The Hite Report,* that his partner is among the 30 percent of women who do get clitoral stimulation during intercourse (adequate to orgasm)—and a further tendency to believe that the most "mature" and "best" women are naturally among the 30 percent.

Can a woman also stimulate herself manually while she is with a man? This can be an extremely intimate activity, while at the same time removing many frustrations and pressures from both the woman and the man. Most men, however, have never experienced a woman stimulating herself while close to them; for most men, having the woman give herself an orgasm is a new idea. As one man in his thirties says, "No woman has ever shown me how she does it, or even admitted to masturbation." In fact, many men are shocked by the idea that their partner can masturbate to orgasm at all, even when alone.

Many men do not like the idea of a woman stimulating herself while with them, and express such reactions as "I would feel inadequate" or "I would resent it." Another speaks bluntly: "I hope it never happens. I would get up and leave. Why does she need me?" Some men, however, express an openness toward trying it: "It's never happened. But why shouldn't she?" And a few men say they like it very much: "It's a great experience to share. It makes me freer." A married man says, "It is a beautiful sight. My job is to accompany her and to help her along the way." And another: "My relations with my wife have improved a great deal, and I'm sure part of it has to do with the impact of the women's-liberation movement. She, my wife, seems warmer, more responsive. All of a sudden, after thirty years, she feels free to masturbate in my presence without embarrassment, and vice versa. That is significant, and it has brought us closer together." Finally, a beautiful reply: "I help my wife have an orgasm with my thigh between her legs and some gentle fondling of her breasts and some sexy whispering in her ear while she rubs against me. I'm not annoyed, just happy to be part of it."

Although most men like cunnilingus and are more familiar with it than with manual stimulation, it is not a major means for their giving women clitoral stimulation to orgasm; most still think of it as "foreplay." While generalized oral sex can be extremely pleasurable, both physically and emotionally, and even preferable to many women, lack of precise clitoral stimulation for orgasm is a drawback if no other provision is made for the woman's orgasm during sex. Only one-third of the men in my study said they frequently continued cunnilingus until after the woman reached orgasm. Some of these men give descriptions of the type of stimulation they use during cunnilingus to lead to orgasm, stimulation that is highly individual for each woman: "I enjoy cunnilingus with my wife in every way," says one man. "I like her taste, her smell, my head squeezed between her lovely thighs, and licking her beautiful cunt and anus. I slowly lick her labia, from the clitoris all the way to her anus and back again, stopping on her clitoris finally, sucking it gently with my lips and tongue. When her hips begin to move, I know her orgasm is imminent. I then suck her clitoris a little harder until her whole body is in one beautiful orgasm. Her pelvis thrusts, her head moves from side to side,

she gasps, moans, and grabs my head in her hands and pushes it against her until her contractions and spasms end. Bringing her to orgasm this way makes me feel great. I really think she has her best orgasms from cunnilingus, but she says she is more emotionally satisfied with orgasm from penile penetration. I believe she is still inhibited about oral sex from her upbringing and religious background."

Some men point out that orgasm during cunnilingus is not always so easy to create. "Sometimes I put the clitoris between my lips softly and then suck on it for a while," one man explains. "She seems to like a lot of pressure, rubbing hard against the pubic bone. As yet I haven't perfected the technique, but I want to work on it." Another man in his early twenties expressed his frustration in this regard: "Women seem to hold back when I'm down there. I hardly ever receive any directions. Perhaps I'm missing the subtle hints women are said to give. If so, maybe they are using too much subtlety. Men are not mind readers."

Others emphasize that the type of stimulation women need varies greatly: "Exactly what I do depends on the particular woman. Some women like it when my mouth is tight around the clitoris and my tongue moves back and forth. Some like up-and-down motion more; some like the whole area to be moved around without very much direct stimulation of the clitoris." Some men stress the importance of maintaining a sensitive awareness of the woman's reactions during stimulation: "Sometimes she moves a little bit up or down, or sideways, to get special stimulation at one point or another. Sometimes she murmurs, 'That's good! That's good!' or 'I love that—just keep doing that. Don't stop.' These are all cues to me in helping her have an orgasm."

A few men express great pleasure at watching and feeling the woman orgasm via cunnilingus: "Do I enjoy cunnilingus? I love it. The only thing I can think of that is better than watching a woman have an orgasm, hearing the gasps of ecstasy, and watching her body contract and heave—is having an orgasm myself. It's just great. I like it because I can totally see the pleasure that I'm giving her. It's a very reassuring thing that she needs me as much as I need her." Another man explains: "It's really a revelation to see a woman this way. I feel like I have total control over her orgasm and, indeed, over her entire body, especially when she clamps her legs tight around me and clutches me in great, spasmodic movements to her climax. It's an incredible turn-on to know I'm giving her such pleasure. I come very close to orgasm myself."

But many men say that they don't feel comfortable initiating clitoral stimulation or changing the pattern of sex; they feel it is the woman's responsibility to *tell* them, to speak up about the stimulation they need for orgasm: "If she doesn't have an orgasm, it's her fault. I'm not a mind reader.

THIS MONTH IN OMNI

ON SALE AUGUST 24

MICROCHIP ART

CANCER FIGHTERS

FICTION

MICROCHIP ART—Seen by Philip Harrington's camera, a microchip barely discernible to the human eye becomes a richly textured landscape of startling depth. The world-renowned photomicrographer uses polarized light and other effects to dramatize the inner workings of electronic networks. The total effect is that of an aerial view of a Mayan city, with stepped pyramids and plazas. Don't miss this visual treat in September's *Omni*.

NATURAL CANCER FIGHTERS—Researchers are learning to enlist antibodies, the natural weapons our bodies produce, to defeat cancer. When drugs and interferon have failed, antibodies have knocked out tumor cells and saved lives. Tagged with radioactive atoms, antibodies have also enabled doctors to spot cancers that elude X rays. Ironically, cancer cells themselves help researchers produce these lifesaving substances.

COMPUTER KIDS—Good-bye, blackboard and erasers; hello, TRS-80, Apple, and Atari. There is a new generation of children who handle the intricacies of computer language and programming the way other generations learned how to ride a bike. For better or worse, the computer has become a fixture in modern childhood, and we may never be the same again. *Omni* shows how the first wave of computer kids is using, and sometimes abusing, this new tool for fun and, in some disturbing instances, for profit, too.

INTERVIEW—When Swedish officials called Hans Bethe to tell him he had won the 1967 Nobel Prize, he let the phone ring for two minutes, thinking it was a wrong number—one of the few miscalculations ever made by the man who figured out how the sun works. In 1942 Bethe was one of the physicists convinced that the atom bomb could be ready in time for use in the war, and he joined the Manhattan Project at Los Alamos. Since then he has been involved in nuclear issues at the highest government levels. In this month's interview Bethe argues about nuclear power and other highly charged matters.

FICTION—*Omni* features an impressive debut by Dan Simmons. In "Eyes I Dare Not Meet in Dreams," telepathy ultimately proves a blessing for three embittered misfits. "The Man Who Met Picasso," now elderly, tells a stranger of his youthful encounter with the great man. This charming fantasy is by Michael Swanwick, one of the fastest-rising stars of science fiction.

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She has to tell me what to do." Another states angrily, "Her orgasm is her own responsibility. I never claimed to be perfect when I hired on." It is true that everyone does, in the final analysis, make his or her own orgasm. However, to imply that women are not taking enough responsibility for what goes on in sex overlooks the fact that most "sex" is still carried on according to the old rules—that is, it is assumed that intercourse is sex; it is assumed that intercourse will be included and that the man has the right to this stimulation and to his orgasm. The man has social approval and encouragement for the stimulation he needs and for his orgasm, while the woman's situation is the opposite: the stimulation she needs for orgasm has been considered "abnormal," and, in addition, women who have asserted their needs and desires have often been called "aggressive," "demanding," or "dominating." Women's need for clitoral stimulation is not valued and esteemed. In other words, our pattern of sex does not put men in the position of having to *ask* for the stimulation they need; "sex" should end with intercourse and male orgasm, whereas women must request "special" ("extra") stimulation. As one man puts it, "If the woman needs some special stimulation, she should let the guy know."

But another man expresses a different point of view: "I don't believe that society has allowed a woman to demand the sort of stimulation she needs for sexual fulfillment. You can ask nearly any man if he's a good lover, and you'll get a leer and wink and something like 'I never had any complaints.' Reason: in his experience, women have been too intimidated or shy to speak up. I think the women's movement has been instrumental in changing this, however slowly." Another man: "I believe that we as men have to consistently try to block our tendencies to believe that women don't have orgasms. We have to really push women to *show* us what they like and how they orgasm, and not be satisfied with the first few things they say but keep trying! It's hard for them to open up after centuries of repression."

Do most men *want* to know about clitoral stimulation? It is difficult to believe any man would want a woman to help him orgasm, then go masturbate to have her own orgasm alone—never to share it, never to be together. Men unfamiliar with clitoral stimulation sometimes react to the idea with displeasure, thinking it will not be a pleasure for them, but they are mistaken. Clitoral stimulation to orgasm can be extremely intense, exciting, and exotic—and it can also be an expansion, a going to another level with another person, finding a new part of oneself. If a woman has the freedom to really be herself with another person, this will create a great expansion of their relationship and bring increased love, respect, and trust.

LEARNING ABOUT CLITORAL STIMULATION BY HAND

Many couples find that the best position for clitoral stimulation by hand is lying side by side, embracing each other. However, the woman may also be on her back, or even on her stomach. Most women have orgasms much easier in one or two specific positions. Also, the position of a woman's legs is very important, so it is advisable to leave space for her to move them freely.

While kissing and being affectionate together, place your palm or two or three fingers gently over the woman's pubic area (or an inch or two lower) and rub lightly in a small, circular motion. You might want to ask her to put her hand on top of yours to help you find the best position and pressure.

While doing this, you can ask, "Would you like to have an orgasm this way? Is this a good position for you?"

You might add, "I would love for you to have an orgasm this way," or "I love it when you have orgasms this way."

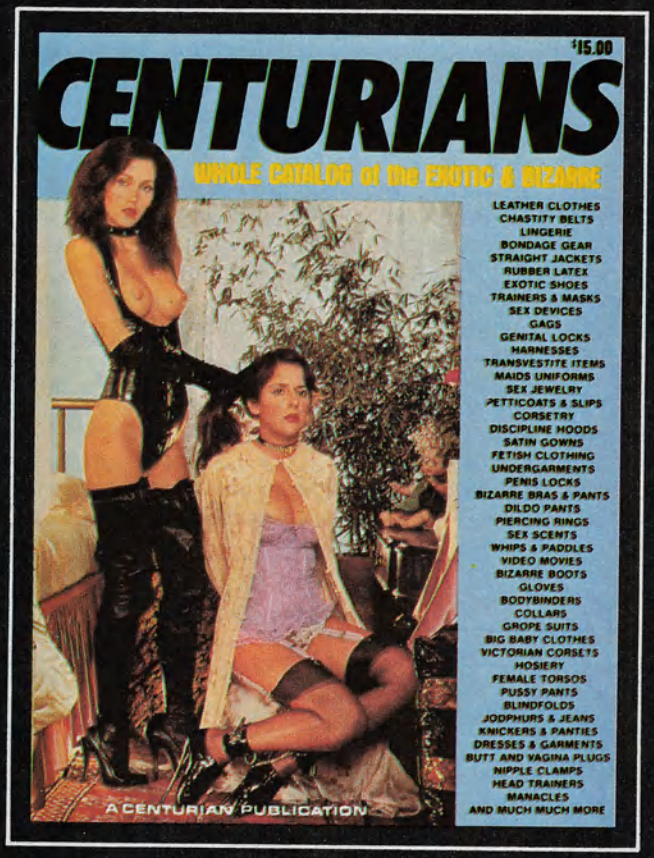
Try to *feel* her body as you are lying close so that as she becomes more tense—it may appear that she is simply being quiet—you can gradually increase the tempo of your movements. As orgasm nears, she may clasp her arms very tightly around you or clutch the bed, becoming even more physically tense and rigid. At orgasm, or just after orgasm, her body may lurch, she may cry out, or she may simply lie tensely but quietly. Then the muscle tension will dissolve.

If you stimulate her again after waiting a few minutes, it is very likely she may have a second orgasm, usually more quickly than she had the first one. If a woman is not feeling very shy with you, her first orgasm might take anywhere from four to ten minutes of stimulation.

In fact, the most practical method of learning how best to stimulate her is to ask her to show you: while you are lying close and embracing, place your hand on top of hers and ask her to stimulate herself so that you can see and feel how she does it and how her body reacts. This can make you feel very intimate.

DO NOT WAIT FOR HER TO ASK YOU TO DO THIS!

THE WHOLE SEX FETISH CATALOG



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COCAINE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 74

with half a dozen Colombian syndicates, and now he wanted to simplify his operations by finding two main buyers—one of them Colombian and the other an American. The Bolivian suggested that Suarez could sell Levine about 1,000 kilos of cocaine base a month.

This was a far larger amount than the DEA had ever thought of handling. A single monthly shipment would have surpassed the total seizures made in Miami during all of the previous year. More to the point, the agency would have been unable to come up with the $18 to $20 million necessary to show Suarez that it could purchase that much cocaine. Making some quick mental calculations, Levine countered Ibañez with an offer to initially buy 500 kilos of cocaine base. If that deal went through smoothly, he would be ready to absorb 1,000 kilos a month. In the meantime, Levine invited Ibañez, Suarez, and his son, Roberto Jr., up to Miami to inspect his organization, his laboratories, even spend some time at his home, where they could meet his family and associates.

With little haggling, Levine agreed to pay $18,000 a kilo, or $9 million for the 500 kilos. Once refined and then sold on the streets, the shipment would have brought more than $200 million in 1980 prices. Levine told Ibañez that he and Suarez would be shown the $9 million on their visit to Miami, well before the delivery of the drugs.

The only hitch in the negotiations in Buenos Aires was the failure of Suarez to meet with Levine. It was to be a sign of the Bolivian's caution in all stages of the deal. "Suarez never exposed himself—we never saw him, or even talked to him directly," said a DEA agent in Washington. "He sends everybody, even his own family, out like he does to test the waters. And he remains out of sight."

Ibañez returned to Bolivia to consult further with Suarez. Meanwhile, Levine flew back to Miami to mull over the mind-boggling quantities of cocaine he was being offered, and to set the sting operation in motion.

Until the Buenos Aires meeting, the DEA was uncertain just how much cocaine base was being smuggled out of Bolivia. As late as 1977, the agency was divided on whether Peru or Bolivia was the larger producer. It now became evident that the Bolivians had spurted ahead, and that Suarez was the single biggest cocaine merchant in the world.

In a very few years, the cocaine boom has radically reshaped the political and economic geography of Bolivia. For most of this century—and hundreds of years before—the nation's meager fortunes and the bulk of its population were linked to the mineral-rich Andean range.

Since 1977, cocaine has brought the neglected northern and eastern part of Bolivia into the economic and political mainstream. All of the country's endemic disadvantages—its landlocked borders, inaccessible interior, wretched rural poverty, political instability, ingrained government corruption, and long-standing tradition of contraband—emerged as pillars of strength for the cocaine industry.

The Chapare, the godforsaken tropical highland of east-central Bolivia, has proved a natural greenhouse for new coca plantations. The leaves that grow there are too bitterly acid to chew but produce a high-quality base. The dearth of roads poses no real economic hardship and ensures privacy. Brigades of machete-wielding peasants cut hundreds of miles of footpaths. An even larger army of campesinos carry fifty-pound loads of coca leaves along the paths to clandestine laboratories. In fact, the only asphalted highway in the Chapare is used by the coca growers, mainly to dry their leaves in the sun before compressing them into bundles for the pack carriers. On an average day during the harvest season, a four-mile stretch of the highway—roughly the distance along Broadway from the edge of Harlem to Times Square—is blanketed on one side with dehydrating coca leaves while traffic is diverted to a single lane.

Most of the clandestine cocaine laboratories are now installed in the Beni, the jungle-and-savanna province of northern Bolivia, which is even more isolated and inaccessible than the Chapare. As big as Kansas, the Beni has only about 300,000 inhabitants. There are no paved highways and few roads of any kind. The only economic activity, besides cocaine, is cattle. The livestock, introduced into the province three centuries ago by Jesuit missionaries, multiplied into large, wild herds, like Texas longhorns. Only in recent years have ranchers built dirt airstrips to transport the butchered cattle to markets in La Paz and the Andean tin mines several hundred miles southeast. And many of these same tiny airfields now serve as staging points for the sophisticated network that ferries processed and semiprocessed cocaine through Bolivia, across Brazil, into Colombia, and then to Florida.

The business and banking capital of this cocaine trade is Santa Cruz, the main city of eastern Bolivia. It is the gathering place of Colombian and American buyers, and the garrison for the army and air-force contingents who offer cocaine smugglers protection and secure contraband routes. Oil, natural gas, and agriculture gave this once wild frontier town its first taste of prosperity a decade ago. Cocaine has swathed Santa Cruz with a flashy veneer of wealth that sets it apart from the rest of the country. The city's understated Spanish colonial downtown district of low-slung white-stucco and red-tile buildings has been encircled with suburban mansions evoking Southern California and Palm

"Remember to lift the seat, dear."

Beach architecture. The shops are stocked with the latest stereo and video equipment, most of it contraband financed by coca-dollars. Santa Cruz probably has more BMWs and Mercedes per capita than any other Latin American city. Some policemen patrol in Datsun sports cars, marred only by sirens on their roofs.

Like virtually all other Bolivian cocaine barons, Roberto Suarez is a man of these hinterlands. From his family, who controlled the country's rubber trade at the turn of the century, Suarez inherited some modest cattle ranches in the Beni, the Chapare, and Santa Cruz. He was not much of a cattleman, but sent his son, Roberto Jr., to Texas A & M in the hopes that he would improve the family ranching operations. The father's limited farming acumen was further hampered by his weakness for gambling. A cousin remembers him losing $60,000 in one night at a La Paz casino eight years ago.

Suarez was, however, an accomplished pilot of small planes, and developed a profound knowledge of the geography of the Bolivian interior. By the early 1970s, he was flying contraband goods into the country from Brazil and Argentina. He also began selling small quantities of cocaine base abroad, usually no more than ten or twenty kilos at a time. When the boom came after 1977, Suarez was far better positioned than most of the other small smugglers. He had contacts in customs, the police, and the armed forces. Rather than simply expand his cocaine production, he hit upon the notion of acting as a middleman between the many small Bolivian smugglers and the big Colombian buyers. The idea appealed to corrupt military and police officials because it made the cocaine trade more manageable. And it made sense to the smaller traffickers because the arrangement relieved them of the expense of bribing the security forces and transporting the cocaine abroad. By now, Suarez controls fully half of the cocaine smuggled out of Bolivia.

Until a few years ago, friends described him as being tall, robust, jovial, and generous. Nowadays, at close to fifty years of age, he is thin, almost emaciated, a heavy smoker of marijuana and cocaine base, and a social recluse who surrounds himself with an army of bodyguards, according to the few friends who occasionally catch a glimpse of him.

"I last saw him about a year ago," recalled a cattleman who grew up with Suarez in the Beni. "He flew into my ranch unannounced and walked up to the house with two bodyguards—foreigners, speaking German. I hardly recognized him, he was so skinny. And he didn't make much sense. He said he felt badly that he owed me money for such a long time, and then he opened this big piece of luggage. It was filled with fifty- and hundred-dollar bills, and he said there was $50,000. I looked at him like he was crazy, and said: 'Roberto, this has to be a mistake. I never lent you any money.' And it was the truth. He just looked at me kind of strangely, closed the luggage, and walked back to the plane."

Suarez's bodyguards are mostly Argentine, Swiss, Austrian, and South African neo-fascists. They were trained and recruited by Klaus Altmann, a former Nazi SS colonel who found refuge in Bolivia more than thirty years ago from charges that he had slaughtered hundreds of French Resistance members and deported thousands of Jews while he was Gestapo chief in the French city of Lyons.

The guards are spread over a dozen different locations in northern and eastern Bolivia because Suarez rarely spends more than two days in any one place. He does sit still in Santa Cruz whenever a large deal is in the offing. And it was there, in one of his large mansions, that he fielded phone calls from Marcelo Ibañez during the negotiations with Levine in Buenos Aires and Miami.

After being briefed by Levine on his return to Florida, the DEA decided to finance one of its most expensive undercover operations. A three-bedroom house was rented during May 1980 in Fort Lauderdale, just across from the beach, and was stocked with Johnny Walker and Tanqueray gin, and wired with a stereo for the salsa music that Suarez supposedly enjoyed. Two Lincoln Continental limousines were leased. Women agents were brought over to Miami to act as maids and escorts for the Bolivians. A warehouse in Miami was outfitted as a cocaine laboratory with funnels, cookers, and an agent, Paul Sennett, as its chief chemist. Finally, $9 million in hundred-dollar bills was borrowed from the Federal Reserve, and deposited in six giant safety-deposit boxes at a Miami suburban bank to impress upon the Bolivians that the Levine organization was prepared to pay cash on delivery.

Mike Levine installed himself in the beach house, along with Frances Johnson, a young, attractive Spanish-speaking agent from the DEA's San Francisco office, who posed as his wife. Richie Fiano, a short, chunky, bearded agent in his early thirties, was designated as Levine's chauffeur and chief lieutenant in the Florida area. After a number of telephone calls to Bolivia, it was agreed that Ibañez, Suarez, and his son would arrive in Miami on May 15.

"Myself, Mike, and a couple of other agents, we go out to Miami airport early that morning to pick up the Bolivians on the flight from Santa Cruz," recounts Fiano. "But the only guy who shows up is Ibañez. He gives us some reason or another why Suarez couldn't make it. So we say no big deal, and we drive Ibañez back to the house.

"Now, we thought we had rented a pretty impressive place," continues Fiano, an Italian-American from the Bronx. "Hell, we're paying $2,500 a month. It's a great neighborhood. The house is big, has its own swimming pool, and it's right across from the ocean. But Ibañez looks at the

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place like it's good enough for the hired help. And he tells us that back on his ranch in Bolivia our swimming pool could pass for a small duck pond."

The DEA agents didn't quite know what to make of Ibañez. A couple of inches under six feet tall, thin, clean-cut, with wavy-dark hair, and in his late thirties, he had the air of a successful young businessman. His mood oscillated sharply between supreme self-confidence and deep anxiety. "We were planning on the party with the girls, maybe a quick trip to Las Vegas, even a couple of Broadway shows," said Fiano. "But Ibañez didn't want any of it. Wouldn't even touch a drop of booze. He just wanted to leave as soon as possible."

Ibañez spent most of the day closeted in the beach house on the phone with Suarez in Santa Cruz. He emerged only to take a brief drive along the waterfront with Levine, Fiano, and Pepe, a Spanish-speaking agent. He didn't even ask to see the $9 million or the cocaine laboratory. He turned down a suggestion that the Suarez gang deliver the cocaine base in the Brazilian Amazon or Colombia and insisted that the pickup be made in Bolivia. At one point, he demanded that Frances, the woman posing as Levine's wife, fly down with him to the rendezvous point in Bolivia as a sign of the Americans' good faith. When Levine demurred, Ibañez then suggested that Fiano come along, pretending to be Levine's son, because Suarez would be sending his own son to the meeting in the Bolivian jungles.

At least one of the agents found this behavior peculiar, and suspected that the Suarez people might be setting a trap of their own. The agent objected that Fiano was only a dozen years younger than Levine, and could not possibly pass for his son. But Ibañez, claiming that he was anxious to see the deal go through, said he was prepared to lie to Suarez, who in any event had not met Levine and did not know what he looked like.

"I argued that Ibañez was leveling with us," said Fiano. "In fact, I thought he had bought the whole story hook, line, and sinker. He was just nervous. I thought maybe he had a personal stake in seeing this thing through. He was the guy who had set the whole deal up for Suarez, and maybe he was thinking that if it went through he would move up in the organization. Anyway, he did seem nervous. He was getting along best with Pepe, maybe because Pepe's Spanish was so good. So that night Pepe took him to dinner, calmed him down, and assured him there would be no problems."

After dinner, a final meeting took place in the beach house to sort out the details of the flight to Bolivia. Three pilots, U.S. military veterans working for the DEA, came to the house and talked to Ibañez about the route to Bolivia, the terrain, and the length of the clandestine airstrip where the landing would be made. Ibañez placed a last phone call to Roberto Suarez to inform him of the type of aviation fuel the plane would need for its return trip to Florida, and to receive precise instructions. He was told by Suarez that a Bolivian pilot would meet the plane when it made an intermediary stop in the Brazilian Amazon city of Manaus and guide the flight into the Bolivian jungle. Suarez agreed that his emissaries in Miami would collect the $9 million once the plane had taken off from Bolivia with 500 kilos of cocaine base.

Early the next day, May 16, just twenty-four hours after his arrival, Ibañez and the DEA agents drove to a small airfield near Fort Lauderdale to begin the trip to South America. Ibañez was startled by the poor quality of the plane. The Convair was about forty years old, and he commented to Fiano that it was the kind of aircraft used in Bolivia to transport meat. "We were worried that such a low-class plane might cause us some credibility problems, but it really was the only aircraft we could afford," recalls Fiano. "Ibañez said to us he couldn't understand how we were willing to risk $9 million in cocaine with this piece of shit."

Carrying Ibañez, Fiano, and the three pilots, the Convair took off from Florida, refueled in Puerto Rico, and laid over in Barbados. Ibañez made several phone calls to Suarez, and then, without any real explanation, told the DEA agents that it would take several more days before the cocaine would be ready for a pickup in Bolivia. The next four days were spent sunbathing and deep-sea fishing in Barbados. Finally, on May 20, the Convair took off again and landed that afternoon in Manaus. At a downtown hotel, in a sweltering room so small that only one person could stand up at a time, the Convair's passengers were joined by Renato Roca Suarez, the thirty-year-old nephew of Roberto Suarez. He was an experienced pilot and brought along aerial maps of the landing zone in Bolivia.

The destination was to be an isolated ranch carved out of the jungle in the Beni. Roca Suarez marked off an airstrip on the edge of a large lake, called Rogoaguado, as the site of the rendezvous with the cocaine shipment. The dirt runway, however, was shorter than the minimum requirement of the Convair. One of the DEA pilots pointed out that while the strip might be long enough to land on, it would be difficult for the plane, fully loaded and refueled, to take off again.

"We argued it back and forth," said Fiano. "But in the end we figured, what the hell, we're this far along, and we gotta go for it."

The next morning, the Convair set out for Bolivia. The pilots filed a flight plan to the Bolivian air-force control tower in Santa Cruz. Then, following Roca Suarez's instructions, they informed Santa Cruz that they were turning back to Brazil because of technical problems. But instead, they flew at low altitude toward the secluded ranch in northern Bolivia. Roca Suarez told Fiano that they could probably remain an hour on the ground before Santa Cruz

wondered why they had lost radio contact and sent out search planes for them.

It was a rough landing, and the hydraulic line controlling the nose wheel was damaged. Initially startled by the large group of Indians running toward the craft, Fiano relaxed a bit when he saw them carting large gasoline drums to refuel the Convair. Within minutes, a small, single-engine plane circled above and then landed. Ibañez went over to talk to the pilot, who was Roberto Suarez, Jr., and brought him over to meet Fiano and the other agents. Short, thin, dark-complexioned, and in his mid-twenties, the son of Roberto Suarez spoke a perfect Texas dialect, which he had learned during his time at Texas A & M.

There would be a short delay, no more than an hour, he explained, before the shipment of cocaine base arrived. Meanwhile, the Indians would form a bucket brigade to refuel the Convair.

"At this point, we're not only worried that the Bolivian Air Force is going to catch up with us," said Fiano. "We're also concerned that this is just one big hummer. Now, over in Miami, you can go out and hum all day for a guy who says he'll bring you a kilo of coke and never does, and it's no big thing. But for this operation, we had spent like thousands and thousands on the plane, the beach house, the cars, the agents. It was going to be one big embarrassment if these guys didn't come through."

In less than an hour, another small plane landed. It was carrying dozens of black, plastic garbage bags filled with cocaine base in light-brown powder form. Ibañez explained that the delay was due to the relatively poor quality of the initial shipment. This load, he said, was not quite 400 kilos, but the quality was supposed to be excellent.

Then, handing Fiano a kilo of pure white cocaine, Ibañez said: "I want you to take this present to Mike to show him that our word is good, that we're friends, and we're sorry for any problems along the way. We want this arrangement to work."

Roberto Jr., who had been monitoring the radio, reported that the Bolivian Air Force had sent out planes to search for the Convair and that a takeoff would have to be made quickly.

"Now Ibañez says to me that he's going back to Santa Cruz, and to please, please, as soon as we were in the air, call Miami and have the money released," recalls Fiano. "He let us know that he was way out on a limb, that he just hoped everything would work out okay. He pleaded with us not to rip him off. I guess it was at that point that I was really relieved. I smiled and I told him he didn't have a thing to worry about.

"Our only problem was taking off," continued Fiano. "The hydraulic system was ruptured on the landing. With the 854 pounds of cocaine base and the fuel tanks loaded, we were carrying a lot more weight. We started down the runway, hitting all those potholes, and we just missed the lake at the end of the strip. A little less wind under the wings, and we would have nosedived right into the water."

Back in Miami, Mike Levine had already met with another Suarez henchman, Alfredo Gutierrez, and had shown him the money in the bank safety-deposit boxes that would be turned over as soon as the Convair flew out of Bolivia. Gutierrez, a dark, very stout, middle-aged man, was a former president of the Santa Cruz Chamber of Commerce and owner of a fleet of small airplanes in Bolivia. He was accompanied in Florida by Roberto Gasser, son of one of the wealthiest Santa Cruz industrialists.

After hearing from both Ibañez in Santa Cruz and Fiano en route from Bolivia that the cocaine base was being flown back to Florida, Levine picked up Gutierrez and Gasser at their Miami hotel and drove them over to the bank. John Lawler, another DEA agent posing as a bank security guard, welcomed them. As Gutierrez went into the vault and placed the key in a safety-deposit box, Levine and Lawler drew their guns and arrested the two Bolivians.

Meanwhile, in South America, Fiano and the three pilots made a refueling stop in Manaus and then flew to Barbados. There, the plane's hydraulic line severed

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completely, forcing the crew to wait several days until repairs could be made. It wasn't until May 25—nine days after the Convair began its journey to Bolivia—that the DEA agents arrived back in Florida with their cache of drugs.

The seizure of the cocaine proved far easier than the legal and diplomatic morass involved in bringing any Suarez associates to trial. The arrest of Gutierrez sparked a flood of protest letters from Bolivia. Cabinet ministers, generals, and industrialists sent documentation attesting to his character and honesty. Roberto Gasser was not formally charged, and within days of his arrest, was released.

"The thing is his name never came up throughout the case," said a DEA agent, now back in Bolivia. "He just showed up with Gutierrez at the last moment to pick up the money. In court, he stuck to his story that Gutierrez owed him a debt and had asked him to accompany him to the bank to pick it up."

Gutierrez was indicted on charges of conspiring to smuggle in and distribute the seized cocaine. A judge initially set his bail at $3 million. But he was then allowed to plea before U.S. District Judge Alcee Hastings, who reduced bail to $1 million. In July 1980, Gutierrez's son presented two cashier's checks totaling $1 million to the clerk of the court. His father walked out of detention, and fled to Bolivia. (Last December, Judge Hastings was indicted on charges of obstructing justice and conspiracy to solicit bribes from defendants in exchange for favorable treatment in his courtroom. Hastings fell into a trap when a retired FBI agent posing as a racketeer appearing before the judge offered him a $150,000 bribe.)

More than a year was to pass before Gutierrez and then Marcelo Ibañez were brought back to Miami to stand trial. In the meantime, Bolivia became the first country in the world to fall under the control of a government fronting for a drug mafia.

"Before the sting operation, we had some strong suspicions that the Suarez people were well connected to the military and political power structure in Bolivia," said DEA official. "But we didn't expect the whole damn Bolivian establishment to surface behind them."

Just a few weeks after the DEA's scam against Suarez, a small group of Santa Cruz industrialists met at a social club in their city with General Luis Garcia Meza, commander of the Bolivian Army. The businessmen, led by Erwin Gasser, whose son Roberto had been arrested by the DEA in Miami, were there to convince the general to carry out a military coup against the tottering civilian government in La Paz. A suitcase containing more than $1 million was passed across the table to Garcia Meza, according to participants at the meeting. The money included contributions from Roberto Suarez and other traffickers, who were concerned that the civilian government was about to clamp down on the cocaine trade because of a wave of adverse publicity and strong pressure from the American government.

A few days earlier, the cocaine mafia had turned over $800,000 to General Hugo Echeverria, commander of the army garrison in Santa Cruz, according to military and drug-enforcement officials. Further payments were made to other ranking military officers, along with promises of much more money in the months ahead.

On July 17, 1980, General Garcia Meza led the 189th coup in Bolivia's 157-year-old history as an independent state. It was one of the more brutal military takeovers. Thousands of people were arrested, and numerous cases of torture and killings were reported. Although the ostensible motivation behind the coup was the fear that a left-wing civilian government would take power, it quickly became apparent that the cocaine bonanza played an even greater role. Paramilitary groups swept through government buildings burning all records of drug cases. The military officers most suspected of having close links with the cocaine traffic were given key government positions.

Besides General Garcia Meza, who emerged as president, Army Colonel Luis Arce Gomez, a cousin of Roberto Suarez, was appointed minister of interior. Besides his family connection with Suarez, the colonel had an important stake in cocaine traffic through his joint ownership of a fleet of airplanes in the Santa Cruz area. A private plane owned by Army Colonel Norberto Salomon, a partner in Col. Arce Gomez's aircraft company, made a forced landing in the Beni in February 1980, and police sources said more than 1,500 pounds of cocaine base were found on board. Thanks to high-level intervention, Colonel Salomon was cleared and was reassigned as army attaché at Bolivia's embassy in Venezuela.

The United States reacted to the Garcia Meza coup by withholding recognition of his government, scaling down the size of the American embassy in La Paz and recalling the ambassador, and rescinding almost all economic aid to Bolivia. Then, when the military regime's strong links with the cocaine trade became obvious, Washington cut off the American anti-drug program in Bolivia.

With the election of President Reagan, the Bolivian government made an attempt to restore ties with Washington by carrying out a cosmetic crackdown on the drug trade. In February 1981, Garcia Meza forced Arce Gomez to resign as minister of interior. In the following weeks, dozens of small cocaine smugglers were arrested, and numerous small drug shipments were seized.

But only a few days later, a gathering of the largest cocaine traffickers in the country were told the government's true intentions. According to drug-enforcement officials, the meeting took place in a Santa Cruz mansion in late February 1981. For diplomatic reasons, it was said, the government felt constrained to launch a highly

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publicized roundup of drug smugglers. It was suggested that the major cocaine figures transfer most of their drug operations away from the more visible Santa Cruz region to more secluded zones in the Chapare and the Beni. And to ensure continued government protection, increased payments to high officials were demanded. As a first contribution, half a million dollars was collected from the audience.

The farcical campaign to stamp out the cocaine trade ended a few months later, failing to convince Washington. Not even the lucrative profits from drug smuggling could make up for the deepening crisis in Bolivia's legal economy and the failure of the government to attract international credits because of its lamentable image abroad. So in September 1981, another military commander, General Celso Torrelio Villa, became president.

In an effort to repair relations with Washington, General Torrelio made at least one telling gesture. Last October, Alfredo Gutierrez, who had skipped bail after getting caught in the DEA's sting against the Suarez gang, was brought back to Miami under Bolivian police escort. A few weeks later, Marcelo Ibañez also was flown up to Florida. In March, Ibañez was sentenced to twelve years' imprisonment after pleading guilty for his role in the sale of 854 pounds of cocaine to the DEA undercover agents. A decision on Gutierrez is expected in the coming weeks.

In a stroke of luck, the Swiss police arrested Roberto Suarez, Jr., in Locarno last December when he was caught using a false Colombian passport. Until now, the Bolivian government has indicated it would not contest Washington's request to have him extradited to Miami.

Neither DEA nor State Department officials believe that Torrelio himself is involved in the cocaine trade. But he appears too weak to clamp down on the traffic.

"Even if you could find a dozen honest generals and colonels, they would probably be gunned down by their colleagues and junior officers," says a diplomat stationed in La Paz. "The drug traffic has thoroughly corrupted the military. It has destroyed the hierarchy in the officer corps, because rank doesn't count unless you have drug connections. And even if you could somehow put together an expeditionary force to march against the cocaine growers in the Chapare and Santa Cruz, you would set off a peasant uprising, a real revolution. Those campesinos are making real money for the first time in their lives."

As if to underscore the validity of these remarks, earlier this year bombs partially destroyed the homes of two generals who had spoken out strongly against the cocaine trade. The explosions were believed to have been set off by junior officers.

The only source of optimism for the DEA now is a potentially significant backlash against the drug traffic in Bolivia itself. Until recently, cocaine was widely viewed as an American problem, and a boon for Bolivia. The refined powder was too expensive to be peddled in Bolivia. And it became a buoyant factor in the economy at a time when legal exports were in the doldrums.

Only a relatively small portion of the estimated $800 million to $1 billion a year in cocaine sales was being repatriated to Bolivia. But it was enough to stoke a nationwide boom in real estate, contraband retail trade, and other businesses. Until last year, the dollar was actually being sold more cheaply by black-market money-exchange dealers than by the official banks. Peasants were paying off their debts with wads of crisp dollar bills instead of pesos.

But now the economic crisis has reached tidal-wave proportions. Cocaine dealers have just about satiated their appetites for real estate and luxury goods. There are no other investments they want to make in Bolivia at this point. The bulk of their profits is being placed abroad, in American and Swiss banks.

> "In the beginning, we thought the cocaine trade wasn't such a terrible thing," said a Bolivian businessman. "It was an important source of capital. But in the end, it corrupted everything."

About the only financial game that interests them in Bolivia is the money market. With a foreign debt of almost $4 billion, there are no dollars available in Bolivian banks. Desperate businessmen are willing to pay almost any price for coca-dollars. In one week last March, the black-market rate shot up from fifty pesos to over 100 pesos a dollar, and hundreds of bankruptcies were sweeping industry and farming. The Chamber of Agriculture took out ads in a Santa Cruz newspaper complaining that coca had become the only profitable crop in the country. A group of 200 enraged mothers stormed the Central Bank branch in Santa Cruz and held employees hostage until the government promised to give them dollars to send their children, stranded abroad as university students.

"In the beginning, all of us thought that the cocaine trade wasn't such a terrible thing," said Luis Dario Vazquez, secretary general of the Pro-Santa Cruz Committee, the biggest booster organization in the city, embracing business, labor, and farmers. "A lot of the profits were being reinvested here. It was an important source of capital. But in the end, it has corrupted everything. They have a stranglehold over us."

Even Erwin Gasser, who is reputed to have played an important role in financing the 1980 coup that brought the military-civilian cocaine mafia to power, now sounds thoroughly dejected. His sugarcane farm and refinery—the biggest such operation in the country—is reportedly in dire financial straits because of the precipitous decline in the peso and the far more competitive wages offered to peasants by coca growers.

"The military government has been a total disappointment," said Gasser, at his downtown Santa Cruz office, a few hours before flying to Miami for his annual medical checkup. "They keep changing cabinet ministers so quickly that by the time we can educate them about the country's economic problems, they are thrown out of office. And of course there is the corruption problem. What makes it different from other countries is that these guys steal more money than the government has."

Out of this economic and political swamp, an opportunity may eventually emerge for a rational, balanced, and expensive program that would bring the Bolivian cocaine trade under control. According to American diplomats, a relatively stable and honest government leadership would have to take power, convinced that the drug traffic is bringing the country far more drawbacks than benefits. Enough U.S. aid would then have to be offered to institute an effective crop-substitution program in the newer coca-growing regions like the Chapare. And drug-enforcement activities would have to be stepped up, although undercover spectaculars like the sting against Suarez are not likely to be repeated.

There is no evidence yet that such a scenario is unfolding. Roberto Suarez shows no signs of cutting back his huge smuggling operations. Some DEA agents entertain the slim hope that he might at some point want to give himself up if he could receive guarantees of protection, maybe even a light sentence in Miami, in exchange for his encyclopedic knowledge of the cocaine trade.

The incentive might be the fear that he is too great a political liability for any government that wants to tidy up the country's tarnished image abroad. It is also not inconceivable that military officials would accept Suarez's murder and replacement by one of his ambitious lieutenants, a man not so notorious overseas.

"Roberto Suarez is probably the best-known person in Bolivia," said a DEA agent. "His name is more recognizable on the streets of Santa Cruz than the current president. But there are so many pressures on him that he must be going nuts. Think of all those people he has to pay off, all those accounts he has to juggle, all those little and big things that could go wrong and explode in his face." ○+■

FEEDBACK

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 34

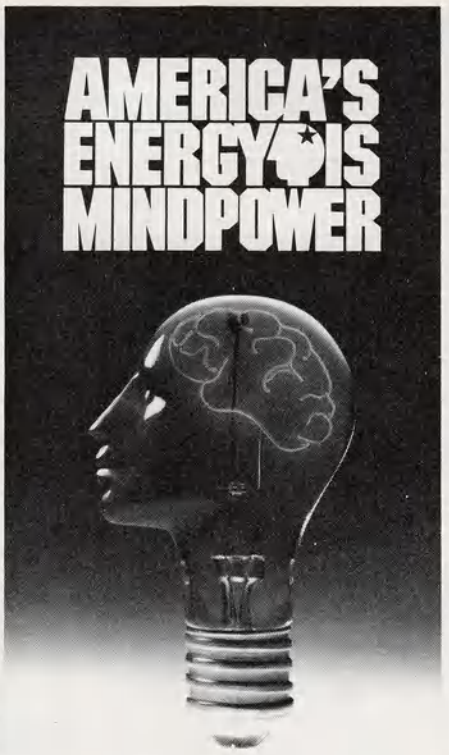
Perhaps most disturbing of all are Volkman's claims that "the vast bulk of the Arab oil profits are being used . . . to carry out an economic war against the Jews." This is a serious assertion indeed, and one that requires substantial proof. Volkman provides hardly a shred of evidence. "It is nearly impossible," he notes, "to establish just how much of this is going on." He blames Arabs ("by interesting coincidence") for the fact that Jewish people occupy today few positions in the energy, heavy-machinery, construction, and banking industries. This is a trend that has developed over the course of decades, and it is sheer foolishness to suggest that it is one orchestrated by members of the Arab community. . . .

On the basis of Volkman's article, in fact, one might assume that it has been some members of the Jewish community who have begun to carry out an economic war against Arab people. Volkman cites a number of incidents where American Jewish communities have undermined legitimate, beneficial investments by Arab businessmen. His pointed references to Jewish protests serve—perhaps intentionally—to further divide the Jewish and Arab worlds.

Volkman is correct in assuming that anti-Semitism is on the rise, and his crass anti-Semitic slurring of the Arab people only furthers this dangerous trend. His vilification of Arabs, his unfounded accusations, and his disingenuousness have no place in America.—*David Hamod, former writer for the American-Arab Anti-Discrimination Committee, Washington, D.C.*

Ernest Volkman replies:

Were Mr. Hamod's attack from any other quarter than the Arab-American Discrimination Committee, it might be at least moderately persuasive. Unfortunately, the committee has a well-deserved reputation as apologist for big oil companies and the Arab oil producers—rather than for its stated goal of militating against discrimination practiced on those of Arab descent—and this letter proves it. The letter proposes to dismiss the article by saying it is "the latest in a long line of sensational stories intended to whip up anti-Arab sentiment in the United States," which presumably puts Penthouse *magazine in league with the U.S. House of Representatives Banking Committee, which has been even more scathing in its findings on Arab investments in this country. Mr. Hamod's letter goes on to repeat the standard propaganda from Arab oil-producing states and their American commercial allies, then proposes the rather stunning simile of comparing criticisms of Arab investors with anti-Semitic prejudices against Jews. It is a simile that dishonors not only the American Jewish community but also Mr. Hamod himself.*



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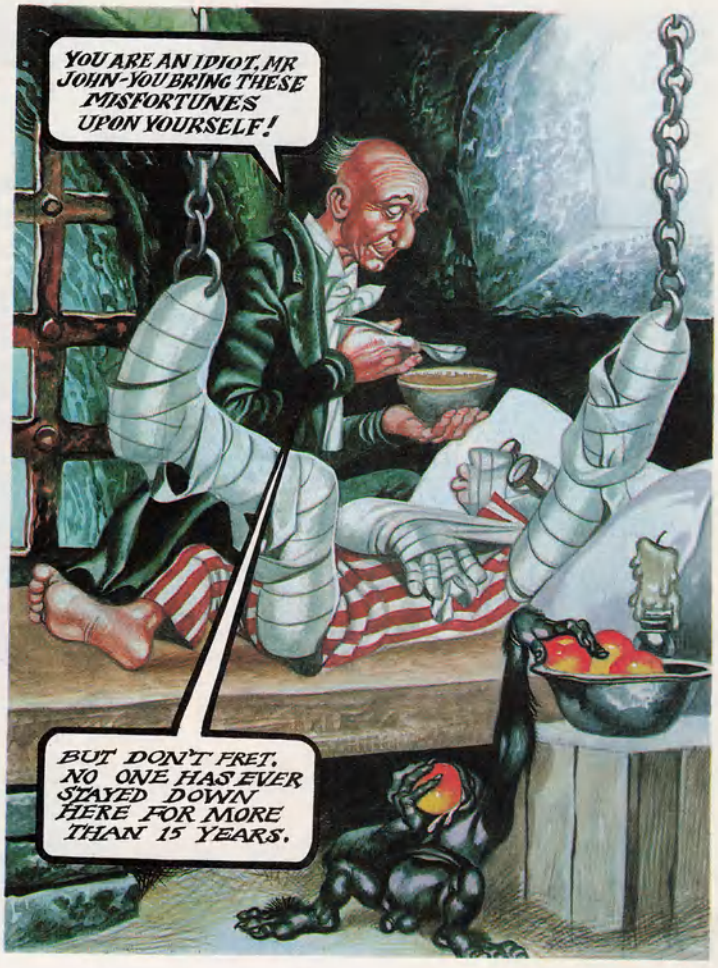
CHASTITY!
CHASTITY! WHERE ARE YOU?
WHAT'S UP?
SWEET CHASTITY HAS DISAPPEARED!
EXCUSE ME - HAVE YOU BY ANY CHANCE SEEN A NAKED YOUNG LADY WITH PINK HAIR?
NO KIDDING!
MAYBE SHE MET A REAL MAN AND DECIDED TO SPLIT THIS GOD FORSAKEN PLACE...
I DON'T DRINK
WHO SAYS "REAL MEN" ACT ANY DIFFERENTLY
SOMETHING HAPPEN TO CHASTITY?
by RON EMBLETON and BOB GUCCIONE

WELL-DID YOU FIND HER?
NO-WE DIDN'T!
AND IF YOU HADN'T SHOT YOUR GAPING MOUTH OFF NONE OF THIS WOULD'VE HAPPENED!

BARON?
BARON! IT WAS ALL A TERRIBLE MISTAKE.
BARON!
NOT THE HAIR BARON...FOR GOD'S SAKE DON'T TOUCH THE HAIR!!!

EEAAGH!
DON'T LOOK! THIS IS GOING TO BE VERY MESSY!


YOU ARE AN IDIOT, MR JOHN-YOU BRING THESE MISFORTUNES UPON YOURSELF!
BUT DON'T FRET. NO ONE HAS EVER STAYED DOWN HERE FOR MORE THAN 15 YEARS.

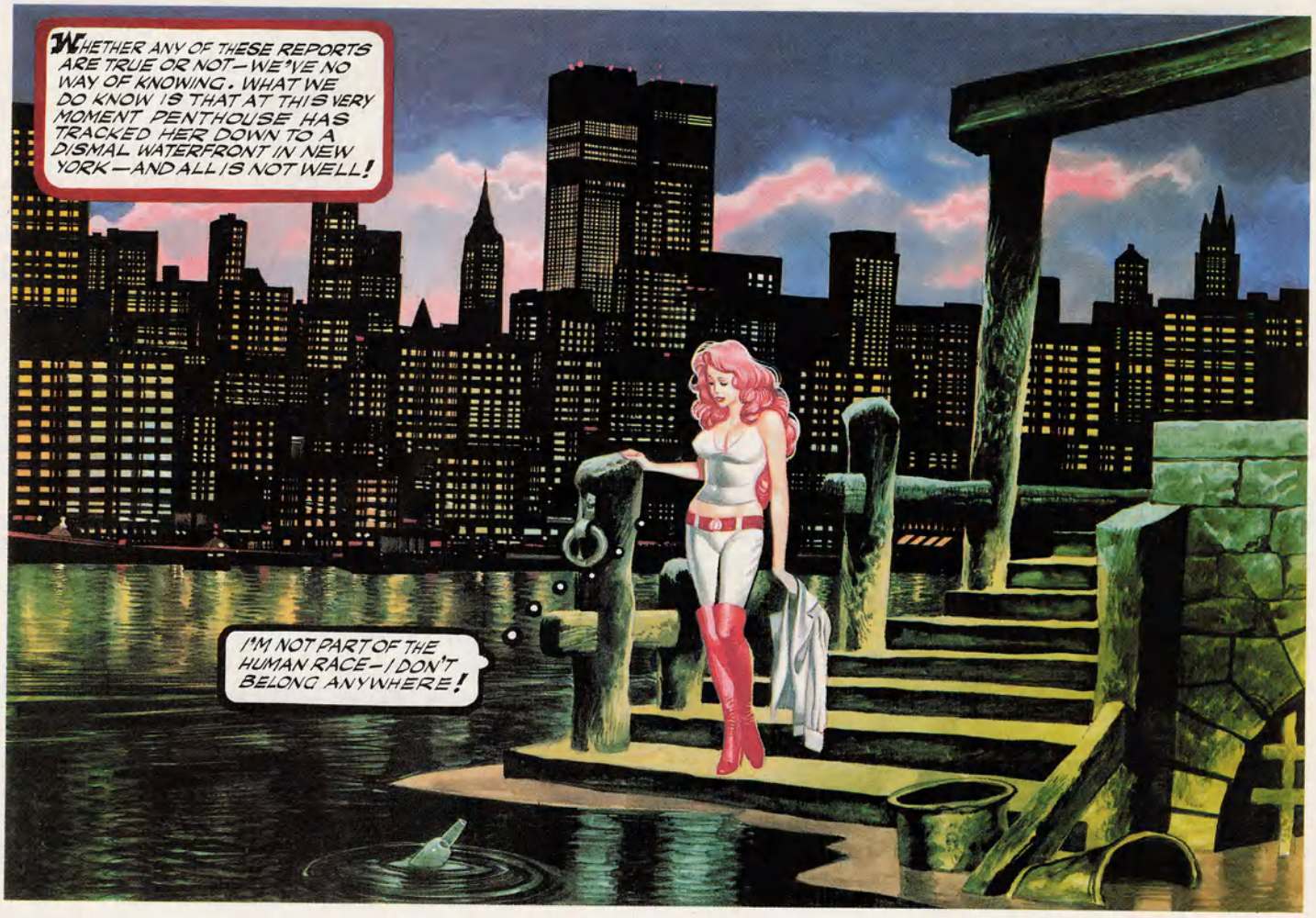
THE BARONESS PAYS LITTLE HEED TO THE INTERNAL PROBLEMS OF CASTLE DREER. A WOMAN OF MANY INTERESTS, SHE PREFERS.....
....TO LEAVE THE FORTUNES OF THE ANCIENT ESTABLISHMENT TO OTHERS AND DEVOTE HERSELF WHOLEHEARTEDLY TO HER OWN WIDE RANGING STUDIES.
RIGHT! NOW WE'LL DO IT AGAIN—BUT THIS TIME TO THE SIBELIUS 7TH!
I HOPE THAT'S NOT ANOTHER SICILLIAN TARANTELLA.

AND WHAT OF SWEET CHASTITY? THE DISAPPEARANCE OF THE WORLD'S MOST BEAUTIFUL WOMAN HAS ATTRACTED MAXIMUM MEDIA INTEREST. AS THE WEEKS PASS CONFLICTING REPORTS FLOOD IN FROM ALL OVER THE GLOBE....
I DON'T KNOW MUCH ABOUT TITS BUT I KNOW WHAT I LIKE.
BOY—HAVE I GOT IT MADE! SHE DOES MY HAIR FOR ME EVERY NIGHT!
SHE'S LIVING WITH TARZAN SOMEWHERE IN DARKEST AFRICA.....

SHE'S THE MISTRESS OF A CERTAIN MUCH LOVED SOUTH AMERICAN DICTATOR...
MISSED! YOU CRUMMY LEFT WING MARXIST CRETINOUS BUMS!
ON SECOND THOUGHT — MAKE THAT COFFEE FOR TWO!
AMNESTY INT.
SHE'S BEEN SEEN IN A BORDELLO FOR THE FOREIGN LEGION IN CORSICA.....
I DID UNSPEAKABLE THINGS TO MY MOTHER'S CAT!
WHICH GESTE ARE YOU — BEAU, DIGBY OR JOHN?
LAVERNE!
BRAINTREE KERSHAW PICKS HIS NOSE!
SOB WON'T THEY EVER LET ME FORGET?!
AMAZING... HE GAVE ME HEAD WITHOUT ONCE TAKING THAT GODDAMN CIGARETTE OUT OF HIS GODDAM MOUTH!

SHE IS SERVING AS A TANK COMMANDER WITH THE ISRAELI ARMY.....
WHERE THE HELL ARE WE GONNA PUT 'EM ALL?

SHE IS WORKING THE PUBS IN THE AUSTRALIAN OUTBACK.....
AM I DREAMIN', CHARLIE? TELL ME I'M DREAMIN'!
WILL SOMEBODY SHUT THAT SHEILA UP! WE'RE TRYIN' TO GET THE CRICKET SCORES!
YA CAN'T HEAR YASELF DRINK!
OF COURSE YOU'RE DREAMIN'! YA DON'T REALLY THINK YOU'D SEE A CLASSY SHEILA LIKE THAT IN A DUMP LIKE THIS?
YOU AN' ME ARE MATES, MATE!
THEY'RE SPOILIN' EVERYTHING! DRINKIN' USEDTA BE A SERIOUS BUSINESS!


WHETHER ANY OF THESE REPORTS ARE TRUE OR NOT—WE'VE NO WAY OF KNOWING. WHAT WE DO KNOW IS THAT AT THIS VERY MOMENT PENTHOUSE HAS TRACKED HER DOWN TO A DISMAL WATERFRONT IN NEW YORK—AND ALL IS NOT WELL!
I'M NOT PART OF THE HUMAN RACE—I DON'T BELONG ANYWHERE!

I WOULDN'T DO THAT, LITTLE SISTER!
Y...YOU CALLED ME SISTER?
OF COURSE! WE ARE ALL BROTHERS AND SISTERS IN THE EYES OF THE LORD—EVERY ONE—IF THEY SEEK REDEMPTION AND FOLLOW THE RIGHT ROAD!

REDEMPTION? EVERYONE—BROTHERS AND SISTERS?
SURE! IF YOU'RE LOOKING FOR THE PATH TO RIGHTEOUSNESS—I'LL LIGHT YOUR LAMP!
WHO THE HELL IS THIS GUY? AND WHAT'S HE SELLING? ALL—AND MORE, WILL BE REVEALED NEXT MONTH!

VICTORIAN

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 106

another cheer erupts once his scores are raised. I'm congratulated again as my girl friends are hugged by their envious roommates while I, steady inside, pretend caring how the team did.

As the meet concludes team totals are announced, but few people really hear, for already the gymnasium evolves into a polite party where spectators descend to the floor and gymnasts join them and conversations arise in the sweaty, dusty air. Hatch approaches solemnly and we shake hands. He tells me I looked good, I thank him, and we part.

Strutting toward me, through any conversations cluttering his way, with nostrils flaring proudly, is Ron Barrick—a white trench coat perched upon one shoulder, the U.S.A. insignia visible over his sportcoat pocket. Twenty feet away he extends a hand and says loudly, "Hi, Teejay. I'm Ron Barrick."

We shake hands.

"I know," I reply idiotically. Everyone knows and he knows it.

"You looked real tough tonight."

"Thanks. Did you enjoy the meet?"

"How long've you been throwing straight-arm giants?" His voice looms above the gathering crowd, all of them staring at Barrick.

"Not long. I used a straight-arm shoot last year, but I just got the giants."

A camera points at him and he freezes, smiling for its flash. "Well, you looked real tough," he continues. "Straight-arm giant's a fine trick."

I'm about to thank him again when he suddenly leans forward. I, too, lean forward.

"If you have one big trick," he whispers, "one *big* trick, no one will touch you in Nationals this year."

A prickly emptiness drops through my guts like when looking down for the first time from a great height. I lose a breath, straighten up, scan the gym wildly, seeing nothing. I come back to myself, then lean forward again, whispering, "What should it be?"

"That's up to you. See what fits you best. But if you *have* one," and he rocks back again while raising his voice, "and look as good as you did tonight, you'll win Nationals."

Heads turn to me, their faces smiling. Admiration swarms about me like bright lights; I shine in the moment. Barrick shakes my hand, winks aggressively, then sails away. I want to pursue and hear it again—this time use the microphone! The sound of coins falling from pockets of retired gymnasts who have kicked off shoes to throw one good remaining trick tingles through Barrick's words, repeating in my brain. "One big trick," his voice panders as I float from the gym to the locker room. "The national title!" Held in a huge coliseum, a gym for giants, Nationals draw tremendous crowds and "Wide World of Sports" (who show the meet a month later to millions) and *Sports Illustrated*, with their shiny colored photos, and an entire issue of *Modern Gymnast* all devoted to this one meet. I'd be Champ of the Year, Lord of the Rings, and have forever the great walnut plaque with the inlaid gold plate. I dream of winning this, of shining high above them, all other performances dimmed by my luster. If for such triumph I need one big trick, then I'll scour my brain for a few of the biggest; but as I peel the jersey from my shoulders I know there is really only one.

No one knows who devised it, but we all soon learn a ringman is supreme if he holds the Victorian, the ultimate move on the Rings. And we learn one thing more—that it's never been done. Stories sporadically circulate that someone has done it; less than a year ago I heard that "Lats" Davis from California was throwing one, and simply linking a name with the move brings notoriety and a few questionable wins. But the stories prove untrue; they work on the trick for a while but always give up, declaring, as we all know, that the Victorian is impossible.

Suddenly the fluorescent lights sing and the smell of oranges and steam garnish the air. All the little hairs on my neck shiver

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and an orchestra spills sweet music—for I have a vision! In a vast and silent coliseum I am performing this move, fulfilling the legend built upon so many failures, soaring alone and untouched as angel strings and blissful horns play for me—as hot beads from the showerhead blast into my skin.

Two days later and an hour before team practice, when the gym is empty, work on the Victorian begins. I shall keep it a secret, for I want the move to be seen unexpectedly, before any rumors sure to arise. And so, once I snap on a jock and a pair of shorts, then dump an orange in the training-room refrigerator, I walk upstairs like the hero in the movies going forth to fulfill some divine plan.

I enter to the perfect set: the gym, empty and immense, bleachers pushed accordionlike against a wall, glows in golden sunlight gushing through windows high, near the rafters. Here is the setting where the greatest wonder will be done. The Rings await me, suspended motionless, waiting to come alive while I stretch and work myself into a light sweat.

I have brought with me my own invention, a racing-bicycle inner tube cut into one long strip. I call it the Cross Machine, and it works like this: put one end of the inner tube in one Ring, the other end in the other Ring. Now grasp both Rings with the inner tube under your hands and jump into support position above the Rings, with your arms straight. If you put your feet on the loop of the rubber tube, you substantially decrease your body weight, so you can lower yourself into the Iron Cross. Gradually increasing the size of the loop by giving the rubber tube more slack means you're hauling more weight, but since you're steadily building strength, you soon won't need the Cross Machine at all.

Once I loop the tube through both Rings, giving it very little slack, I jump into support position with the inner tube behind me, working so it straps across the small of my back. After a deep breath, I lean backwards into the position of the Victorian. I float on my back, the Rings remaining at my sides at a forty-five degree angle from my body, until I resemble an inverted jet plane. Staring at the rafters, I remain motionless, holding position for the full, slow count of three.

Once I'm familiar with this new position, I give the Cross Machine a bit more slack, though the first few adjustments make little difference and I still float nearly effortlessly. I give it a few more inches and a few more after that, but when I rock onto position this time I strain instantly, as the skin around my neck seems about to tear. Pain sears the back of my arms as my eyes blur and swell gigantically. I crash to the mat, exhausted. I wait for the sparks to stop flying in my eyes before standing up, but once I do, I grow dizzy and, about to puke, sink back in a heap.

After another moment I drag myself to my feet, then mark this spot on the rubber

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tube with a thick line of chalk. Pulling in several more inches of slack, I jump back on the Rings and lean into position. My face shivers and I feel the muscles in my arms and chest unraveling, but I can hold position the full three seconds and more before collapsing to the mat. I'm wasted, but soon my teammates will arrive, so I throw one Victorian, and then another, and try for a third while staring at the Ring cables through eyeballs bulging from their sockets.

Three nears; time to leave. A chalk-dust cloud that I have stirred puffs thinly in the gym's golden heights, and only my footprints have disturbed the fine white powder covering the floor, my secret kept within this gym belonging just to me.

I slip through a door and past the locker room filled with my teammates, their voices echoing like screams across an indoor pool. I rest on the padded hospital table in the training room while slowly eating my orange. As I finish, Crazy Billy enters, a parent's concerned scowl across his craggy face.

"You haffin drouble agin?"

"No," I say, sliding off the table. "Just resting."

I return to the gym, gaudy now with buzzing fluorescents, throbbing with the team's workout.

Weeks pass, and during that time, an hour a day, I throw the Victorian. I push myself until my hands burn from the constant friction and the backs of my arms ache like they've been pounded with a sledgehammer. Occasionally I want to stop just for a while to rest or simply to let my hands cool until practice begins. Instead, I imagine Hatch working out or a face not mine on the winner's block at Nationals, and so I keep pushing; and every day I grow stronger. Blue veins in my shoulders push to the surface, muscles grow stronger beneath. An extraordinary power swells within me as the slack on the Cross Machine begins increasing.

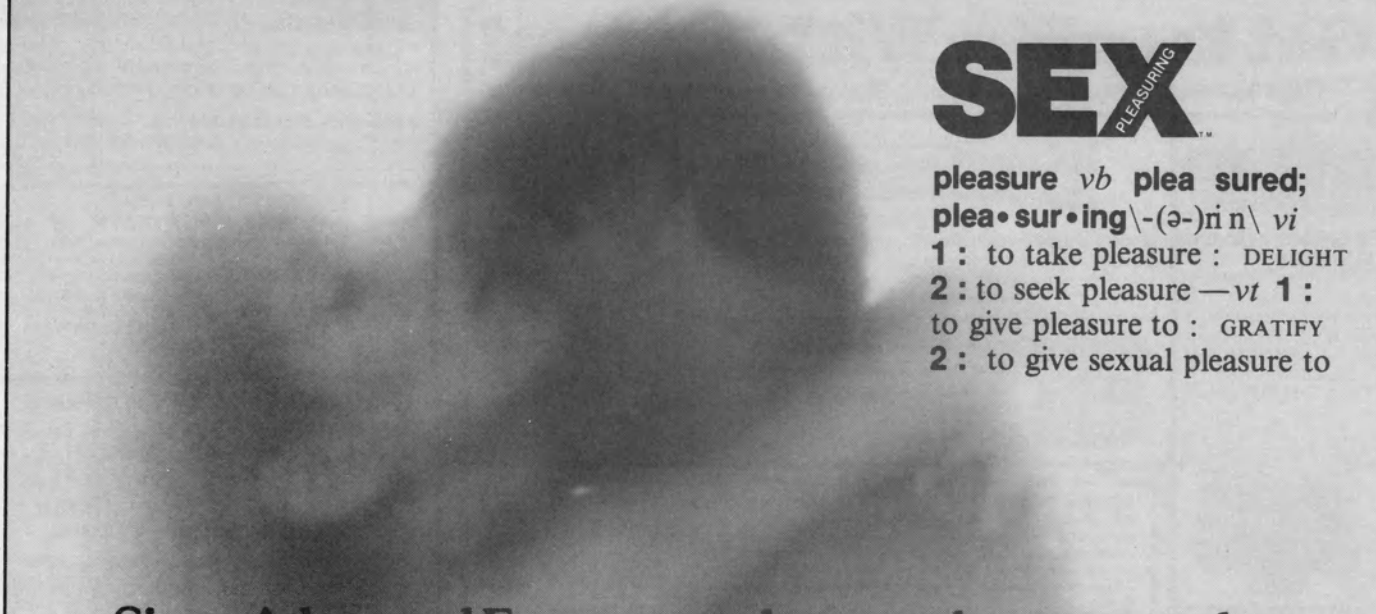
But while some muscles strengthen, others seem to break down, and twice a week I must take whirlpool treatments on my shoulder. During each session I stare for a dismal half hour at the other whirlpool, bathing a basketball player's knee. He's had surgery once already and the hot water bloats his scar and his legs turns mucus green; he straps it in a vicious harness before hobbling away. I emerge from the whirlpool, nauseous from the hot, swirling water, and though this eases the pain in my shoulder only until the next practice session, nothing can be done, save a slower pace, for the burning stabs of calcium deposits deep in my elbows.

Practice never varies. Over and over, for the entire hour, the rubber tubing straps across my back as I ease into the Victorian and build the needed strength. While my aching body simmers for a moment, I gaze through the special Rings edition of *Modern Gymnast*, flipping past pages of photographs, exercise ideas, and a batch of meet results to pause on the centerfold. It is a penciled line drawing of the Victorian performed by Big G, whose exploits we sang in ballads on the bus:

> In his freshman year he came out for the Rings
> And found he could do all sorts of things,
> Shoot-hands and giants and Olympic Crosses
> Our gymnastics team will take no more losses
> With Big G, Big G, Big Gymnast

His muscles bulge like a comic-book Hercules, he wears a Greek warrior's tunic, a visored helmet, shinguards down to his pointed toes. Effortlessly, with his cocky smile, he holds the Victorian above the caption "The Impossible Dream," written with foamy clouds. With my destiny spread before me, I lean closer on my elbow as a scalding flash slices through the tendons to my hand. I jump back, rise, slam the damned elbow into a padded wall. Angry and invigorated, I return to work, insisting my body bear the pain.

The day arrives when the Cross Machine hangs at the spot I had marked with chalk nearly a month before. Once I rock into position, my shoulders, elbows, the



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backs of my arms, all feel stabbed with white-hot pins. I quiver horribly and bite so hard I know my teeth will shatter, but I hold it, I hold it, and celebrate by forcing myself through this for another hour.

The season continues, and because of these additional workouts my routine improves remarkably. I remain undefeated while predictions arise regarding the school's potential champion, and one afternoon a reporter and photographer appear at team practice. Coach greets them appreciatively, but they are reckless and disrespectful, singing, "All the monkeys aren't in the zoo."

"A team picture," the reporter announces to the gym. "We need a team picture."

Coach herds us together.

"Everyone in a line," the reporter demands, but the photographer can't get that in a frame.

"Okay, you four at the end, down on your knees in front of the rest."

Coach repeats the order, hurrying us into position. The camera flashes while the reporter checks his clipboard.

"Phelps," he cries. "We need one of Phelps. Which one's Phelps?" He looks up. "Are you Phelps? Are you?"

Coach pulls me off to one side while scattering my teammates. The reporter glances at me and shoves the photographer my way, then returns to his clipboard.

"Okay, one of T . . ." he writes while speaking, ". . . J . . . Phelps."

I fix my hair, check my jersey straps, and, flexing slightly, gaze past the camera, proudly filled with my secret destiny.

"What's the T. J. for?" the reporter asks. "Tomato Juice?"

A click, a flash, and, business done, they speak among themselves as I stand there, ignored. The reporter talks flippantly to Coach while glancing about the gym, so I stalk to the Rings, snap myself to support, and await his careless gaze to fall on me. When it does, I extend my arms to a perfect Iron Cross. He continues talking though his eyes remain on me, suspended in air with muscles like spun metal. The photographer fumbles with his camera, then snaps off several pictures, but even when the camera drops to his belly I remain solid, holding the Cross. My shoulder cramps tightly and the pain in my elbows becomes burning razors, slicing toward my hands, but that damn reporter shuts up and watches, amazed. I smile slowly. The photographer tiptoes devoutly forward to an ideal spot and takes another picture; the reporter stares, spellbound, and I remain in this position, making sure he remembers.

Work on the Victorian continues. While slack on the Cross Machine increases, sunlight remains longer in the gym: I'm running out of time, with Nationals less than two weeks away. I begin a final push, though I'm in constant pain now, even when I'm not on the Rings. A dull ache like a fever settles in my body, the whirlpool treatments are beefed up, I pop Darvon after every practice to get me through the night. And I always smell of muscle rub: clothes smell of it; bedsheets, too; and, at unexpected times, a girl friend. I hate parts of my body as if they weren't really me, only obstacles somehow, attempts to hold me back. In spite, I push even harder, throwing the move again and again, increasing the slack and the constant pain. Always I grow stronger: what slack there is on the Cross Machine I know is incidental. I feel capable of magic as a crystal, seething power swarms in my arms, my whole body peaked. The gym stands hushed and golden as I rush through a warm-up and jump to the Rings to throw the Victorian for the first time without the Cross Machine—for the first time ever! Pumped up and ready, I rock back into position as the ceiling spins below me crashing to the mat. I come back from someplace fuzzy and dark to find myself in a twisted pile on the floor, the Rings bouncing crazily. I can't feel my left ear.

Standing slowly, wobbling like a drunk, I feel about to spill lunch and hear a distant buzz in my ear, like something broken in my skull. My heart pounds wildly and I take deep breaths, wondering what went wrong. It must have been a balance shift; I did not compensate for the lack of the pivotal Cross Machine, which served me like

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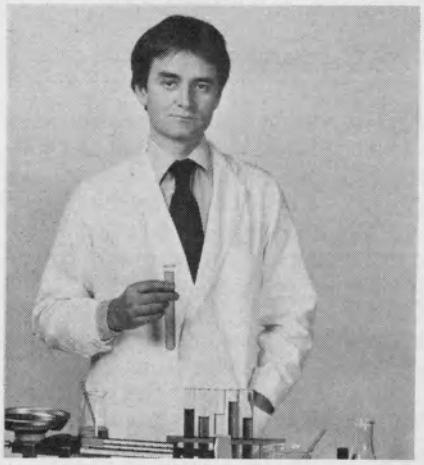

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a supporting hand. As I chalk up, I close my eyes and work my brain until I envision myself performing the move. The image focuses and remains, so I approach the Rings, jump to support position, then ease into the Victorian.

In perfect balance I tremble, a radiant, screaming strain, gravity all nonsense. Now muscles merge into one molten point until I remain free, in reveling suspension, pushed to the limit no one has reached before. Oh, I have it, all right: it's mine!

Great gymnasts are often separated by only hundredths of a point. Someone may win one day, be edged out the next. The scores of the best are always razor close and victory is decided not by perfection but preference. With all competitors so near perfect scores, one can never be indisputably the greatest—that is, until now. For with the Victorian as pinnacle to my already formidable routine, I am, without question, the greatest ringman ever. Other great gymnasts will come and go, but my story will be sung in gyms across the land:

Every day at practice you could see
him arrive
He stood five foot eight, weighed
one forty-five
Awful broad at the shoulders and
his middle wasn't thick
And on Still Rings he could do every
trick
Teejay, Teejay, Teejay Phelps!

In my first ecstasy I long to show the move and be acclaimed instantly. But as I gaze upon my hands and feel the wonder surging in my arms, I suddenly turn calm. There are no disappointments at no more worlds to conquer; rather, wondrous rest after soaring, alone, to the top of the sky. And now that I have done so, there's no rush to show it. I shall wait for the perfect moment. I shall wait for Nationals.

But one day, up on the Rings, just as I ease into position and all the little hairs on my neck stand edgewise, the door to the locker room clicks. I drop immediately to the mat. Coach is staring at me.

"What were you just doing?"

Trapped in the panic of a shoplifter when he knows he's nabbed, I manage only to say, "You're early."

He flicks the light switch, walks forward, stops, and points to the Rings.

"What were you just doing?"

The lights jerk on loudly, the gym glares.

"When?"

"What do you mean, 'When?' Then. Right then, before I came in."

"Nothing. A front lever."

His face settles and an amazed smile begins in his eyes. "Teejay, that was awful high for a front lever."

He shakes his head and speaks to some vague figure at his feet. "So *you're* the one who's been working out. I wondered who it was." He lifts his eyes to me in love and wonder. "And you've been working on—"

"A front lever," I insist. "It was a front lever, Coach. You ought to know Rings better."

His smile catches for a moment and he draws back slightly.

"You spend too much time on parallels and high bar," I pursue. "You're not really familiar with Rings sometimes."

"I know enough, goddamn it," he mutters tightly, "to know that front lever was high."

"Maybe a little." I allow a second to pass. "Why, Coach? What did you think it was?"

His lips pull in, he makes a few indecisive gestures, then turns and stalks away. "Whatcha working out so much for?" he screams from across the gym. "Y'already got shoulder problems. Want it to fall off?" He yanks a mat across the floor, then flings it at the high bar. "You got Nationals in two days, Hot Dog, and if you blow that you blow the season."

And so, keeping my secret to myself, I avoid him as we leave for Nationals. I kiss my girl friends good-bye, then board the chartered Trailways that lugs us all through a dismal day and into Michigan sometime after ten. No one's hungry, so after checking into our rooms and storing the gear, we slump to uneasy sleep filled with nervous visions about tomorrow. At breakfast the next morning we're all as somber and preoccupied as the night be-

fore. Coach eats hardly a bite and lights a cigar stub.

"Well, here we are," he utters hesitantly. Some freshman says, "Yup. It's all come down to this. After today, it's all over."

We nod solemnly at his words and stare at the drying remnants of egg yolk.

"Just do your best," Coach says to the chewed strands of his stinker. "Take it easy. Remember who you are."

Since the team already knows, the reminder depresses them. Nothing is said.

"Anyone want these?" Two sausage patties appear in the air. No one does, and when the fork clanks to a plate, a dozen heads snap its way. We finish, board the bus again, and head for the coliseum.

Ah, but Nationals! Even two hours before the meet, the parking lot bustles with cars and scurrying spectators and dozens of neatly parked buses. The coliseum, a grand, saucered structure atop a cement plain, sucks in people through its gaping doors and spills them into the arena—a garden with a lofty dome towering above shiny wood, a great tan pond where gymnasts whirl and excite the swelling crowd. And what a locker room: spacious, carpeted navy-blue, rows of lockers the size of coffins and painted gray. I find one, slip from my civvies, then unwrap my gorgeous uniform. Heroic, portentous music plays as I don crisp, eggshell-white pants, the dark, snug jersey with the gold crest. In the washroom, crammed with gymnasts, I brush back a few hairs, align my jersey straps, then gaze into my own eyes, brimming a fine fire, the strong, green eyes of the greatest ringman ever. With my warm-up jacket draped across one shoulder, I enter the lofty gymnasium where I'll show the screaming multitudes the ultimate performance.

The floor spins with skirted girls and suited judges, cameramen weaving black hoses, and more than a hundred gymnasts from across the country. I must wait in long lines before my chance to warm up on the Rings, and while waiting I nod into the resigned eyes of the many ringmen I have beaten: tonight the poor bastards haven't a chance. Only a few places ahead hunches the bulky back of "Lats" Davis, his jersey tugging across his awkward shape.

"Hello, Lats."

"Hiya."

"You're looking strong."

"Aagh."

And he is; probably threw back levers as a freshman in high school. He's strong enough for any trick, even the Victorian, but he'll never hold it, since he thinks, in his muscled mind, that the move can't be done.

Suddenly I feel really sick. I'll never know how I overlooked it, but I realize now that when I show this move, and do what all thought could not be done, I'll have cleared the way for others to get the Victorian too. As the line for Rings grows thinner, leaving only those dozen with a chance for medals, I worry how many of them will hold the Victorian the next time we compete. "Lats" for sure, and a few others, no doubt. Strength seeps from my body, leaving only the aches and not enough power to clench a fist. Inevitably, I run into Hatch.

"Ready for today, Teejay?"

"Yea, ready."

His body brims with such energy he can't remain still.

"What are you throwing?" he asks.

"About the same." Then, in afterthought, "You?"

"About the same. Straight-arm giants."

"Oh."

"Got them right after your judges let you beat me."

"Damn!"

And there's always *that*. Without exclusive ownership of the Victorian, I will be even with them again, haggling it out time after time, unsure of victory, unconvinced by defeat. I imagined all that was over, but here I am with the impossible fact that what I'm about to do actually puts me back where I started, back with the rest of them. The gym tilts like a funhouse floor once the meet begins, but I manage to land on the team bench, wade through the national anthem and all those introductions. All right then, so they get the trick. Tonight I'll

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win big, thrill the multitudes, fulfill the legend. After all, that was the point of all this, wasn't it? Well, wasn't it?

But as the meet continues I still feel so weak, and a tangible knot bulges in my chest as another event concludes. It's all moving too fast, allowing me no time to think, as if those months that separate me from the rest of them just can't wait to get at me. My shoulder may not even last another season. And those whirlpools still to sit in. And my damned elbows. Suddenly it's time for Rings.

Hatch prepares; a moment later, I begin, too. I try working for a rhythm to flow through my arms down into my hands, but the knot inside won't untangle. Adrenaline rushes unevenly and nothing I can do, not even focusing on the Rings, will soothe it. Coach, sensing this perhaps, stands beside me, fidgeting.

"How you feel?"

"I'm okay."

"Your wrist taped?"

I show him. He contemplates it, is about to speak, gives up, and begins rubbing my shoulder.

The gymnasium hushes as Hatch approaches the Rings. He mounts with his usual pull-through to a Cross, pulls to support, presses a stiff-stiff to handstand. I've never seen him look better. Even Coach stops rubbing my shoulder as Hatch sails through perfect giants, clean and exquisitely slow. When he pops his full-twister, his teammates explode even before he hits the mat. Somewhere in the crowd's applause Coach turns to me.

"You can beat him, you know."

I know.

After Hatch's scores are raised I hear my name loud through speakers, fix a dry smile on my mouth, and try strolling coolly. But it's a ploy. I'm nervous as hell. My body just won't settle and my hands, as I chalk up, are clammy-wet. For one mad moment I consider not going up, simply walking back to the bench and sitting down and conceding the whole thing. Anything to remain untouchable, anything to stay the greatest. But then it comes to me, something divine stirring the gym with fresh winds. Heavy clouds sweep to the rafters where they turn thin, then vanish; and as if weights upon me dissolve, I leave the ground and rise to solitary heights, where I'll always shine like one great star. I remain at the chalk tray while uneasiness jitters the crowd and Coach moves forward uncertainly, but I'm fine now, for I know how to remain supreme. I'll have to do without the crowd's acclaim as well as this convincing though temporary win, but I'll always have the certainty that I am the greatest—and so be forever the only one holding the Victorian, for I will not show it. I will not show the Victorian at all.

I can finally approach the Rings, get the judge's nod, and begin. I throw a very fine routine, each moment solid and controlled, but where the Victorian belongs I simply roll through and into the next move before dismounting. I receive much applause and my teammates congratulate me, but while they look anxiously at the judges I know already that Hatch has won, his own teammates swarming him hysterically at the sight of my scores.

"Why?" Coach asks, his eyes incredulous. "Why didn't you show it?"

Through Hatch's fading cheers I tell him, "I want to keep it for myself."

He sighs deeply, turns, and slumps away. After gathering up his warm-up clothes and clipboard, he moves from the gym with the rest of my team, and soon the floor empties and the crowd disappears with their noise through passageways. All the lights shut down save for one golden floodlight at the dome's peak, glowing in the dusty air where the Rings hang motionless, waiting for me. The air sways with a single note, plucked in a distant corner of the golden coliseum as I approach the Rings and perform, for no eyes but the disinterested glance of a cleanup crew, the most singular routine. I soar in great loops through wonderous giants, sailing so high and lofty I can never be touched. I glide and churn with amazing power when, somewhere, voices sing as I roll past the pain and ease to the Victorian—and hold it forever, loosed from competition's tangle, before spinning the double-back way into those golden clouds.

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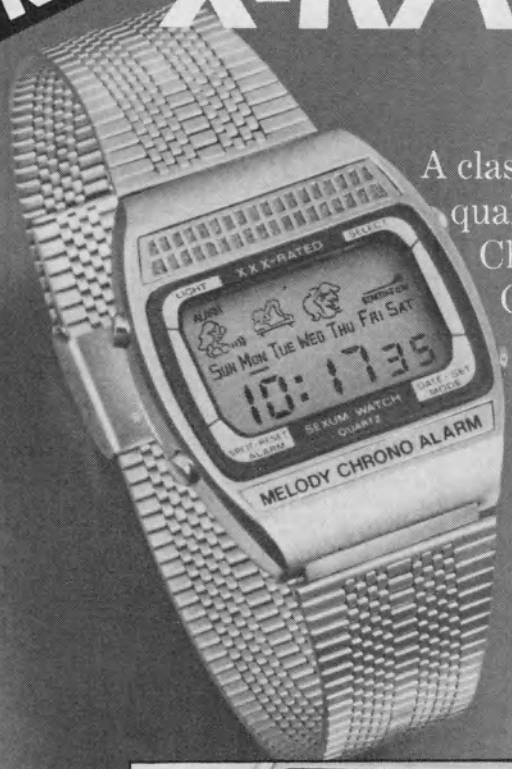

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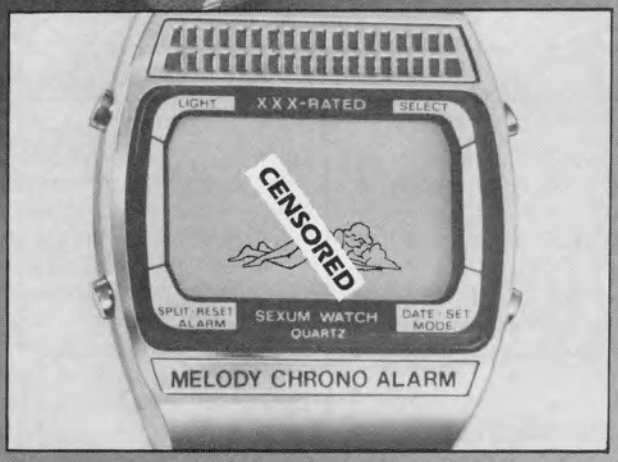

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INTERVIEW

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 128

lions. We could revise the deductibility of mortgage interest, which cost the Treasury about $25 billion in 1981. Why should people be able to go out and buy a beach house, a second home in some cases, even a third home, and deduct the interest? The deduction should be limited to a primary residence. That's a subsidy of the middle class.

Penthouse: On the whole, do you wish that Jimmy Carter were president today?

Anderson: Let me just remark that some of my friends have prepared bumper stickers that say, "Don't Blame Me, I Voted for Anderson." But I haven't heard of any "Don't Blame Me, I Voted for Jimmy Carter" stickers. In this case Jimmy Carter was the lesser of two evils. Of course, I'm conditioned to resisting that kind of argument, because all during my campaign I urged people not to vote for the lesser of two evils. Even though Carter was naive in his approach to nuclear-arms limitation, his heart was in the right place. Basically, Jimmy Carter was a small-minded man. Despite his well-advertised Christian virtues, he had very little tolerance for political opposition. Maybe it was his one-party background in Georgia that led him to this kind of mentality.

Penthouse: Reagan turned to you in the Chicago debates and said, "John, do you really prefer Teddy Kennedy to me?" Do you?

Anderson: I laughed. I tried to laugh it off, but I didn't deny it.

Penthouse: And you had a celebrated meeting with Teddy Kennedy before the Democratic Convention. Was that a blatant attempt to keep your name in the news?

Anderson: Yes. My meeting with Kennedy meant nothing more to me than that. It really didn't. My deputy campaign manager came up to me one Saturday morning and said it would be a good idea for me to talk to Kennedy: it was bound to get in the papers, and so on. This was the period between the Republican Convention and the Democratic Convention, when my campaign had just dropped out of the news. My European trip had not been that successful in generating publicity. So the notion of seeing Kennedy just appealed to me. It was one way to let people know that I was still alive. And to be sure, when I came out of his office after a brief chat, there were platoons of reporters covering the non-event. Some commentators suggested that I went to Kennedy to cut a calculated deal whereby I'd be willing to drop out in favor of him, or maybe I'd be able to get him to hint darkly that he might have to come to me if he didn't get the Democratic nomination. But I never believed that Kennedy, with his identification with the Democratic party, was ever going to support John Anderson, an independent candidate with 20 percent or less at the polls.

It was purely and simply an effort to con the media into giving us some attention. On reflection, I think the meeting hurt me. Jeff Greenfield notes in his book *The Real Campaign* that Ted Kennedy was trying to use me and I was trying to use him. Kennedy probably got a little better of the bargain.

Penthouse: And what did you presidential candidates talk about during that non-meeting?

Anderson: We had to fill up a certain amount of time to make it appear that serious Morningside Heights–type negotiations were happening behind closed doors. I remember Kennedy walking around his office, commenting on this great gallery of pictures on his walls, including a framed letter that brother Jack had written home from Choate. We made some inconsequential small talk about life in the Congress and what the country was thinking right now and how awful Reagan and Carter both were and how I admired him for what he was doing and how he admired me, and that was it. There was not even a trace of a plot about supporting the other under certain conditions.

Penthouse: Did you not say then that you would quit the race if Kennedy got the nomination?

Anderson: No. That is not what I said, and I

tried vainly to correct that impression in a number of press conferences after the meeting. What I said was that any prudent man, if Kennedy were nominated, would have to reassess his position. Maybe this was too cute an idea.

Penthouse: What was the idea you were trying to plant?

Anderson: That I was an important figure on the political scene. That I was still very much a factor in the whole presidential race and should not be written off. It was really an effort to prop up a candidacy that too many people were tending to write off.

Penthouse: Was there ever a moment when you felt that you had a good shot at the White House?

Anderson: The most optimistic point clearly was at that point, which was in April and May of that year, when national surveys indicated an unprecedented, absolutely unparalled discontent with the putative nominees of the two parties. We were up to the 20-percent level in the polls at this point. If we could get up to 30 percent by around Labor Day, I thought, we might be within striking distance of the great prize.

So, it was the possibility that was there for a time, which finally vanished, of course, with the decision on the debate, when the League of Women Voters backed out of their original commitment to stand firm on three-man debates.

Penthouse: After all of this, *why* do you want to be president in 1984?

Anderson: I agree with the analysis made by Kevin Phillips, in his recently published book *Post-Conservative America*, that the results of the 1980 election may well have foreshadowed the creation of a new center party in the U.S., just as has occurred in Great Britain. Phillips points out that the National Unity Campaign of 1980 was the first "political splinter effort since the GOP in the 1850s to draw on a predominantly middle-to-high income, socioeconomic cutting-edge electorate."

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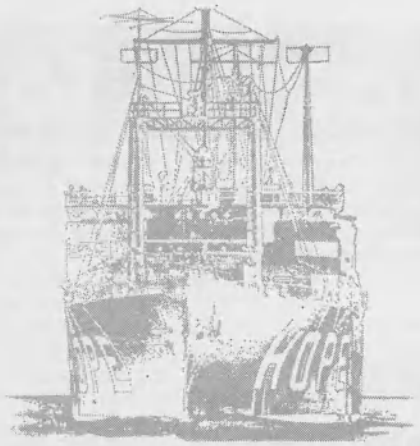

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FORUM

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 30

heels. She must have noticed me sort of staring at her, but she didn't seem to mind at all.

I continued to look around the shop and noticed a see-through, pure-lace teddy that I fell in love with immediately. My salesgirl asked me if I liked it. I said yes and asked her if I might try it on. She said sure, but asked if I could wait until she locked the door, since it was really past closing.

My salesgirl now went behind the counter to find a teddy in my size. She opened a drawer on the wall, and I couldn't help noticing her bending over to find it. As she did, I almost lost my breath. Her little miniskirt rode up on her thighs and bottom, and revealed that she was wearing only a G-string underneath. I could see the thin strand of material and many lovely soft hairs, a few lightly covering the inside of her bottom, and more further down toward her pussy. She soon found the teddy and turned to give it to me. She must have seen by the expression on my face that her little display had not gone unnoticed. She gave me another beautiful smile and asked me if anything was wrong. I suddenly felt warmth flowing through me. I blushed and asked if she might also have a certain little silk G-string I'd been looking for.

We walked over to another counter, and I looked in the display case to see about twelve of the most beautiful little G-strings of all styles and materials. She slid open the glass door of the display case and delicately removed two or three of the sexiest G-strings I've ever seen. She said, "Don't they just make your mouth water?" I nodded in agreement, giving her a shy smile. As I looked at each one I noticed that I could see her skirt and legs through the glass of the case. One hand seemed to be gently rubbing her front, and then she slowly reached under her miniskirt and put her hand between her legs. I coyly commented that the panties seemed to make more than just her mouth water. Without a word she took the tiniest G-string and came out from behind the counter. She stood in front of me, and I saw her lips were slightly parted and her nipples were protruding under her top. I could see how beautifully pink and ripe they were. She put her hand behind my neck and scratched and rubbed me gently. It was heaven. Her body pulled closer to me, and her hand slowly moved its way down my back, unbuttoning my sheer blouse as it went. She put the underthings on the counter and helped me out of my blouse. Then both her hands cupped my soft breasts and her thumbs delicately rubbed my own hardening nipples.

She breathed in my ear, "Oh, your breasts are perfect. I can feel your tips getting so stiff. I want to rub them with mine."

With that, she stood back slightly so we could both watch as she slowly let her nipples brush mine through my own thin bra. We were really kissing each other's little breast points, and we were both getting very, very turned on doing it.

Then she took my hand and brought it up under her mini. She first helped me rub around the top of her silky stockings and then above them where her thighs were bare. I couldn't believe how warm they were and let my fingers trace around her, sneaking under the tops of her stockings, then higher, toward her inner thighs. Before they reached their obvious destination, I felt something that seemed like warm honey running ever so gently down the insides of her thighs. She made a tiny moan as I rubbed her wetness. I then took my hand and brought it up to my nose and mouth. She came closer to smell, and as she did, her breasts pressed against mine. She wrapped her arms around me, and I could feel her legs against me.

"Oh, you smell so good. You must taste even better," I told her. "Well, let's see," she answered, and I began licking my fingers, and she did the same. She took my middle finger deep in her mouth, and I slowly drew it out, our eyes locked. I was becoming more aroused than ever before in my life. Here we were, two beautiful young girls surrounded by all these sexy

clothes: panties, bras, slips, stockings, and garters, and we were going to make the most amazing love in the middle of it.

Then she said, "I've got an idea, come on!" She ran to the window of the store and pulled down a large blind. Then she turned on several more lights, which made everything much brighter and even lovelier to see. She took about ten beautiful satin gowns off a rack and spread them out on the thick carpeting of the store's floor. Then she went to another rack and began pulling off gorgeous teddies and camisoles of all different colors. I got the idea and began helping. Soon a large, bed-sized area of the floor was covered with an amazing array of the sexiest clothing in the world. She lay down in the middle of this, pulling her short skirt up to her waist, and watched my eyes drinking in her beautiful long legs, her lovely hips with only the tiniest string around them, and then her silky thighs. I stood above her, and she very slowly began spreading her knees for me. When she had them opened I looked down and saw the lovely little string disappearing between the cheeks of her tight little ass. I was in ecstasy. The transparent fabric clearly revealed her moist pussy, and its wetness made it even easier to see through the soaking material. I couldn't help licking my lips, and I quickly stepped out of my own skirt and let her see my own love nest. I was wearing a more modest pair of panties, so she suggested I choose something from all the lovely underthings surrounding us to wear instead. I quickly found the gorgeous G-string I'd asked about earlier.

She slowly pulled my panties off and took the tiny G-string from me. "Let's see if it's right." I lifted each foot, and Sue delicately pulled the tiny material up my legs. As she was kneeling in front of me she was on eye-level with my crotch, and before she pulled it all the way on, I saw her looking directly between my legs, surely seeing my own dampness on the silky hairs of my mound and lips. Her head moved closer, and she continued pulling the panties up until they were snug. The front barely covered me, and I adored the little string touching me deep between my ass cheeks.

"Now let me see. Turn around," she said. "Oh, it's perfect. Open your legs a little wider . . . now I'm going to take an

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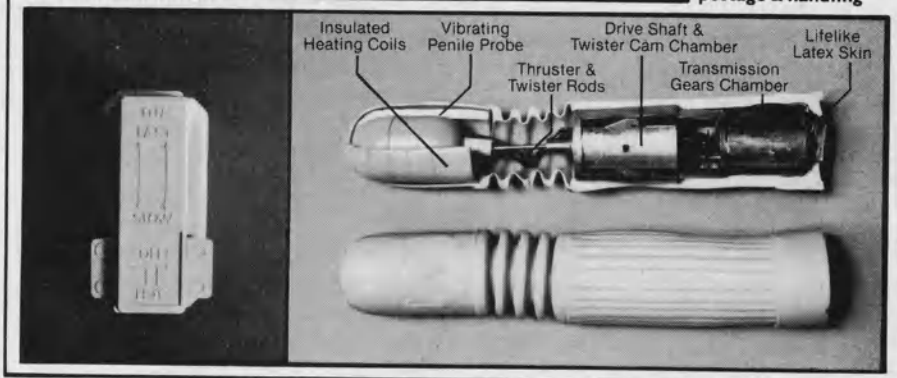

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even better look." With that, my cute girl friend buried her face in my bottom. Her arms wrapped around me and her fingers immediately found my throbbing clitoris through the material. She stroked me everywhere. My slit was getting so wet as her fingers pushed my panties up inside me a bit. As she did this her nose and mouth were working on my other steaming opening. Her tongue found its way under the sexy little string rubbing my ass hole and began to lick me there. Then she moved down so that her nose was rubbing deep between my ass cheeks while her tongue licked the little spot between my openings and went further under to my wet slit.

After thoroughly exploring me that way, she told me to get down on all fours. I did, and she positioned herself under me so that I could return her lovely favors. On her back she opened her legs, and I looked lovingly at her sweet feminine opening. She lifted up her bottom a bit and I could see the thin little thread from her own G-string covering her tight little ass hole. The fragrant juices were pouring out of her, and I buried my face in her pulsating crotch. I licked her everywhere, all the while rubbing my own pussy and ass back and forth on her hungry tongue and lips. I then pulled the front of her panties up between her creaming pussy lips in order to get at her wet little clit. I stared at its throbbing pinkness and finally let my lips surround it. It was so swollen and delicious! I sucked gently, letting my tongue flick back and forth over her there, while I continued moving my nose between the soft folds of her cunt.

As I did this, she still licked away at my own openings. Her fingers reached up to play with my own clitoris, and I felt the start of a shattering orgasm. My tongue dove into her dripping honey pot, and she began bucking and humping. We both began coming and coming for what seemed like an eternity, pouring our pussy juices into each other's mouth.

It was just the beginning of a long and beautiful evening in her store. We made love in many different ways, always trying on the beautiful, intimate lingerie and wearing it as we fucked. I think I have finally found the perfect store for my underthings.—*Name and address withheld*

SUMMER SHARE

Last summer I placed an ad in a swingers' magazine, hoping to meet people having the same outlook on bisexuality as my wife and I do. We received a letter from a guy who seemed very interesting and set a date to meet him and share our feelings about a threesome. Kris (my wife) was very shy about it, so I set up the first meeting with Al, which took place at his apartment.

I went over to Al's place alone and was very impressed with his good looks, intelligence, and masculine attitude about bisexuality and threesomes. We discussed a lot of things we had in common over a few glasses of wine. As the conversation turned to sex, I found myself becoming very aroused with the idea of my beautiful lady with this man. Al suggested that we get undressed and get it on with each other as a way to find out if I really could be comfortable with another man in bed.

We shed our clothes and began fondling each other's cock and balls, giving me an opportunity to really examine another man's equipment without any hangups. After a few minutes of mutual masturbation, I decided it was now or never and went down on his seven-inch saber. He was a very clean person and he tasted sweet and smelled pleasantly of bath powder. I began stroking with one hand and playing with his balls with the other, taking the head between my lips and sucking as much of his cock down my throat as I could on the downstroke. I must have been doing something right, because after a few minutes of hot action Al came in my mouth. I was surprised because I swallowed it all and it tasted sweet! Al was moaning and squirming on the bed. He asked me if I had ever done this before. I told him no, but said I knew what I liked in blowjobs and would try to do it all for him. He pushed me back on the bed and proceeded to suck me off in about two minutes. I was so hot and horny

from working him over that I came almost immediately. We made arrangements to go to Daytona Beach that weekend for our threesome, and I rushed home to fill Kris with another load of come while I told her all the horny details of my meeting with Al.

That Saturday morning we drove over to Daytona and checked into a motel. Al and I put on our suits while Kris modestly went to the bathroom to put hers on. We spent a couple of hours in the sun and surf and returned to the room to get cleaned up and dressed for some sightseeing. Kris jumped in the shower first, and while she was rinsing the salt and sand off, Al asked me if I thought she was ready for some action. I said definitely yes: she wouldn't have come this far if she weren't going through with it. He went into the shower with her and I could hear them moaning and kissing all the way out into the living room. I went into the bathroom and got in with them—I wasn't about to miss any of this!

Al was standing behind Kris, soaping and stroking her beautiful body, from her erect nipples to her juicy pussy lips. She had both hands behind her, massaging his hard tool and holding his nuts. I went down on her, licking her clit and tonguing his cockhead as it slipped back and forth, over and between her pussy lips. We agreed we'd be more comfortable in bed, so we quickly dried off and literally ran to the bedroom and hopped in the sack. We quickly got ourselves into a daisy chain, with Al sucking Kris's cunt, me sucking Al's hard-on, and Kris taking more of my raging hot cock than she ever had before! We tried every combination possible with three people, sucking and juicing like crazy. I could see that Kris wanted Al to fuck her, so I sat back and began jacking off while Al proceeded to make it with her.

Kris was really getting hot from Al's sucking on her hot nipples and stroking her clit with his hard cock. She told me to be the "sex director" and tell them what positions I wanted to see them in. I said that the standard missionary would be good to get things going. Kris moaned and wrapped her legs around Al's back while he slipped his cock all the way into her waiting pussy. He started banging her, with his balls slapping against her ass, and his cock going deeper with each stroke until he was buried to the hilt be-

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Penis and Race: The Difference Between Blacks and Whites—One of the most controversial articles ever published about one of history's most enduring myths, this study by Philip Nobile, which first appeared in the August issue of *Forum*, indicates that all men are not necessarily created equal. Alfred Kinsey and his associates collected approximately 2,500 penis measurements in the thirties and forties, and their data show a real but less than monumental difference between black and white penises.

The Twenty Worst—In our fifth annual listing of the Twenty Worst College Football Teams of the Year, fearless prognosticator Lawrence Linderman once again—after consulting with experts around the country, studying reams of lists and statistics, interviewing coaches and players, and then, finally, praying a lot—picks 1982's Dishonor Roll. As we barricade the *Penthouse* offices against the hordes of outraged pigskin freaks, we reaffirm our dedication to higher education by reminding you that at more and more colleges, the highest-paid employee is not the president . . . it's the football coach.

10 Greatest College Sex Scandals—American campuses are often this side of paradise for young men and women interested in the advanced study of sex. And sometimes such extracurricular libido spills over into erotic mayhem and madness. Richard O'Connor, editor of *Sportswise New York* and a former Duke all-American in basketball, has searched out the ten most memorable sex scandals in recent college history. The campus hall of shame includes a Rabelaisian Christmas party at a University of North Carolina frat house that made *Animal House* look like "The Old Time Gospel Hour," group sex at the U.S. Naval Academy, an exposé of lousy lovers at M.I.T., and a gangbang at Notre Dame.

Two for the Road—For superb engineering, exhilaration, and elegance in a luxury four-door sedan, you can't beat a Mercedes, right? Our automotive editor, Reggie Jackson, decided to test and compare. Compare with what? A BMW, naturally. His thorough shakedown on this year's two renowned driving machines—the Mercedes 380SEL and BMW 733i—just may surprise you.

tween her clinging lips. I got between their legs and licked his balls and her lips every chance I could between his powerful thrusts. Kris began a deep moan and groan that I knew signaled the approach of a climax—so I told them to stop and get into the doggie position so I could help and participate in the grand finale. Kris quickly flipped over and I slipped up between her legs on my back and helped Al reinsert his throbbing tool back into her juicy sheath. I began sucking Kris's erect clit and Al's swollen balls as he shoved it to her and she deep-throated my overflowing dick and fingered my balls.

The sight of Al's large cock thrusting into my wife's pussy, and of his balls slapping against her pussy lips and my nose while she sucked my cock, was too much for me—I began coming like never before. Kris was moaning and sucking for all she was worth. Some of my sperm managed to get past her lips and dribble down on my balls, but I still blew the biggest load of my life down her throat.

When I recovered, I knew that Kris was getting ready to come by the sounds coming from her cock-and-sperm-filled mouth, so I centered my efforts on her juicy clit and pussy, which Al was beginning to fuck deeper and harder with every stroke. She began to come and in her ecstasy let my cock fall out of her mouth and began to scream with the pure pleasure that she was experiencing from my sucking and Al's fucking. The violent thrashing and sucking motion of Kris's cunt caused Al to start spurting his huge load into her hot and willing cavity, his body going rigid in the final moments, his hands clutching her tits and fingering her stiff nipples. Al collapsed off to one side, his cock popping out of Kris's still sucking cunt.

If you have ever had the desire to try a threesome, go ahead and try, because you will never regret it! And your mate will love you even more!—*Name and address withheld*

For more provocative, stimulating, and controversial letters, read the exciting **Forum Magazine** now on sale at your newsstand, or, for this month's copy, send $2.50 to **Forum Magazine**, P.O. Box 358, Belleville, New Jersey 07109.

PHOTO CREDITS

Pet of the Month Lee Ann Lee, appearing on page 81, was photographed by Bob Guccione with a Minolta camera and the Cokin Filter System. Donald Milne, who photographed "White Tie and Tales," appearing on page 108, used a Nikon SM camera with 85mm and 105mm Nikon lenses. He used Hasselblad Softar filters, Cortenay lights, and Kodachrome 64 film. Bob Carlos Clarke, whose photographs appear on page 62, used the Mamiya RB 6/7 and Pentax 6/7 cameras. He used a Durst enlarger and Agfa paper for his prints.

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Kent	12	1.0
Winston Lights	11	0.9
Marlboro	16	1.0
Salem	14	1.1
Kool Milds	11	0.9
Newport	16	1.2

...100's	TAR mg./cig.	NICOTINE mg./cig.
Kent 100's	14	1.2
Winston Lights 100's	12	0.9
Benson & Hedges 100's	16	1.1
Parliament Lights 100's	12	0.9
Salem 100's	15	1.1
Marlboro 100's	16	1.1

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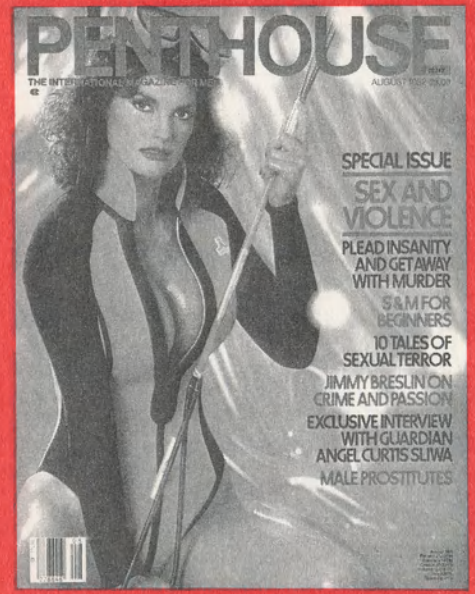
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